Fall Issue 1951

The Cambridge Review

Cambridge High and Latin School
Cambridge, Massachusetts

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The Cambridge Review

Cambridge High and Latin School

Cambridge, Massachusetts

VOLUME 67 — NUMBER 1 FALL ISSUE, 1951

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Published four times a year: November, January, March and May.

Terms: $1.00 per year; 25 cents a single copy.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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EDITORIALS

IN 1904, the National Tuberculosis Association was organized to fight against a disease which, among diseases, was one of the leading causes of death. Through the ensuing years, the people who were part of this association worked energetically; as a result, tuberculosis is becoming less menacing. Now, it is essential that we, the young people who will supplant our parents in the leadership of our community, begin to relieve those faithful people who did and who are still doing so much for us.

As teen-agers you may feel that there is absolutely nothing that you can do to aid in the struggle against tuberculosis. Unfortunately, the world is full of people who expect others to do all the work, but who yet expect to reap all the benefits. If you are truly interested in doing your share in the community, you will find many ways by which you can join TB. associations in their endless fight.

Educate yourselves to the true facts of TB.; then use your knowledge to arouse others. You will discover that fear in the hearts of many folks may be expelled by the encouraging words of a teen-ager. Moreover, apply your information in school, at home, during club meeting, and among your friends. A few words, here and there, about the causes and preventions of TB. may save a life.

There are other methods by which youth can beat TB. When mobile X-ray units come around, urge your parents and friends to take advantage of this tremendous machine. By discovering a tuberculosis germ in one person, authorities will be able to prevent others from catching it. Also, support the Christmas Seal Drive. The money that you send in for your seals is used by the Tuberculosis Associations in their project to conquer TB.

In any case, be original, find new ways to protect your community; you will benefit through your own efforts. Let us show the world that our generation is able to bear responsibility and to take its place in the community.

D. J.

THOMAS EDISON, renowned for his inventions, taught us that the hardest job for a human being is to think. We like to take it easy at the incorrect time. Why do my dull homework today? I can get away with it tomorrow; why worry? There's a wonderful movie up at the Central. I think I'll go there and have a good time.

Modern psychologists call such procrastinations an escapist's attitude toward life. Someday, the assignment missed might be a large business transaction. The forfeiting of this chance could be the turning point of your life. If, during early life, you get into the habit of deferring appointments and jobs, you can't wake up to your sense of responsibility at the snap of a finger. Humans are far from mental magicians. Taking it easy becomes a burden whose shackles are hard to shake off. You can be out of step while young, but later you will find it hard to keep pace with the rest of the world. Correct that faulty foot now and keep in step.

Your training for the world comes in high school. This is your opportunity to learn to do the right thing at the right time. You may think that you endure a prosaic life; present pleasures may lure you away from your duties. Maybe our tasks require thinking, the difficult job for us. It is simple to shirk duty's stern countenance, but if you look her confidently in the face, she will seem kind; you will forsake an unprofitable life of ease for one that builds up good character. Once on the road to responsibility, all things will suddenly become easier to deal with. Go after your homework with hearty energy and you'll find you can conquer it *if* you try hard enough.

S. C.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By T. B. Bacillus

I SPENT the first few months of my life inside a dark, moist lung. This environment was all well and good for a tuberculosis germ. However, the owner of the lung was a healthy, robust person, and I made no progress. Soon after, I was sneezed out into the air, and found my way into the lung of a young girl named Ellen.

Ellen was rather tired and wan looking. I seemed to make progress in my TB. infecting career. However, I was not sure of my success until, one day, a mobile X-ray unit came to Ellen's school. This X-ray unit was sponsored by the National Tuberculosis Association, which was providing free chest X-rays for the school children. Ellen was among those X-rayed.

About three weeks later, I heard Ellen's doctor tell her that her X-ray showed her to have tuberculosis. Was I proud! I gave a roguish chuckle, and was ready to do my best, or as human beings would say, my worst.

Then to my dismay, the doctor told her that she would have to go to a TB. sanatorium. Ellen's parents were worried, since they could not afford a sanatorium and all the necessary treatments. On hearing this, I started once again to make "plans of attack."

Then the National Tuberculosis Association stepped in once more. They provided financial aid so that Ellen was able to get the care she needed. She was sent to one of the sanatoriums which is aided by the National Association. There, under excellent supervision, with plenty of rest, good food, and fresh air, Ellen began slowly to get well. To my horror, I felt myself growing weaker. After many months of this treatment, Ellen was almost completely well again.

She is now seated in the doctor's office. He is telling her that she can return home; but he is also pronouncing my death sentence. I barely have strength to write these last words, all because of the constant efforts of the Tuberculosis Association. I am breathing my last.

Let my memoirs serve to warn future tuberculosis bacilli that there is little hope of survival for them, due to the active work of the National Tuberculosis Association.

Barbara Boyajian '52

NIGHT

THE VIEW from my study window is entertaining; at night it transcends mere entertainment and fascinates by the subtleness of its details and the richness of its features. Looking into the dark from my oasis of artificial day, I see at first bold patterns of the other panes, pale yellow against the black; they form an abstract composition of varisized brilliances. My eyes, becoming attuned to the gloom, pick out the delicate traceries of bare branches illuminated against the windows. The cold pinpoint stars twinkle and wink except for their queen, blazing Venus, who seems resting, framed low, between two chimneys. Vying with these are earthly constellations of citrine streetlights, seen at a distance glaring through gaps between intervening houses.

Commonplace objects, such as a trash can or a parked car, telephone post or burdened wash line are transformed by the cloak of night; they loom ill-defined and mysterious in the deep shadows. A scurrying form is betrayed as a cat by its eyes, glowing coals in the gloom. Darkling travelers pass on the sidewalk below, unnoticeable save for the red eye of a lighted cigarette, or maybe a reflected glint from a watch dial. Sometimes footsteps of the travelers show leisure; other times, by a hurried tempo, they show anxiety. But always they materialize from a void, are with me an instant, and then disappear, still unknown, into the blackness. All this until some car gliding by, violently scatters obscurity with its headlamps, destroying the shades and shadows to show the secrets of night in their true perspective.

Joachim Pfeufer '53

AN INTERVIEW WITH MISS ACARD

DURING a recent interview, the smile that often broke over the face of Mademoiselle Acard, as she spoke of her native country, France, made her quite charming.

Miss Acard, our new blond-haired, blue-eyed, French teacher told me that in France, the schools are smaller than in this country, due to the fact that there is no co-education. The children begin their secondary schooling at the age of eleven; they cannot choose their own course of studies, but rather, they must take the same subjects throughout France. The course is for general culture, and homework must be done, very carefully, in ink. There is also more homework in France, than here. The school day begins at nine o'clock and continues until noon. Then the pupils go home to lunch and do not return to school until two o'clock; the afternoon session lasts from two to four o'clock. Incidentally, Miss Acard mentioned that there are no school buses; the students ride bicycles, walk, or use the public bus system. French students do not work after school.

Rather than our usual week-tnd, there is no school on Thursdays and Sundays in France. At Christmas time, there is a twelve-day vacation; at Easter time, there is a two-weeks' vacation. The longest vacation of the year begins on July thirteenth and ends on October first.

As for social life, there is none connected with the school; there are no school dances or magazines. If a student is interested in athletics, he or she usually belongs to a club which has no affiliation with the school.

Miss Acard, who taught in a school of four hundred girls, said that the students are more individualistic than we American pupils are. There is much more formality between French students and their elders. The French pupils want their teachers to know nothing of their outside activities. Though enforced, discipline is not always so rigid in France.

As for life in general, Mademoiselle Acard is quite impressed with the comfortable homes in this country. She believes they are necessary, and that the French are too thrifty in a sense that they will not pay for such comfort as hot water. Miss Acard thinks that the American food, in general, is good. She feels that most of our women are good cooks, also.

Traffic is much quicker and noisier in France than in the United States. However, the French people have a greater love for walking.

Miss Acard has said that she has found our New England weather quite suitable, and she thinks the foliage, beautiful and extraordinary.

Mademoiselle Acard truthfully admitted that she is impressed by the size of our ice cream cones!

We all wish Miss Acard a hearty welcome to the United States and to Cambridge High and Latin! We know that our school will profit by her presence here!

Mary Rose Sheehan '52

SCHOOLS ARE NOT ALIKE

I CAME from Maine, from Bethel, the population of which is only a little larger than the entire student body at C.H.L.S. I was one pupil of some two hundred at Gould Academy, the public high school of Bethel.

Here are my first impressions of this wonderful school and I'm going to tell you about the wonderful school I came from.

Of course, the first thing that amused me was the size of the school. It's so big! There are days now when I still get lost, and if anyone told me to go to Russell Field, I might get there and I might not. Chances are — I might not.

My first day of school here, my homeroom teacher gave me a pencil and a pad of block paper; I was very much surprised by this and learned later that I would get five more pads of paper before the year was over. Then I was actually dumbfounded when I went to typing class and the teacher told the class to obtain paper and do the assignment, which she gave. I sat in my seat like a dope and watched the students go up and get some paper. After a while I went up and took a piece. Then I wondered if I was supposed to. You see at Gould those who take typing bring their own paper which they pay for. Can you imagine how much a beginner can waste? I can because I paid for all the paper I wasted when I began to type, and believe me it was a costly subject!

After a few days of being at C.H.L.S. my homeroom teacher called a few students' names and we went to a locker room to have a locker issued to us. When the teacher came to my name, he showed me the combination of the locker I was to have. Then I turned around to ask him how much the use of the locker was for the year. When he replied, "Free", I was more than surprised.

I thought this would end the free surprises, but no. In chemistry free notebooks were handed out to students who took them for granted. How well I remembered my Freshman year at Gould! I used five note books (not as large as the ones C.H.L.S. gives out) and I paid twenty-five cents for each. Next came my Sophomore year when I took biology; in this course I needed five more books at twenty-five cents apiece. In addition to these supplies, we are also charged for current magazines that we use in class.

Then there is an Athletic Association ticket that every student has to buy every year. Its cost is $7.50. This ticket enables the student to attend all games free, entitles him to use the library without charge, pays class dues, and covers the cost of all letters and awards. Lectures, dramatics, and musicals are extra.

When a student enters Gould, he expects to pay this $7.50. He can always afford it just because he knows he must. People can always afford to eat because they plan for it; the students at Gould could always afford the tickets because they planned for it. This custom is sensible, and I think it would be a very good idea for C.H.L.S. If the student here had to buy a ticket similar to the one at Gould, the attendance at games would improve. This lack of interest in your teams is an obvious flaw in the student body here. At Gould how we prize our trophy case, and boast about it! Even the students who don't participate in sports feel that the trophies are won partly through their efforts because they back up the teams and cheer them on. If C.H.L.S. had such enthusiasm, it would be about the perfect high school.

Sarah Dorion '53

WISDOM AND VOGUE

SOME TIME AGO, say about 1920, there was a very fashionable dress shop located in the heart of the elegant shopping district of Turin, Italy. This is the story of that dress shop and the agony and misery it brought to almost all who ever had anything to do with it.

Signor Belom was the owner of the shop. If one were to classify Belom's profession, one would probably say he was a dress designer; however, that is an understatement! Belom was a real artist. For him, dress designing was not only his work, but his whole life. He prided himself in turning out patterns so exquisite and perfect, that no one could copy them. Just like so many artists, he did not especially care if he was paid for his designs. As long as he made enough money for the rent and food, he was happy. Continually, firms and dress houses from Paris would offer to buy his creations for fabulous sums of money, but Belom turned them all down. He felt that if a model was bought and worn by a hundred different people, his clothes would lose their individuality.

Signor Belom catered mostly to the Italian aristocracy. However, strange as it may seem, in many, many cases the most fashionable ladies of the high nobility were almost penniless. In fact, they had little more than a distinguished name, and to this they clung for dear life and reputation. Yet, they still went to grand balls, and gave extravagant parties using their names for credit. Although Belom, the shrewd one, knew that they were low financially, he continued giving them clothes. He knew they would be seen at grand parties and therefore be excellent advertisement. Often times, when Belom saw an especially beautiful woman enter his shop, he would call her over and make her try on a dress. If he liked it on her, he would either give it to her or charge her a ridiculously small amount for it. He did this because he knew that a nice figure in a beautiful dress goes straight to a man's eye. Also, being a connoisseur of women, he knew that the fair sex, who want anything that goes to a man's eye, would therefore come and buy at his shop. On the other hand, he absolutely refused to sell his creations to fat, unattractive women.

The fashionable ladies of the Italian social register continued buying clothes on credit. At the end of each month, Signor Belom would send them the bill. However, the ladies never bothered paying them and Belom never bothered collecting the money. So unpaid bills piled up year after year.

Not much was known about Signor Belom's private life. A confirmed bachelor, he lived with a rather queer maiden sister. He belonged to a bachelor's club whose main activities were to raise funds for charities: the poor, the sick, the orphans. If he was not to be found at his shop, one was sure to find him at the club.

As the years went by, the famous dress designer became even more famous until his word was final in the world of fashion. The women of Turin decided that he was not ever going to collect his money, so they went on being extravagant on credit.

One morning Belom's sister went to wake him up, and to her horror found him dead. No one knew what he died of — maybe a heart attack, maybe old age. But anyway he was dead! This naturally came as a shock to all of the modish world, but a still greater shock came when his will was opened and read. The clever old man had not forgotten all his old accounts as everyone thought, no indeed. In fact, he remembered them very well, and turned them all over to the bachelor club for collection for its charities. The fashionabl ladies of northern Italy at once stopped crying over Belom's death, and started crying for another reason, only this time their husbands cried with them.

This anecdote was told to me by several different people. But it is especially vivid to our family because, you see, my mother was one of the women who bought at Signor Belom's shop.

Eva Yona '53

THIS AGE OF THE QUIZ

OUR GREAT country has been the scene of a great many thrilling periods: the "gay nineties," the turbulent turn of the century, the mad era of bath-tub gin and the Black Bottom, and more recently, the miraculous Age of Quiz programs. Never before have people sat glued before a radio or television set broadcasting a quiz program, their ears strained to hear the peal of the telephone in the next room, their lips forming an answer before the quiz-master has uttered the last syllable of the question. Never before have normal, everyday, you-and-I-type of people quaked before a microphone as they whisper in a half articulate, ecstatic voice the answer that is worth the Crown Jewels of England. When before was one able to identify the mystery lady, name the mystery melody, or invent a clever last line for a limerick and win, as a result, a sable stole and a share in Fort Knox? Certainly, not before the Age of the Quiz!

There are two main types of quiz programs: the stay-at-home-and-wait-to-be-called category, and the contestants-are-selected-from-the-audience type. The former usually has an incredible roster of

prizes often including some true necessities such as a lifetime supply of dog biscuits, a French maid for a month, and two glorious weeks in Poughkeepsie for the winner and a companion, as guests of the sponsor. Of course, the clues given to enable one to guess the jackpot-question are often rather obscure and sometimes the M. C., the sponsor, and the person who finally wins everything are the only people in the country who know the answer. And when one does know the answer, the chances are one in 150,000,000 that one's phone will ring! However, they are bound to get around to calling everyone by 2400 A. D.; so that problem is not too serious for an ardent quiz fan.

The other type of program chooses a promising member of the studio audience who, when pitted against a wily, suave quiz-master, manifests very little promise. Very often the contestant is a housewife or stenographer, who is immediately smitten with love for the dashing announcer. Unfortunately, not only does her voice sound rather pitiful as compared with the vitamin-enriched tones of the M. C., but also she finds it necessary to punctuate every answer with a giggle and a squeal of surprise, both of which become more annoying as the questions increase in difficulty. By a stroke of luck, it is revealed, she had read just the evening before the exact height of Thailand's delegate to the U N; and when this question was asked, the answer was on the tip of her tongue. Fortunately, it was not lodged there, for she is now the proud possessor of a platinum watch and the announcer still bears the scar where she kissed him, in a fit of gratitude. Occasionally college students with a great deal of savoir-faire and a great many wrong answers seek their fortune on this type of quiz show. Of course, very often they are not students of English literature and so how could they be expected to know who the young lovers are in the play *Romeo and Juliet*?

Quiz programs have many things in their favor despite the bitter criticism to which they are often subjected. To win, people have to be neither clever nor comely, wealthy nor poverty-stricken, happy nor melancholy, but just fortunate enough to be called at the right time — and the world and all that is in it is theirs. From the audience point of view, one does not have to be an actual saint to rejoice in the good fortune of others, and since these programs do very little harm and cause a great deal of happiness, they are sheer Americana, along with cheery-cokes,the World Series, and firecrackers on Independence Day.

Beverly Diane Bunnin '52

AMERICAN HUMOR

ALL the hubbub that is now being raised ciation for Old World tastes has failed to diminish the stability of America's humor. We Americans have invariably tolerated the introduction of foreign elements into our humor; yet, the effect has been negligible. What red, white, and blue-blooded American would condescend to give anything but an occasional wheezy snicker to the capers of the French boulevardier?

A natural outgrowth of our early sectional rivalries has been the tall tale. The tall tale truly belongs to America, for nowhere else has it been so shamelessly exploited. At one time it was associated chiefly with the local braggart, ever eager to impress the gullible stranger. A Vermont farmer was once asked whether he minded the storms Vermont had been having of late, and replied in character, "Why, I got so sick of the lightning round my farm that one day I went out to the barnyard and took six strokes of it on my bare back." One can never cease to be amused by the tall tale, based, as it is, upon surprise. It has gradually come to embrace all forms of sectional pride. So it is with little wonder that we should view the Texan who asserts that it was the Union which joined Texas, and not vice-versa. Another common variation is this: Let us suppose that the regional hero must cross a narrow suspension bridge looped over a gaping, bottomless pit. All goes well, until -- you guessed it — someone approaches from the other side. From that little episode comes all that is garndiose, another important element in the tall tale.

We Americans often laugh at ourselves, and in times of crisis our ability to do so has been our salvation. The soldier under fire in Korea today is not quite bereft of his sense of humor. A recent cartoon, taking up this theme, portrayed two GI's, one in the act of carefully camouflaging himself from head to foot. "Who do you think you are," interposed the other, "Lily Dache"?

Moreover let me make this distinction between American satire, and the more trenchant form of ridicule used in Europe. In America, except for the idiosyncracies of American politics, we lampoon not so much the man as the institution; whereas in Great Britain, for example, pleasant railleries often turn into bitter invective and what should be said with tenderness is too often said with contempt.

Even the most cursory examination of our own sense of humor will show that fundamentally it has not changed since the days of the frontiersman. It's American; let's keep it that way.

Richard T. Goldberg '52

IT'S A LONG, LONG JOURNEY

HILDA BARRETT felt the shadow of the Sanatorium hovering over her and shivered, although the hot sun beat against her bare head. She hesitated a moment, then, squaring her shoulders, and lifting her head a little higher, she followed her husband into the building.

Thinking back to a few months ago, Mrs. Barrett could remember nights when she had been too exhausted even to sleep, and days when her patience seemed taxed to the point where she could have screamed. Her children, it seemed to her, got into more trouble and mischief than any others in the neighborhood. Her work had become too much for her. She had become too tired, too let down, and her resistance was too low. She could no longer ward off the TB germ. She had given in.

At first, she had shunned all thoughts of leaving home. Her one desire was to stay at home and care for her husband and babies even in her illness. In vain, the doctor pleaded with her to go to the Sanatorium where she could get proper rest and care. Her husband assured her how well he and the children could get along with the neighbors' help, but she would not listen. Finally, the doctor told her how her presence was endangering the health of her family and ordered her to the Sanatorium.

Now standing before the desk, her eye glanced up and down the spotless corridors, thinking how hard she had tried to keep her floors like these. Sitting in the doctor's office, she noticed the calm, efficient way the doctor handled himself. She could not help thinking what capable hands she was in. Soon, lying in her new bed in the hospital ward, she stopped thinking, and her eyes closed as she sank into a delicious sleep.

The days and weeks that followed were happy ones for Mrs. Barrett. Her recovery had been a slow one, to be sure, but she had had the assurance from the beginning that she would recover and that was half the battle. From the very first she had been allowed to read books, a pastime she had long ago abandoned. As she progressed, she was allowed to sit up and busy herself with learning how to knit, an art she had never acquired. In a few weeks she was able to get out of bed and walk around. One day she met Miss Lewis, the Occupational Therapist, who invited her up to her work room to watch the other patients work. After that, Mrs. Barrett was a frequent visitor to the work room. After talks with Mrs. Walker, the Rehabilitation Worker, Mrs. Barrett felt sure she could once more carry on her work at home. Her over-taxed body soon became mended.

At last the long-awaited day arrived. Mr. Barrett once more carried Mrs. Barrett's suitcase. Mrs. Barrett once more hesitated on the threshold, but this time she left the building. She was going home.

Lois Linehan '52

RIDERS OF THE M. T. A.

NO MATTER how dreary its itinerary may be, a bus ride need never be boring. For if you look and listen to your fellow passengers, you will surely find an inexhaustible source of fascination. Perhaps it will be in the women behind you. You can't see them, but from the flat nasal tones in their plainly audible voices, you can easily picture two stout, middle-aged housewives. They chatter endlessly, sometimes both at the same time, on the failings and misfortunes of their neighbors. If you listen, your mind will become quite occupied, if you are only wondering what their neighbors think of them.

If, however, your bus holds no garrulous housewives, it will probably have a harrassed young mother. She and her son (who is between three and five years of age) will enter the vehicle, and she will avail herself of a side seat near the front. Her son, on the other hand, invariably prefers a window seat near the back. When she calls him, he bellows the reasons for his choice and expresses his fixed determination to stay where he is. Out of sheer embarrassment she joins him. Alas, the poor woman's troubles are nowhere near ended. Now her son pipes gems of wisdom heard at home, but definitely not for the ears of travellers. When quieted, he leans three-quarters of his little body out the nearest window and calls a lordly traffic officer "Flat-foot," another name which Daddy did not wish to go beyond the walls of his house. You laugh and wonder what this little demon will grow up to be.

Last, but hardly least, is the stranger on every bus run. This is his first trip on the buses in this state, and he enters with the resigned look of one who has asked the last ten busmen if they go his way. He enters with his cigar, and asks if *this* one will take him to his destination. He is told that it will, provided that he stops smoking. Relieved and embarrassed, he gropes through his pockets and finally throws his fare in the box. However, the bus driver growls that you pay at the bus station whither this vehicle is headed. He winds the box interminably while the poor stranger mumbles apologies and at last returns the coin. Then you share the poor man's joy that at last he may sit down and begin to watch other bus travellers as you have been doing.

Martha Murphy '53

THE FARM

THE EMPTY barnyard and pasture, the golden sun rising in the eastern sky, the grass covered with a heavy frost, these are not unusual scenes to the farmers whose working day begins at 5 A. M., but to those who live in the city and thrive on sleeping late, the world in the early morn is indeed a spectacular sight.

My enthusiasm for an early start on the fishing trip might be the reason I arose an hour before the designated time. I stole through the sleeping house, collecting my clothing and equipment. Then, I went outside to await the arrival of my party. Outside, I beheld a world that was completely strange to me. The pasture as far as I could see was covered with one blanket of hoar frost. In contrast, the majestic hills, brilliant in their new autumn colors reached up to the sky. The sun, just awakening after a peaceful night, cast its first rays of sunlight across the empty sky.

To my utter amazement, I was not deafened by the barks of Chalk, my enthusiastic friend; instead I saw him raise one sleepy eye to me, then evidently feeling it too much effort to greet me, drop off to sleep again. Wandering into the barn I saw the milk cans awaiting their daily filling. The cows were as little interested in me as Chalk was. For once the chickens remained undisturbed as I passed quietly through their domain. Even the cats who perpetually used to look for attention were withdrawn in a ball of fur. Sound and activity had fled with the day, and silence prevailed.

Although one often longs for such peace and contentment as I experienced that autumn morning, I found myself wishing my friends would arrive. The serenity, the beauty, and the silence of the scene furnished for me an ideal place to meditate on my thoughts or to do penance for my sins, but not to spend the rest of my life! Give me Grand Central Station!

Lois Linehan '52

MISS BILLINGS

WHILE I was spending a few weeks this summer with my grandmother at an art center, I had the opportunity of meeting quite a few of the amusing people who generally congregate at these places. One who stood out most of all was a tiny old lady whom I shall call Miss Billings. Miss Billings is a retired schoolteacher and a lifelong inhabitant of the town near which the art center is located. Since this mansion, originally that of a plumbing tycoon, has only recently been turned into an art center, all the inhabitants of the town are naturally interested in it.

Miss Billings had wished very much to spend a week there. In a decision between a new set of uppers which she needed badly, or a room at the art center, she chose in favor of the latter. Nor did she choose one of the less elegant rooms in the former maid's quarters; by no means. As she had decided to do it right, she took one of the very best rooms in the house with a balcony and a private bath. One thing did worry her, though; that was the full length mirror in her bathroom. During the whole week she was there, she could not reconcile herself to that. Her painting supplies consisted of a few dried up watercolors, age fifty or so, and several moth eaten brushes. Her natural tendency was to paint insipid, watery miniatures of the scenery, but she conscientiously attempted to paint on a large scale because she felt it was her duty. Since she was a very tiny person, her legs dangled off the chairs; consequently, she always brought a footstool with her, even to picnics on the beach, at which she always appeared, well wrapped in shawls, and scarves.

She actually had the energy to walk up several steep flights of stairs and onto the captain's walk for the purpose of viewing the scenery, which she observed with an aged pair of spy glasses that had been, she observed, rather badly scratched by her grandmother's having used them constantly with her glass eye. Apparently she enjoyed herself thoroughly. She has reserved a room, so I'm told, for a week next year.

Anne C. Birch '51

HAPPINESS THROUGH SERVICE

AFTERNOONS are busy times for me. Immediately upon leaving school I go to the home of a dear old lady who has been blind for many years. I have been her guide, helper, and friend for eight years. Since that time, she has come to think of me as a sort of replacement for her own son, who died when only twelve years old. When I arrive at her home on a shopping day, together we make out a list of the things we will need. Then, I go to the store and buy them, usually returning in about an hour. Then, as the afternoon closes, I prepare the supper and we sit down to enjoy our meal. Yes, afternoons are busy but enjoyable for me. They are busy because of the work I do, and enjoyable because I receive that inward feeling of satisfaction that comes to those who do their best to help others who are less fortunate than they.

John T. Scales '53

THE SHORT-COMINGS OF TELEVISION

TELEVISION is without doubt a wonderful invention and will, as time goes on, be perfected. However, at the present time, there are many short-comings. In the first place, I don't think the Federal Communications Commission has worked very fast on the development of new stations. Many times when I turn on the set, there is a quiz show or the like on one station and a boxing or wrestling match on the other. Either is enjoyable once in a while, but I think that offering the same fare every night is going too far. It is true that the present war restrictions hinder the building of new stations now; but as I understand it the UHF (ultra-high frequency) stations could have been built before these restrictions were levied.

In the second place let's consider the short-comings of what programs are presented. I think that there are plenty of sports programs, but not enough variety in them. For instance I should like very much to see a hockey game once or twice a week, but on most nights there is wrestling or boxing. I like both of the latter, but a mixture would be better. Also, instead of some of the "westerns" on Saturday afternoon, I should like to see a basketball game or a swim meet or something of that sort.

Another short-coming of the available programs, in my opinion, is that there are too many variety shows. As an example, on Saturday night from eight until the sign-off time there is almost nothing on but variety shows. Who wants to see the same kind of entertainment over and over again all evening? I know I don't. On the other hand, I don't expect ever to be completely satisfied, for television isn't put on for my enjoyment alone; it is put on for everyone's enjoyment. So, I'll just have to put up with what the majority likes.

Richard McCabe '53

THE JOSEPHINE LOWMAN PRESS CONFERENCE

HEALTH, beauty, fashion and science were the varied subjects touched upon at the Boston Globe party held for editorial staffs from all over Massachusetts at Filene's restaurant, better known as the "Salad Bowl" on October 23rd at 4:00 P. M. Dorrit Joseph, Barbara Boyajian, Lois Linehan, Eva Yona, Martha Murphy, and I were lucky enough to be the REVIEW representatives present.

First we heard from Mr. John Taylor, of the *Boston Globe*; who told us about a very interesting school project, while we were busily consuming the delicious ice cream and cake we had been served. Let me ask you a question. How many of you have ever visited the new Science Park Museum? Hm, don't answer. Well that's what the project is concerned with. To make it brief, here's the story. If we could get enough students in the school interested, we could use the museum as the basis or foundation for the various projects we could start there. By taking an active interest and showing this interest in concrete forms, we might even win the contest sponsored by the *Globe* later in the year. Besides we're only a stone's throw away from the Park, while some of the other schools have to hike a full 20 miles or more. What do you say, students? "Let's go!" I'm sure we'll have fun.

Next on the agenda came the fashion expert Miss Wilinsky, who presented Mrs. Lowman — the star of the program — a charming person with a darling southern accent. Mrs. Lowman in case you don't know writes the column "Why Grow Old" published in the *Boston Globe*. Mrs. Lowman is interested in all age groups, including the problems of teen agers. She gave us some wise hints on good grooming and health, stressing the all importance of eating well balanced meals. For those who are anxious to lose those extra pounds or to clear up their complexions, she advised cutting down on sweets and starches and forbade all eating between meals. One word she said, takes care of this — Will power with a capital W. For those, on the other hand, who need to gain weight, her advice was to add more creamy foods to their diets and above all (and this is true for both groups) — to get plenty of that hard-found Ho, Hum commodity — sleep. Get a moderate amount of outdoor exercise such as tennis, swimming, and even walking. But in order to get rid of excess baggage and acquire that trim, sleek look, indoor exercise is especially beneficial, she warned.

Two attractive models from Bouvé (a physical educational school in Boston) illustrated very nimbly exercises for reducing the waist, abdomen, thighs, and hips. After this exhibition, a question period was held. Everyone in the room tried to ask questions at once, and before we knew it, our time had drawn to an end. I must say in closing, I for one spent a very enjoyable and worthwhile afternoon.

Muriel Nissen '52

FRESHMAN PAGE

To the Class of 1955:

In June 1955 the record of your stay in the High and Latin School will have been written. That record is now blank. Attendance, achievement and deportment together with the record of your interest in school affairs and extra-curricular activities are in the making. They will represent the progress of your growth and ability to meet life's situations. What will that record be which will be left behind in 1955? The answer is now in your hands.

My best wishes to you in your efforts to make that answer one in which your parents and teachers may take a rich and satisfying pride.

Timothy F. Downey,
Headmaster

To the Class of 1955:

Welcome to Cambridge High and Latin School, of which you have become an important part!

You now share the responsibility of keeping the standards of the school high. Do this by keeping the standard of your own studies high. Make a habit of regular attendance at school and of faithful preparation of your homework. The grades which you now receive will become a part of a permanent record which will remain in the files of the school as long as the school exists. If you are in difficulty in any subject, take advantage of the extra help offered by your teachers before and after school.

Your studies should come first, but in order to develop into responsible and well-rounded future citizens, you should participate in some of the fine extra-curricular activities of the school such as the various forms of athletics and the wide variety of clubs which are offered for your pleasure and profit.

Get to know one another; make the acquaintance of a wide variety of people, not just your own "gang." A wide breadth of acquaintances can be a great adventure. Get acquainted with your classmates, your teachers, and your dean and master. We are all here to help one another. "Live and let live is not enough; let us all live and help live."

We hope that you and your parents will not hesitate to seek our help whenever the need may arise.

John J. Sheehan,
Assistant Headmaster
Carol M. Smith,
Dean of Freshmen Girls

HELLO, FRESHMEN! Allow me to introduce you to the REVIEW. REVIEW, meet the Frosh class; Freshmen meet the REVIEW. I hope you two will like each other. This is your special column in the REVIEW and it's up to you to aid me in getting material for it. With your cooperation it will grow. Now we come to the news you have asked me to pass on to your friends.

Lucky members of the Freshman class enjoyed the presence of Bob Clayton, Frank Lester and Beddy More one afternoon this term. At the Red Feather Speech Contest which followed, one of their classmates, Grace Maloney, placed third. Congratulations, Grace.

The girls in the back of the room in 108 ought to do a great deal of writing for this column since they do so much gossiping. Peggy Mahoney is always passing notes during recess. We'd like to know what it's all about. You can let us in on the secret, Peggy. We are sorry to see Paul Borgess leave us to go to Rindge. Barbara Beverly seems to be the 8:29 special. I don't see how she does it. Joan Boudreau goes to all the football games. Oh, of course, only to see her brother play. Josie Benoit intends to take public speaking. We hope you like it, Josie. Who's the brunette that came to school with a blonde head of hair the other day? We'll give you a hint; she's in 106. Marguerite F. in 106 always seems to be tired. Wonder why? Did you notice that Madeline L. was quite the chewer until her home room teacher got on her trail? Little does Paul While know that he is the comedian of 128. The friends of Joan L. of 128 are complaining that the bright socks she is wearing are harmful to their eyes. They are thinking of buying dark glasses. James V. of 128 is a regular pencil borrower. Virginia Ubaline, his classmate, is beginning to run out of them, though, and then to whom will he turn? Look out folks, here he comes!

Poets corner —

If you want to make the honor roll
You can't go out every night and bowl.
Author unknown.

Virginia U. is a very ambitious member of the REVIEW agents. She's forever chasing someone for a subscription. Keep up the good work, Ginny, and all you other agents. Room 108 wants us to know that it has given three stars to the Freshman football team. They are Al Kenny, James Kennedy and Thomas Jefts. Football hero, Robert Paris of room 122, broke his finger while playing for his team. Sorry to hear that but we know you'll be back soon, helping us to win more

games. Room 103 offers our team Bill Carroll. I give cheers to all the football candidates! Mary Oleffe in room 120 is welcomed to Latin by her classmates. She hails from Wyoming. Patricia Alward is a talented actress, we hear. A member of the Dramatic Club, she is memorizing lines for *Curtain Time*. Joan Chaulk of room 103 and Marcia Andelman of 101 are working on a poster in the art club contest. Good luck to you both. Elaine Abrane loves to bowl. She's on the school team which meets every Friday. She also has a fabulous stamp collection.

Well, fellahs and girls, that's all the news I have in my pack for this issue of the REVIEW, but I'll be back next time with more tales to tell. Now don't forget to put your pencil to work and help me write what you want to read. Until then, enjoy yourself, but don't let your brain get dusty.

Phyllis Penney '53

Sylvia Chen '54

PLAYBILL

ONLY ONE WEEK after we returned to school early in September, Boston welcomed the first three plays of the '51-'52 theatrical season. Among them was one of the best we are likely to see for quite a while, Margaret Webster's production of Bernard Shaw's *Saint Joan*. The Maid of Orleans, who early in the fifteenth century liberated her native France from the conquering British with the guidance of divine voices, and was burned for her effort, has ever since been a popular subject for both author and playwright. At about the time she was canonized by the Roman Catholic Church (1920) Shaw wrote his justly famous play, and added his views on the warrior-maid to the already numerous conflicting ones. His is not a historical play, for in telling Joan's story, he discusses governmental and political conflicts. Particularly in the famous trial scene, he ponders the theory that Joan may have seriously disobeyed the Church that a few centuries later canonized her. This revival, the first since Katherine Cornell's memorable one in 1936, benefited from some superlative acting. The dominating figure was, of course, Joan herself, played by Uta Hagen. Miss Hagen, whose fine reputation is based on her excellent portrayal of Blanch DuBois in *A Streetcar Named Desire* a few seasons ago, and her work in *A Country Girl,* one of last season's hits, interpreted Joan very satisfyingly. She conveyed all of the many facets of Joan's complex character, her rustic simplicity, her unwavering faith, her determined independence, and her great military sense equally well. Miss Hagen was supported by a consistently able cast, many of whom are comparatively young, working their way up in the theatre world. Notable among them was Andrew Cruickshank, whose portrayal of the weakling Dauphin was riotously good. The beautiful costumes and sets also added greatly to the success of the production. They were colorful and imaginative, contributing substantially to the marvelous spell cast by the play. Although since its Boston run it has become a Broadway success, here it attracted an audience that could boast of more enthusiasm than size. It is too bad that such a fine play should be seen by so few.

Following *Saint Joan* into the Plymouth Theatre was a play that had no such attendance troubles. But alas, it was not a quarter as worthy of note, owing all its tremendous popularity rather to its star. The play was Louis Verneuil's inconsequential comedy *Love and Let Love,* the star of which was Hollywood's lovely Ginger Rogers. Being a good actress and a better than average comedienne, Miss Rogers struggled valiantly with the flimsy script, but not even she was able to make up for its obvious failings. The plot, if it may properly be called one, concerns a beautiful actress who, though often engaged, was never married because her heart still belonged to her first love. To keep this little story going through two hours and three acts would indeed be a task of Herculean proportions, which Mr. Verneuil has proved himself unequal to. While the play might have forced its way through a summer circuit with some success, it is too bad that Miss Rogers chose it as a vehicle for her return to the Broadway stage. It also wastes the talents of two more fine actors, Tom Helmore and Paul McGrath, who lent Miss Rogers excellent support. One cannot, however, dismiss the production without a word on Miss Rogers' costumes. Designed by Jean Louis, they drew admiring gasps from the distaff side of the audience, and well they might! I have seldom seen so many beautiful outfits. Altogether, one may say that this play was lovely to look at, had some fine acting, but woefully lacked a good script.

One of the theatre's greatest oddities is a two-character play. However, a few weeks ago, Boston had the pleasure of seeing a very wonderful one, and this time the people responded; the house was packed for every performance. Perhaps it was because it was a comedy. It was *The Four-poster* by Jean de Hartog, and it featured Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy, an unbeatable husband-and-wife acting combination. Last year, they decided to tour only the summer theatres with the play, but when it was so generally acclaimed, they were advised to bring it to Broadway for the winter. It stopped here for only a week. Since then it has arrived in New York where it was marvelously received. The play consists of six

scenes, each of which is typical of a different stage in the married lives of two rather inhibited souls. The first is on the night of their marriage in the Gay Nineties when they first enter the bedroom of their apartment. The room is dominated by a huge ornate fourposter bed, from which the play takes its name, and though the rest of the furniture changes with the style and the couple's financial success, that bed remains in the center of the room. The second scene takes place when they are expecting their first child, the third when they have their first and last major argument. The fourth scene is particularly amusing for people of our age since it deals with the couple's frustration when their son is at his first dance and stays out far later than they expected he would. The fifth takes place after their daughter's marriage, and the last when they are about to leave the apartment because it is too big for them now that the children are gone. It would really be difficult to say which of the scenes contained the best lines, or which was best acted, for the standard of both the script and the acting was very high throughout the play. Mr. Cronyn, who is well known to movie-goers for his fine work in villain parts here plays a sympathetic part, that of the nervous erratic husband, and plays it to the hilt. Miss Tandy, as his well-meaning but rather narrow-minded wife is also wonderful. The production was directed by José Ferrer, whose brilliant hand was easily recognized as the guiding spirit of the entire presentation.

Here in Cambridge, the Brattle Theatre was busy living up to the fine reputation it has made for itself of late. Last August, it put on a production of *Billy Budd* so good that it played until well into autumn. *Billy Budd* was first presented on Broadway last season. It was a fine production with many first rate actors, among them Dennis King. However, though praised in superlatives by all eight New York critics, the play was not popular and was forced to close out in a few weeks. This unfortunate situation was generally attributed to the rather gloomy atmosphere of the play. However, the Brattle Theatre decided to try it here, and it was certainly successful, enjoying a run of eight weeks, which is a record at the Brattle. Briefly, the story, by Herman Melville, concerns a good young mate, named Billy Budd aboard an English ship, who, in a fit of righteous anger, kills his evil master. It then becomes the captain's duty to decide to what degree Billy is guilty. Though he is sympathetic with the young sailor, his sense of duty finally forces him to order the boy to be put to death. All of the acting was excellent, and all of it was done by the regular actors at the Brattle. It certainly made a worthwhile and thought-provoking evening.

The next production at the Brattle was in a much lighter vein. It was Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* again given by the regular company without any guest actors. The evening generally recalled a similar one last spring when the Brattle presented its light-hearted production of *Love's Labours Lost.* The plot is too complicated and trifling to recount here; most juniors and seniors know it from their English classes. This production was a joy from beginning to end. The acting was as usual excellent. The costumes, however, were most arresting. Only three main colors were used in them; white for the lovers, blue for the fairies, and pink for the tradesmen-actors. This scheme produced a very fine effect. The set and the many odd props also made for a number of extra laughs. It is these little ingenious touches that distinguish the work of the Brattle Theatre. Whether they appear in scripting, acting, costuming, or settings, they always point unmistakably to the fact that a resourceful theatre company can be successful without the benefit of large capital.

All of the plays that I have reviewed here have left Boston or Cambridge. But the theatres are by no means empty. On the contrary, most of them are booked well into the spring. Therefore, I strongly advise you to see a few of the plays that will be in town or will soon be arriving when you receive this REVIEW. Gloria Swanson and David Niven, both of movie fame are coming soon in *Nina*; Margaret O'Brien will appear in Claire Luce's new play *Child of the Morning*; Henry Fonda will be starring in John Marquand's *Point of No Return.* There are also many more. Here in Cambridge, the Brattle Theatre will be giving *Macbeth* and *The Alchemist* and three or four more. Also keep in mind for later in the season, the Metropolitan Opera and the Sadlers Wells Ballet, both of which are scheduled to arrive here early in 1952. I think you would enjoy any or all of these.

Martha Murphy '53

May We Present —

PAUL BRENNAN

THE gentlemanly qualities that have constituted Paul Brennan, student, will prevail, I assure you, in Paul Brennan, senior class president. Paul, who has long been avowed "tops" in his own circle of friends, is mutely elated over the election results. Come now, Mr. President, you must admit you did have a chance! By his manly step and familiar nod, the president is easily recognized wherever he goes.

He intends to make the hockey squad for the fourth time; hockey, you see, being his favorite sport. What? Of course he is well versed in baseball lore and — oh yes — wants this reporter to wait until next year, when Lou Boudreau takes over, etc., etc., etc. His tastes in music run a steady arc from ultra-modernistic to popular to semi-classical. As to his many *acquaintances* who have dark hair, Paul "would rather skip the whole matter."

He has switched this year to the college course, and rates mathematics his forte. Paul hopes to culminate his school career at Boston College with a major in business administration.

R. T. G.

WILLIAM P. WHITE

WHITEY," the newly elected vice-president of the Senior class is that genial, brawny, broad shouldered fella that we see playing right halfback for the Latin school team. His chief interest in studies is the cooking class from which we often see him carrying some concoction or another which he desperately tries to offer to his fellow students. He says he'd probably be more successful if he served bicarbonate of soda with his food. He is still undecided, however, as to what he'd like to do when he graduates.

J. P.

MARY McMANUS

POPULAR seventeen year old Mary McManus, who last year was vice-president of her Junior class, was elected this fall as Secretary-Treasurer of the class of '52. We've all seen her at football games, helping to lead the Latin school cheers.

With the job of Secretary-Treasurer Mary inherits the task of keeping all the financial accounts of the class untangled and keeping track of receipts from class dances, etc. Her job is not an easy one, but Mary is an experienced officer and, more important, she has the confidence of her class.

P. D.

YOUR CLOTHES LINE

NOW THAT those chilly fall breezes are well on their way to turning into cold winter winds, our thoughts should be on warm, yet attractive outfits.

Perhaps the first item on your endless shopping list is a coat. Fashion experts advocate the fitted coat, but for everyday wear, you may prefer the slimmer pyramid styles. In either case fabric is of great importance; for example, poodle cloth, heavy tweeds, cashmere, and camel's hair. Colors, too, are various and sundry, although tortoise, black, and grey are predominant.

Suits, this season, have the new fuller skirt silhouette. In most cases, suit jackets have a carved effect; that is, padded hips and a slim waist line. Fabrics for your favorite should be either flannel or tweed with a dash of velvet; once again colors vary.

Headline news in sportswear is the ever-popular separate. Jerseys are being worn by the fashion-wise, but sweaters are preferred. The latest addition to the drab sweater of previous years is the turtle neck. As far as skirt styles are concerned, you will find them in the following categories: quite full, very straight, or pleated. Yes, pleats and plaids are a fashion must.

In case you have a strong preference for dresses, you may be interested to know that the knitted dress ranks first for day-time and evening wear. By the way, for those special occasions, a swirling taffeta skirt over, at least, one petticoat is a necessity. As a top for your evening skirt, a sheer blouse, a halter jersey, or a velvet jacket will put you on the cover of your favorite fashion magazine.

Accessories are extremely important to complete any outfit. The ascot has supplanted the square scarf; yet, the medallion which is becoming larger and more beautiful is still the number one choice of most teen-age girls.

In this column you have read a few of the current fashion hints. I shall leave you with a last reminder; hair styles are longer; whereas, skirts are definitely on the up and up. Above all be neat and make the most of what you have.

Dorrit Joseph '52

FASHION HINTS

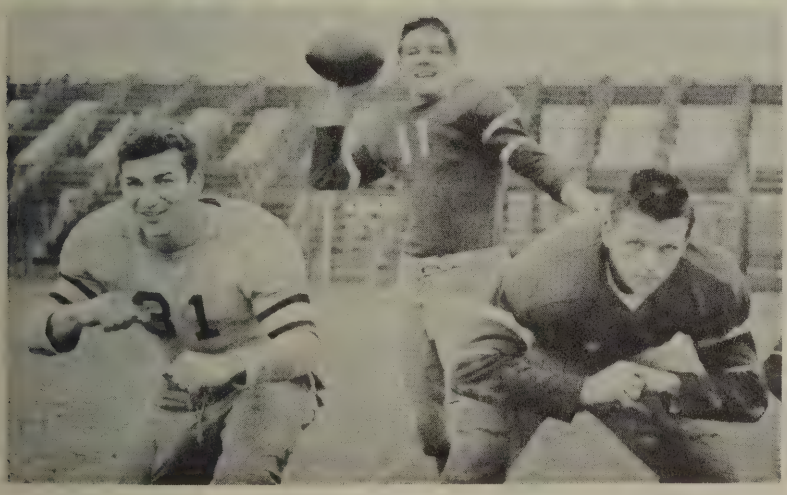
BY

DORRIT JOSEPH

ILLUSTRATED BY

JANE MacKENZIE

CAMBRIDGE
C

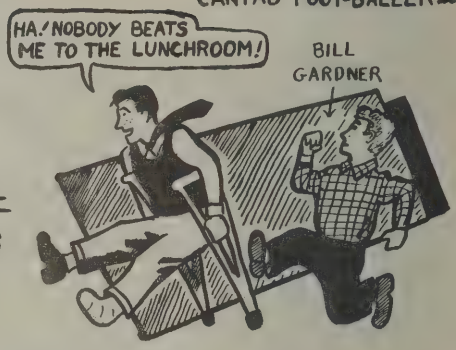


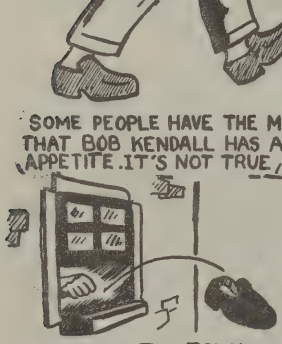
PHOTOS BY E. ROSHIER AND J. HALBERSTADT

IN AND AROUND SCHOOL

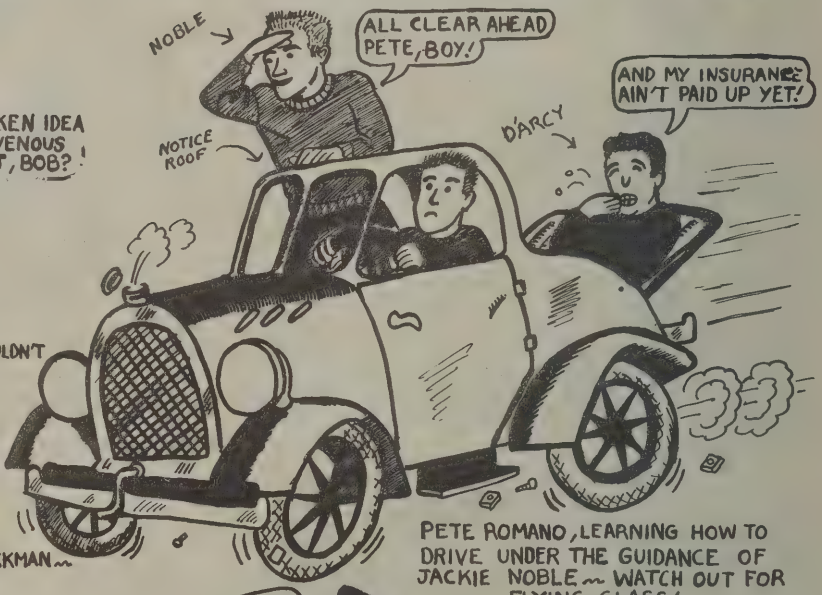
IT ONLY TAKES AL PARSONS 9.5 SECONDS TO FINISH HIS LUNCH~

CURRAN-TLY BACK AGAIN IS JIMMY CURRAN, A CANTAB FOOT-BALLER~





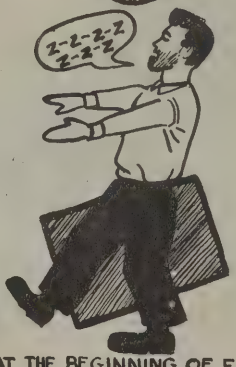
TCH! TCH! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DARED HIM TO DO IT, KATHY~



PETE ROMANO, LEARNING HOW TO DRIVE UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF JACKIE NOBLE~ WATCH OUT FOR FLYING GLASS!

ALWAYS A-SMILING IS BARBARA BECKMAN~

LON COMPTON AND A FEW OF THE BOYS ARE ENROLLED IN THE COOKING CLASS~

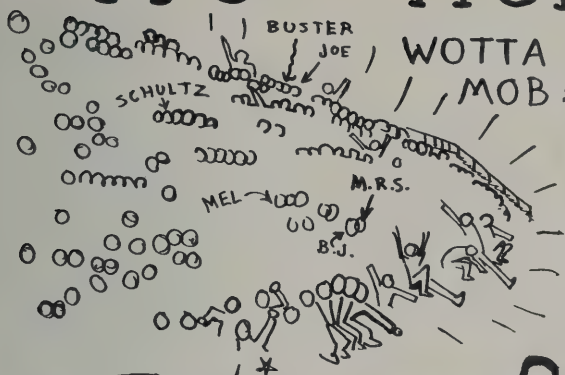


AT THE BEGINNING OF FIFTH PERIOD MAC MacINERNEY IS A BALL OF FIRE~

SOMEONE SHOULD TAKE A COUNT OF GAIL MAHONEY'S FRECKLES~

BILL DONNELLY

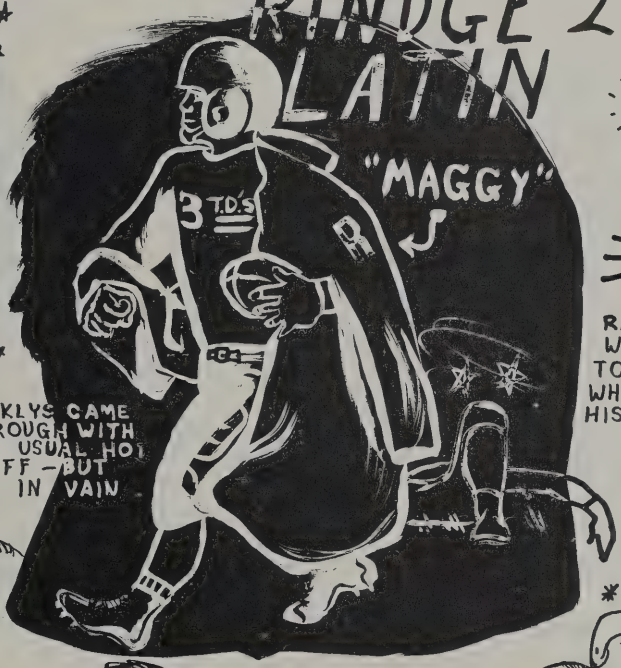
IT'S MORTIFYIN'



RAY NICOLETTA SPARKED OUR TEAM BUT WE JUST COULDN'T FOLLOW THROUGH—

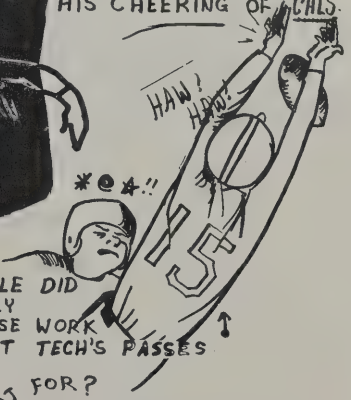
RINDGE 26 LATIN 0

LARRY PLENTY CERTIANLY EARNED HIS WINGS WITH THOSE CHOICE BITS OF FLYING—



KIRKLYS CAME THROUGH WITH HIS USUAL HOT STUFF—BUT ALL IN VAIN

RAY NICOLETTA'S POP WAS DETERMINED TO OUT-YELL THE WHOLE CROWD WITH HIS CHEERING OF CHLS.



SNOOKY NOBLE DID SOME TIMELY DEFENSE WORK AGAINST TECH'S PASSES

THOSE R.T.S. CHEER LEADERS HAD IT ALL OVER OUR G-ALS. THEY HAD EVERY-THING—POISE, UNITY, EXPERIENCE, TRAINING—AND ALL—IMPORTANT, NONCHALANCE—

Jim Armstrong

12/11/51

Sports

Cambridge 13 **Saugus 21**

Latin dropped the opening game of the football season to an aggressive Saugus eleven. Ray Nickoletta scored the Cantab's first touchdown with a 53 yard run. An aerial from Peter Romano to Albert Kirkleys made good the extra point. The second touchdown was another pass from Peter Romano taken by Albert Kirkleys, who ran 30 yards to pay dirt. Dick Igo and Kenn Hadley were the outstanding linemen for Cambridge.

Cambridge 7 **Braintree 26**

C.H.L.S. suffered its second defeat in as many starts to a powerful Braintree team. The lone high-light for Latin was an 89-yard run by John MacCarron to score their only touchdown. Snooky Noble converted for the point. Coach Reardon was also forced to take out two of his first stringers, Bob Kendall and Albert Kirkleys, because of injuries.

Cambridge 6 **Amesbury 33**

A merciless Amesbury downed C.H.L.S. by a margin of four touchdowns. Ray Nickoletta, on a 3-yard plunge through the line, gave the Cantabs their single T.D. In this game Cambridge lost the services of Kenny Hadley, Jimmy Curran, and John Bradley due to injuries.

Cambridge 0 **Belmont 6**

Belmont edged Latin out by one touchdown in a thrilling and heart-breaking game. Had Cambridge taken advantage of the many scoring opportunities, victory would have been inevitable. Despite the fact that the Cantabs, however, were given many chances to score, they just did not seem to click. OH, WELL!

Cambridge 6 **Malden Catholic 6**

Latin showed her true colors in this hard fought contest with an unweakening Malden Catholic club. Ray Nickoletta went 12 yards through the line to tally for the tying T.D. Had the extra point been converted, Cambridge would have brought home her first win. Co-captain Albert Kirkleys played his usual splendid game and Jack Monteith aided with his long punts for Latin.

Cambridge 14 **Stoneham 12**

No praise is too great for the performance our boys put on in this tight game to cup their first win. The Cantabs put down a hard-hitting Stoneham eleven in the kind of contest I am sure Coach Reardon would like to see duplicated. Ray Nickoletta scored the first touchdown on a long run and Snooky Noble hit for the extra point. Albert Kirkleys then followed suit with a second T.D. and a short run to pick up the point. The whole squad deserves a hand for this spirited game showing that C.H.L.S. can score an up-set and can click to over-ride their opponent to emerge victorious.

Joseph Collins '52
John Scanell '52

G. A. A. NOTES

AT THE first executive meeting held early in the school year; the G.A.A. started off with a bang. The officers, Mary McManus, President, Barbara McDonald, Vice-President and Treasurer, and Betti Rose, Secretary, met with the executive board Nancy Sullivan, Bernadette McCusker, Texie Scott, and Claire Farrell and the faculty advisors, Miss George and Miss Hyde.

After a discussion of various proposals for the coming school year, the dates for the following events were set.

On November 16th, the Freshmen reception with entertainment and refreshments was held; the upper classmen that are members were also invited to receive their new G.A.A. pins.

December 14 is the date for the Prom at the Hotel Commander with Freddie Sateriale's Orchestra. Come and see the additional surprise which will be given to each girl.

Later events not scheduled as yet will include: a Splash party, an evening roller skating party, another evening of ice skating at the Boston Skating Club.

Also there will be a series of inter-class basketball games held between Freshmen and Sophomores. Games will be played by the Varsity according to the following schedule:

January 7, 1952	Belmont at Cambridge
January 14, 1952	Newton at Newton
January 23, 1952	Malden at Cambridge
January 29, 1952	Somerville at Cambridge
February 5, 1952	Belmont at Belmont
February 13, 1952	Newton at Cambridge
February 27, 1952	Arlington at Arlington

Bowling will take place at Austin Street Alleys on Fridays.

Since the G.A.A. is offering such an attractive program, all girls should get behind their organization. Make it a booming year.

Claire Farrell '53

WORDS AND MUSIC

HERE WE ARE back again at the old books for another school year with its usual social activities, near nervous breakdowns from term tests, and all the rest. With the opening of school came an impressive parade of sparkling song hits which I think are the best that have been written in a long time. I can't imagine anyone not agreeing that Tony Bennett does a terrific job on "Because of You," not to mention "Cold, Cold Heart." Virile Tony Martin gives a romantic rendition of "I Get Ideas," while young Eddie Fisher has climbed high on the hit parade with "Sands of Time." Billy Eckstine's version of "Blue Velvet" truly describes its title, and Georgia Gibbs offers a haunting version of "While You Danced, Danced, Danced."

On the newcomer list we find Champ Butler with a catchy interpretation of "Down Yonder," something Al Jolson would have liked. Tommy Edwards' nostalgic presentation of "It's All in the Game" suffered no setbacks in the climb to success, while the Four Aces' rhythmic harmonizing of "Sin" leaves little to be desired.

Recent revivals include Les Paul's and Mary Ford's "The World is Waiting for the Sunrise." This is a fascinating version with a beat that is both fast and gay, and on the reverse, Les Paul does a beautiful guitar solo of the classic "Whispering." From "The Great Caruso" comes "Because" by golden-voiced Mario Lanza, and basso Ezio Pinza brings back two lovely old tunes in "Strictly Dishonorable": "I'll See You in My Dreams" and "Everything I Have is Yours."

All of the above-mentioned make for good entertainment, and here's hoping that the song writers do as much for us in the next few months with the holidays coming up.

Carol Ryan '52

SCIENCE FAIR NOTES

EARLY NEXT SPRING, the halls of Cambridge High and Latin School will re-echo with the buzz and hum of technical brains whirling at top speed. These scientists wil compete in the first round of the National Science Fair which leads the winners of each round to the State, New England, and finally the National competition.

There are entries from each one of our three science departments. In physics, for instance, the subject of light and its properties has been introduced; in biology some of the students plan to experiment with mice and rats to determine how different vitamins affect them; and in chemistry ideas revolving around the subject of electroplating have been suggested. More than a dozen students at Latin School have already begun to plan their exhibits, and by the end of the winter, every project will be near completion. Prominent science teachers from surrounding high schools will judge the projects of our Fair on the basis of originality, knowledge, and development of their subject matter. The three winners will then proceed to Briggs' Cage where they compete with many school winners, in the State Fair.

Should one of our students and his white rats be fortunate enough to emerge victorious from the scientific turmoil of Briggs Cage, he will be whisked away to the New England Science Fair, and thence onward to the National Science Fair. As awards to the winners, scholarships and cash prizes are given. I am sure that this school has the material necessary to produce a winner.

Joseph Collins '52
Peter Downs '52

NOTICE TO MUSIC LOVERS

A NEWCOMER among the extra curricular activities here at C.H.L.S. is the Music Appreciation Club. Throughout the year this newly organized group hopes to attend several concerts, hear worthwhile recordings of eminent musicians, and to invite well known performers to their meetings. By the next issue, this club will have a report duly submitted by its secretary.

K. B. NOTES

THE ACTIVITIES of the K. B. began early in October. A program committee was selected to plan the projects for our home meetings.

Our first home meeting, a most enjoyable one, was held at Anne Birch's house. Although it was only the month of October, the girls were in the true Christmas spirit of giving, as they pasted pictures in children's and veterans' scrapbooks, or as they knitted gayly colored mittens, which they will take to various hospitals around Cambridge and Boston. We hope to have many gifts finished by Christmas time so that we may play Santa Claus to those less fortunate than we!

Mary Rose Sheehan '52, *Secretary*

WORTH

A POUND OF

CURE

GET A CHEST X RAY NOW

CHESS CLUB

THE CHESS CLUB finished in sixth place in the Greater Boston Interscholastic Chess League last year. Its record was three wins, eight losses, and one tie.

At the annual business meeting last spring, the following officers were elected: President, Paul Lorris '53; Vice-President, Walter Vartanian '52; Secretary, Richard Sanderson '53; Treasurer, Francis Birch '54.

The Chess Club prize was awarded to Francis Duehay.

This year the Chess Club started with some promising new members. Although the initial match at Roxbury Memorial was lost by a score of 5½-4½, the playing showed an improvement over last year's 7½-2½ defeat.

This year there is one less team in the league. Boston English after an extremely poor record last year dropped out of the league. This withdrawal leaves only six teams in the league: Cambridge High and Latin, Brookline, Milton, Boston Latin, Boston Technical, and Roxbury Memorial.

On Friday, October 26, Mr. Franklin J. Sanborn, noted New England Chess expert, gave an interesting lecture followed by a simultaneous exhibition in which he played all members of the club at the same time.

Richard Sanderson '53

FRENCH CLUB NOTES

GREETINGS to old members and welcome to new! The first meeting of the French Club was held in late September. The following officers were elected for 1951-1952: President, Peter Downs; Vice-President, Stanley MacKay; Secretary, Barbara Boyajian; Treasurer, Francis Birch, Program Committee Chairman, Martha Murphy.

We hope to have a large attendance at all meetings. Under the guidance of Miss Acard from France and Miss Parsons, we expect to have an interesting year.

Barbara Boyajian '52, *Secretary*

CHARLIE

THAT is the only name we have ever known for him. He is just plain Charlie to everyone. He wears old clothes, lives in a run-down little hut at the end of the beach, and apparently has no family and little or no money. Everything about Charlie is strange; no one knows where he lives in the winter because he is always at the beach when the earliest comers open their cottages for the season (these people being my family and a few others, thus accounting for my knowledge of the situation) and shows no signs of leaving when the last to leave, these same few families board up for the winter. No one could possibly live in that tiny shack all winter; yet Charlie does for all we know.

However, in spite of all the mystery connected with him, Charlie is by far the most interesting and the most likeable man I know. All the children love him; he often takes long hikes with them to the water tower or to the fish pier. Young and old alike are enthralled by his exciting tales of sea adventure, which may or may not be true; but, true or not, we all like to believe them because Charlie has a way about him that makes everybody want to believe him.

Perhaps the most amazing thing about Charlie is the way in which he spends his time. Not only does he walk a great deal, but he often rows for hours with a boat load of little children. Every Sunday, he umpires a baseball game for the boys at the ball park. Each morning at dawn, he starts his day by swimming the length of the beach and back, about two miles.

Perhaps I have not succeeded in amazing you thus far with my little tale of Charlie, but I am sure that you will be duly impressed with this energetic man when I tell you that on his last birthday he was ninety-three years old.

Barbara Jennings '52

LATIN HIT PARADE

Because of You .....I flunked
I Get Ideas .....In the chem lab
What'll I Do .....On Friday night
Loveliest Night of the Year .....Senior prom
Longing For You .....My diploma
Down Yonder .....The lunchroom
Sin .....Cheating on a test
It's All In The Game .....A football penalty
Roll Back The Sands of Time .....At graduation

Carol Ryan '52

ALUMNI NOTES

HERE WE ARE back in the old grind once more — fighting a losing battle against term tests, overdue notebooks, and unfinished homework. Occasionally, we think how very soon *our* names will be added to the ever-increasing roster of alumni. Rather frightening, don't you think, how quickly four years can fly by?

However, before drenching ourselves with tears of nostalgia, let's click our heels in a smart salute to the many, many ex-C.H.L.S. who are serving in the armed forces. Plunged into the thick of the battle — Korea — *Paul Shea* and *Francis "Buddy" McCarthy,* both in the Marines, are doing a grand job of representing the Alma Mater. *Charles Melanson* '51, *Charles Gaudette* '51, and *Richard McAdoo* '51 are all in the Navy and stationed at Bainbridge, Missouri. *Bobby Morrisey* '51 is in the Air Force, and *Clifford Erwin* '51 was seen recently home on furlough from the Navy and *Joseph Melanson* '51 is in the Coast Guard, stationed at Great Lakes. Pfc. Edward Mersereau has been assigned to Ft. Monmouth (New Jersey) after finishing preliminary training at Camp Gordon (Ga.).

At Smith College *Anne Murphy* '50 *and Jane Truslow* '50 are among the First Scholars. Anne is also a Glee Club Member. After a year at Western Reserve College *Ruth Cooke* '50 is back in Cambridge, having transferred to Radcliffe. Hitting the books at Harvard are: *Bernard Firchow* '51, *Rubin Halevy* '51, *Jeremy Ransenhousen* '51, *John Laucus* '51. *James Daley* was named treasurer of Maine Central Institute's class of 1952. *Thornton Burgess* '50 is majoring in accounting at the Fisher School for Men; *Jean Fitzgerald* and *Joan Sullivan* have enrolled in the Fischer School for Girls. *Jimmy Lincoln* '51 is at the U. of New Hampshire and *Bill Sadieh* '51 is attending Brewster Academy this year. *Robert Stewart* '50 is in his second year at West Point and *Don Linehan* '51 is at Annapolis. Gracing the fair town of Amherst are *Norm Kaufman* '50, *John Butler* '51, *James Butler* '51, *James Coleman* '51 and *Henry Grunbaum* '51 — all are at the U. of Massachusetts. *Nancy McPartlin* '50 is a Sophomore Representative on the Student Council at Radcliffe. Last term Nancy was vice-president of the Freshmen Class. Also at Radcliffe are *Joy Colby* '51 *and Elsbeth Edge* '51. *Steve Dooling* '50, former Alumni Notes Columnist is at Boston College and *Ed Corsino* '51 has been admitted to Tufts. *Lauri Walazin* '50 is busy planning fraternity affairs at B. U. *Marvin Finstein, Fredrick (Ricky) Lubin,* and *Harold (Hexy) Goldstein,* all members of the Class of '51 are at B. U.

Now for a bit of gossip: *Lois Hanlon* '46 is engaged to be married; *Dick Rigazio* '48 and *Mary Kennedy* '48 were married last year; *Anne Coughlin Ennis* is the proud Mom of a tiny baby named Donna Jeanne; *Barbara Wentzell* '48 was married last spring.

Working at the Harvard Bazaar are *Alvene Williams* '51, *Jean Headly* '51, and *Joy McLeod* '50. *Kay Dooley* '51 is working at the National Reserve Bank in Boston. *Donald Benson* '51 is working at the Riverside Press.

We would like to extend our deepest sympathy to the relatives and friends of *Earl Walker* and *John J. Canney,* both of whom fell in action in Korea. Cambridge Latin may well be proud of these outstanding men.

That is it for now, kids! More in the next issue about your favorite alumni.

Beverly Diane Bunnin '52

DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

THE NEW Dramatic Club officers for 1951-1952 are: President, Roberta Kaufman; Vice-President, Joan Kramer; Secretary, Gail Hebberd; Treasurer, Joan Doherty. Executive Board: Fred Ainsworth, Dorrit Joseph, Joy Santoro, and Sally Kaufman.

Come September, we had our annual try-outs for membership and a large number tried valiantly, most of them showing a large amount of dramatic talent. Following the try-outs, the Dramatic Club's first meeting of September was devoted to the initiation of new members. Every new member contributed a short stunt of some kind and then, joined by the initiation committee, participated in some good old-fashioned nosebag dramatics.

Mid-Summer Night's Dream was seen by the Dramatic Club and Oral English Department as an extra curricular activity. It was a wonderful production and thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended.

Curtain-Time will be presented November 30 for the benefit of the Dramatic Club scholarship fund. *Curtain-Time* will consist of three one act plays under the direction of Miss Hartigan and Mr. Guest. The plays are *When You Marry the Navy,* a very funny comedy, *Miracle of Dublin Gulch,* a fantasy and *Bessie, the Bandit's Beautiful Baby,* a real old-time melodram. *Curtain-Time* should really be a success this year. We are expecting a large audience, as cards have been sent to old Club members. We hope to see all of you there, too, as this production is open to all.

Gail Hebberd '53, *Secretary*

HI, EVERYBODY! After a wonderful summer of doing nothing, we're back with the latest news about who's doing what, and with whom they're doing it.

The biggest news of the past few weeks is, of course, the results of the senior elections. Paul Brennan, Billy White, and Mary McManus seem to be the people's choice. On the Prom committee we find: Jeanne Brooks, Loretta Francesconi, Emily Gentile, Dorrit Joseph, Bobbie Kaufman, and Joan Kramer. We're sure they'll do a swell job to make this the best senior class ever to be graduated from C.H.L.S. . . . While we're congratulating people, orchids also to Gail Hebberd for winning the C.H.L.S. finals in the Red Feather Prize Speaking Contest. Good luck in the suburban finals, Gail. . . . By the way, we hope every one will support the Red Feather Drive. . . . The cheerleaders and the drill team are doing a terrific job at all the games this year under the able leadership of their respective captains, Nancy Gorman and Eileen Dempsey.

Those seen one evening at Betti Rose's house were: Alma Mudarri, Sudy Moore, Helen Kennedy, Jeanne Brooks, Sandy Letora, Carol Farmer, Ronnie Curry, Teddy Hennessy, Dickie Igo, Bob Russian, Ray Nicoletta, Jackie Haley, Danny Staffeiri, and Jackie Monteith. . . . We've noticed that Bob Jay may still be seen in Harvard Square every afternoon, even though he's going to Burlington High now. . . . What sudden attraction does the Boston Skating Club have for Jean Sullivan??? . . . Buddy Nauffts ought to make a certain girl a good wife. Those cookies were delicious, Bud. . . . What was the cause of Carole Sullivan's sudden fainting spell at Shirley Saidneway's house the night Shirley had the girls in for a chat session? . . . We hear that Nancy Butler is now a big wheel at Cambridge Academy. . . . Why is Mary Lou Lind studying up on her French? Is it because of the French School influence? . . . Tony Pracinos seems to have become a student of Psychology; he's trying to get Catie Gomatos to read it. . . . Did you ever see Anne Birch do the Charleston? She's terrific, Kids! . . . What is Kevin Kirk's new nickname? Buddy Nauffts' nickname is a "pretty" one, too. . . . Ask Nanci Sullivan and Joan Miller what happened at the Brown and Nichols game. . . . Who does Alice Shea always wait for at the wrong stairway? . . . Why does Paul Lorris always sing the praises of Mount St. Joseph's Academy as he rides down Vassal Lane in his car? (That's a car.) . . . Why does Charlotte Flu blush when anyone mentions Eddie? . . . Who's the "Sophisticated Miss" who eats alone second recess? . . . It seems that a certain first period Italian class is quite the room, especially one certain corner. . . . Which girl on the cheerleading squad yells extra loud for Jimmy Scalese? . . . We wish that Walter Vartanian would give us advance notice before he wears his multi-colored shirt so we can all wear sun glasses. . . . It seems that Carole Martin had quite a time making hydrogen in the chem lab. . . . No one gets her G.A.A. Formal bids in before Joanna Velonides! Not anxious are you, Joanna? . . Ruth Bishop and Jean Belleza always seem to be headed in the direction of Malden. . . . Is Mary Jane McCauley lucky! Not everyone can boast of a B. C. class ring. . . . What senior girl "knows all, hears all, and tells all?" . . . If you ever need talent, go to Room 106 and ask for Linda and Barbara. . . . Some people have all the luck. Betti Rose spent a wonderful week-end in New York. . . . What happened to Mary McManus on the way back from one of the Rindge games? . . . Who is Rita Langley's new flame at Rindge? Could it be one of their football stars? . . . Who is helping Ray Nicoletta with his English homework lately? . . . Sandy Letora may be seen driving to school mornings. Beware — she likes to go up one way streets. . . . Jackie Monteith was seen sitting on the steps at one of the football dances. What's the matter, Jackie, can't you dance? . . . Fred Martone and Rita Clancy are a new twosome of the sophomore and junior classes. . . . Has Betty Curcio finally made up her mind about certain things? I hope so, because it will make it a lot easier to write this column. . . . How does Nancy Shea's "Jack" rate? He gets her family car to drive around in. . . . Who is the little blonde

doll seen recently with Eddie Kidston? Why Belmont, Ed? . . . Well, the hockey season's nearly here, kids. How about supporting the team so that we'll have as terrific a season as we did last year. . . . This business of working at the lunch counter has given Dorrit Joseph and Bobbie Kaufman a chance to buy those new dresses they've been talking about. . . . We advise Joan Kramer to keep her eyes open in the morning from now on. What's the matter, Joanie, too much night life? . . . Carol Ryan, Alma Mudarri, and Margo Supple have turned intellectual. They're chasing books and boys at Widener. . . . Why is Helen Lynch trying so hard to get into B. C.? . . . Have you noticed Joan DuPont's eyes wandering across the library grounds lately? . . . John McBrine supplies his homeroom with ink. . . . Gerard Goodhue, John Scannell, and Eddie Kidston are making a habit of buzzing up to Brigham's in Belmont after school. . . . The C.A.A. Sock Hop was very successful. Neil Dempsey and Paul Brennan did quite a bit of complaining about the rush in the coat room after the dance. . . . It's more than skating that attracts Latinites to the Boston Skating Club! . . . Carol Ryan may be heard anywhere saying "Hello, dah-ling." Just call her Talulah. . . . What girl does Joe Collins call "Sam"? . . . Let's give Roger Emberley a speedometer for Christmas so that he can time his ascent to the third floor at 8:32 each morning! . . . A welcome and pretty addition to the senior class is Gail O'Shea. . . . They tell us that Jackie Daley deserves a medal for being the quietest boy in his homeroom. . . . A certain "Mr. Butler" holds an attraction for many junior girls. . . . Sophie Stankevich is sporting a car these days. . . . David Delaney has been receiving "billet-doux" in Russian lately instead of in Spanish. . . . A hearty welcome to Eva Yona from all the junior class! . . . Ray Tucker has been complaining about the Mars bars at the University Theatre. . . . We're glad to see that Jimmy Curran is recovering from the injury he received at Amesbury. . . . Lillian Michalchik and Joan Hudson spend their week-ends at Groton. We don't think its the scenery that they seem to enjoy so much. . . . Frances McMillan works behind the candy counter at the Central Sq. Theatre. . . . Dotty McPhee takes her car to the football games this year. . . . Who's Billy White's adorable girl friend? Is that his ring she's sporting? . . . Florence Mercer cut her long tresses; we like her new hair cut. . . . They say that Paul Cheveris is an expert bookkeeper. He corrects everyone else's papers. . . . Marie Zaglakis has been proudly displaying her silk portrait which her brother sent her from Japan. . . . Mary Delaney, Barbara Beckman, Jean Sullivan, and Alice "Sis" Shea were among the patients sporting sharp pajamas in Home Nursing. . . . Have you ever seen Jean Lee's dimples? . . . One of the many starry-eyed twosomes in the senior class are Dotty McPhee and Al Bennet. . . . Edie Battle seems to have thousands of boy-friends at the B.S.C. . . . What cute sophomore girl has caught the eye of Don Rigazzio?

Well, its Hallowe'en night now and as we wander along quite innocently doing nothing in particular, we encounter many Latinites ringing doorbells. Some of these are: Jean Sullivan, Lorraine Abitabile, Dorrit Joseph, Buddy Nauffts, Gerald Grady, Kay Prior, Nancy Sullivan, and Barbara Beckman. . . . Finally arriving at Rindge Tech where just about everyone from Latin seems to be, we abandon our vain attempt to get into the crowded gym to see Freddy Sateriale; we look around us. The first thing that comes to our attention are Bob Russian and Ray Nicoletta complete with fake noses and glasses, and with adorable orange paper hats. . . . We also see socialites T. Gordon Emberley and James (Jimmy) Armstrong drawing cartoons of people and things. . . . We hear that Bert Blevins prepared buckets of water to pour out the window at innocent passers-by. . . . Well, we leave the spooks and goblins for now and get back to more general news.

Why does Lorraine Abitabile always murmur, "This is the real thing" as she sits in her homeroom gazing directly across the quadrangle? . . . Does anyone know the meaning of the initials N. N.? Every time a certain group of girls hears them, they all start giggling. . . . The Co-Ed Council, which meets in the library, is doing a wonderful job again this year. They held elections recently, patterned after the regular city elections and chose nine councillors. These are: Edie Battle, Judy Giffen, Carol Campo, Fred Ainsworth, Herb Budden, Grace Evangelista, Sally Kaufman, Don Currie, and Henry Campbell. These nine then got together and elected Fred Ainsworth as their mayor.

Well, as the washerwoman brings her clothes to a line, we'll bring our lines to a close. Remember, keep the notes coming!!!

Barbara Jennings '52

Mary Rose Sheehan '52

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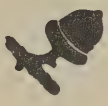

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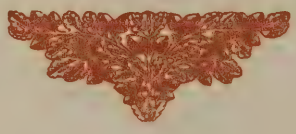

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The Cambridge Review

Cambridge High and Latin School

Cambridge, Massachusetts

VOLUME 67 — NUMBER 2 WINTER ISSUE, 1952

Review Staff

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WINTER ISSUE

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Published four times a year: November, January, March and May.

Terms: $1.00 per year; 25 cents a single copy.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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TIMOTHY F. DOWNEY

AN era in the history of Cambridge High and Latin School came to an end on January 15 with the death of Mr. Downey, the headmaster. During the years in which he presided over the largest school in Cambridge, everyone in C.H.L.S. became familiar with the rapid stride and the discerning glance of the man in charge, assuring himself that all was running smoothly in the huge building. Equally characteristic were the quick speech, the ready decision, and the glint of humor sometimes hastily veiled. A familiar sight was the principal, head slightly bent, the better to hear the woes of some pupil whom he had encountered while "on his rounds"; no member of the student body ever failed to obtain a hearing — nor found a more sympathetic friend.

Mr. Downey served the Cambridge School Department uninterruptedly since his appointment in 1912 except for his service as captain in the Chemical Warfare during World War I; since all these years were spent in some capacity in the Cambridge High and Latin School, he was well known to many generations of high school graduates. He was extremely fond of young people and intensely devoted to their well being. The war troubled him because it upset his boys and girls and took many away, and also because he worried endlessly over arrangements for the safety of the three thousand students under his care.

The work of the high school will continue, and many more generations of graduates will go into the world, but those who knew the school in recent years will never forget the vigorous personality of the kindly man — their headmaster.

EDITORIAL

SCHOOL spirit! Undoubtedly, to you the students of C.H.L.S., this is a familiar expression that has been shouted at you often enough, in connection with tickets for sports events and social functions. Although school spirit does apply to your voluntary participation in the social and scholastic activities which C.H.L.S. provides, it also accounts for your attitude toward the faculty, your studies, and the high standards of the school. In other words, if you break down the expression, school spirit, you will encounter three important factors: respect, conduct, and cooperation.

In order to possess true school spirit, it is necessary that you live up to all three factors, not just one or two. Naurally, you are not expected to don halos; in fact, it would be quite ludicrous to see angels floating along the corridors. What you are intended to do is to be fair with yourself. If you have only two unoccupied hours a day, procrastinate that date for a chocolate frappe until Friday or Saturday, and remain at home in order to finish the assignments for the following day.

High school is an institution that prepares individuals for the future. Perhaps many of you do not realize that life consists, first, of duty, then, of pleasure. With the proper attitude, your minds will be unbiased; and therefore, the molding of strong characters can be accomplished with ease.

Moreover, with the proper school spirit, there should be no distinction among the four classes except in intelligence. You would all co-operate with one another and endeavor to make the walls of C.H.L.S. re-echo, generation after generation, with your laughter and your accomplishments. This school would become a home filled with gaiety; not a gloomy funeral parlor.

If you were to regard school spirit as the central piece of a jig-saw puzzle around which conduct, respect and merriment hinge, you would comprehend its importance. Without spirit the picture will never be complete; with it, you may even disassociate your pieces, and still be able to reunite them to form a picture of the future. The fortitude that you exhibit in high school is deep-rooted; therefore, it will remain a part of you forever. You may juggle the pieces of the jig-saw for a while, but eventually, you will find the solution. Do not lose courage, for frequently great success comes after failure; an estimable pupil builds his character by means of the spirit that he displays in school.

ON SILENCE

SILENCE may in many ways be effective: one may discourage a too eager story teller by punctuating his anecdote with it, rather than with the anticipated laughter; one may shatter a quarrel-seeker by greeting his arguments with a dignified silence; and one may, by not saying anything when the conversation assumes an incomprehensible air, assure all that one has a complete understanding of that which is being commented upon. Like all things, silence should be used in moderation; extreme reticence can be as dangerous as excessive chatter. Imagine pouring out the details of some pleasure to an acquaintance and being met with the silence of a vacuum! Surely, that is more deflating than having the listener begin an account of his own adventures without fully complimenting you on your own.

Close friends often enjoy silence in the company of each other, and the silence they share helps them to enjoy each other more fully. Picture two young boys trudging along a dirt road in summer (their pockets bulging with an assortment of live and dead insects), their tanned faces expressing a boyish innocence similar to the youngster's in Thomas Sully's *Torn Hat*. The silence they affect comes from a complete understanding of one another; they have played well together, and now that their play has ended, they can meditate upon a day of pleasure without feeling it necessary to make ineffectual comments. Then again, a vision of two old men, a chess-board, and pipes emitting lazy puffs of smoke is enhanced by the thought of a warm silence between the players. The adolescent person often thinks that he must keep up a steady stream of repartee when among people and that if he does not, he will be thought dull. It should be impressed upon people of that age that a good and interested listener can lend more to a conversation than one who makes unnecessary chatter for fear of an embarrassing pause.

Emotions and opinions may be clearly expressed, though tacitly. In times of grief the stricken person will instinctively avoid a talkative friend who may dwell upon the cause of unhappiness, and hasten to a more taciturn friend who will express his sympathy by his actions rather than by words. In governmental affairs a brief "no comment" spoken by an official may express his opinions on a certain situation as clearly as if he had issued a long and formal statement. Silence should not cause embarrassment if it is spontaneous and unaffected, for a mature person does not always need words to express himself. Indeed, words are often too hard, too insufficient, to show one's feelings.

Beverly D. Bunnin '52

TEN YEARS LATER

DECEMBER 7, 1941 was a quiet Sunday afternoon on the island of Oahu in the Hawaiian archipelago. Throughout the city of Pearl Harbor the natives went about their tasks, against the background of a pale blue sky and a deep blue sea. The warmth of the day instigated a restful mood over the island, and even over the United States Naval Base.

Somehow, neither the men on watch nor the leisurely sightseer seemed to notice those tiny specks on the horizon, or if, perhaps, someone did happen to see them, he passed them off as a group of seagulls, or other aquatic bird. But careful observation would have disclosed that they were moving at great speed, were becoming larger every moment, and were flying totally unaffected by the strong south-east wind which was blowing with considerable force. It was not until a hum, similar to that of a mass of bees, was heard, that the attention of the populace of Oahu was drawn to the arrival of the strange visitors from the west.

Suddenly, a piercing siren broke the placid stillness which had settled over the island. Then, this lone sound, augmented by a great chorus of ringing bells and blowing whistles, seemed to wake the people from a thousand ages' sleep, into a mass of hustling, bustling humanity. All eyes focused on the naval yard. There, the men of the Pacific Fleet could be seen hurrying to battle stations, as those figures which a few minutes ago had been mere dots loomed overhead; they had changed their appearance, they were now the war planes of the Imperial Japanese Fleet. The attack on Pearl Harbor had begun.

Thus a far eastern nation, which less than a century before had absolutely no contact with its fellow nations of the globe, had plunged the world in one day into history's bloodiest war, in which the United States was to play a major role. This conflict was to bring our boys to distant lands they had never heard of or cared about, and where many among them were destined to give their lives. They went because they wished, not only to defend their country, but also to preserve the ideals of freedom and justice for all. Names such as Bataan, New Guinea, Mindanao, Tunisia, Algeria, The Solomons, Wake, and Midway were to be on the mind of every American, until the great conflict came to an end four years later in the waters of Tokyo Bay, aboard the most impressive symbol of the might which America had built, the proud U. S. S. Missouri.

However, peace was not of long duration, for just five years later, we were to be called upon, once again, to send our men to foreign shores to defend our liberties and ideals of life. This time the place was Korea, but the old story of blood, sweat, and tears, of "buddies" today, dead men tomorrow had not changed. Today, with our casualties having passed the 100,00 mark, we can only utter a silent prayer for the peace, and place a solemn hope and trust in the words of the late president, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, "that this nation under God shall win the ultimate victory."

David Shea '52

WINTER IN NEW ENGLAND

IT seemed like a strange neighborhood! The whirl-dance of the blinding storm piled the powdered snow upon the window frame. All that could be seen was Nature's geometric designs. Through the glass, the clothes-line posts looked like sheeted ghosts, The once familiar objects now took new, unknown shapes; a smooth white mound rose up where once a hedge had stood. The wire fence was converted into a delicate lace pattern. Three branches glistened like crystals as they cast blue shadows on the dazzling snow.

While watching the snow fall, I thought, not only of how it changed the appearance of the neighborhood, but also of how it changed the lives of many people. Many northern New Englanders would not be as prosperous during the winter if the cold weather and frequent snow storms did not exist. As soon as the snow falls, their huge picturesque houses are converted into tourist homes for people who come to New England to enjoy skiing, skating and other sports. Without the snow, these people living in northern New England would not have the opportunity to make use of spacious homes. The snow causes many changes.

After admiring the snow, we decided to make use of it. First we shoveled the walks. Then we used the piles of snow for slides. Through the drifts made by the snow plow, we dug tunnels. Between the two front porches, all our friends built a snowman. Next came coasting. Every boy and girl in the neighborhood had a sled. Only in the North can children have so much fun.

At the end of a strenuous day in the fresh air, we returned to the house. By the time we had put our sleds away and brushed the snow from our clothes, it had started to snow again. Later, as we sat around the fire, the sleet beat against the window panes like ghostly finger tips and the wind blew in a rage against the doors and windows. While sitting in front of the fire, recalling the wonders of winter magic, we understood how John Greenleaf Whittier happened to write *Snowbound.*

Marie Fitzgerald '52

THE BORIS GOLDOVSKY PRESS CONFERENCE

ON Thursday afternoon, November twenty-second, the editors and staffs of high school papers all over Greater Boston met at the Copley Plaza for the first of this season's delightful High School Editor's Parties, held under the sponsorship of the Boston Globe. The personalities presented to the large and enthusiastic audience would certainly interest anyone, but the program was a special joy to the many music lovers in the audience, because the featured speaker was Boris Goldovsky, a man whose name has for many years been synonymous with top quality, imaginative operatic productions, and whose dynamic personality has long been one of the most famous in the American music scene. Mr. Goldovsky is very familiar to local opera lovers as the artist director of the New England Opera Theatre whose fine productions have provided Boston with good opera other than the Metropolitan's one fleeting week. His name is also associated with the Music Festival at Tanglewood where each summer he directs operas which almost invariably achieve nationwide fame for their fine quality. However, Mr. Goldovsky is perhaps most widely known for his weekly appearances on the Metropolitan Opera Broadcasts as conductor of the intermission feature "Opera News on the Air." This brisk discussion program which traditionally follows the first act of the featured opera would indeed lose much of its lively charm if it did not begin with his friendly, "Good Afternoon."

Mr. Goldovsky naturally concerned himself with the varied and disturbing problems which today confront those who wish to present fine opera to the music loving public, since for the past five years he has undertaken this "heartbreaking task," as he calls it. However, he thoroughly believes in opera, that is, great music made human by a dramatic story acted on the stage, as a theatrical medium. However, in producing it, he finds monumental obstacles laid in his path through the years, and as a result of these, he discovers little public interest in production. It is strange that our European ancestors hummed the tunes of Verdi, Donezetti, and Mozart, as they went about their daily tasks, but we, their American descendants, largely ignore this beautiful music. What has caused this remarkable decline? Indeed, it cannot be attributed to a single factor. One of them is the huge expenses incurred by operatic productions. Consider them for a moment. Trained singers must be obtained to give the performance on the stage and an orchestra must be hired to accompany them, but just as important, though unseen, are the numerous stagehands, designers, and electricians who also must be hired to make the presentation possible. Then there is the all important matter of sets and costumes which, whether rented or made for the occasion, are extremely costly. A house must be hired; tickets must be printed; and money must be spent to advertise the production. Altogether the presentation of an opera is a very expensive proposition, too expensive in fact, to be supported by a sold out house. Tickets bring in only about $8,000 to the New England Opera Theatre while the production cost runs to at least $12,000. In Europe, there is no problem of deficit because opera is state supported and the money needed to make the books balance is taken from tax money. Alas, American opera has no such fairy godmother, and although Uncle Sam did help the situation some by lifting his tax on non-profit entertainment, deficits must be made up by gifts. Rich and sympathetic supporters were once comparatively easy to find, but now that taxes are taking larger and larger bites out of private fortunes, the problem becomes more and more difficult to solve. But there is still more to this matter of declining public interest, and Mr. Goldovsky attributes a large part of it to opera in foreign language, a matter on which he feels very strongly. Since most Americans do not have a good enough knowledge of such languages as French, Italian, and German to follow the action of an opera sung in one, and since most are not so in love with the music that they can ignore what is going on on the stage, many avoid attending operas simply because they have only the vaguest idea of what is happening. Alas, they are not the only ones who are so confused, for quite often the singers themselves make absurd motions because they have no notion of what they are singing. After all, opera is as much theatre as it is music. No play producer would ever think of presenting a foreign language play hoping for a popular success; why, then, do so many opera company directors seem to think that they can do the impossible? Mr. Goldovsky has used idiomatic English translations at the New England Opera Theatre with great success, and now many companies throughout the country are following his fine leadership. This certainly is an important step toward the popularization of opera.

After concluding his interesting talk, Mr. Goldovsky stayed a few minutes to answer the questions of his enthusiastic audience who were by and large, more than sympathetic to his varied opinions. However, after a short time, he left the speaker's platform to a beautiful and talented young lady who certainly fulfills his ideal of the opera star as a singing actress. Her name was Adelaide Bishop, and she was featured as Adele, the flirtatious yet shrewd maid in Sol Hurok's pro-

duction of Strauss' *Die Fledermaus* which was opening that very night at the Opera House. Since she had arrived only two hours before from Troy, New York, she naturally had no time to prepare a talk, but she was so bombarded with questions that she didn't have the time to answer them all. Miss Bishop said that she very much enjoyed touring the country in the lively part of Adele, but confessed that her favorite roles were those of Violetta, the consumptive heroine of Verdi's *La Traviata,* Manon, the pleasure seeking beauty of Massenet's opera of the same name, and Sophie, the ingenue in Strauss' *Der Rosenkavalier.* Miss Bishop said also that she had been in show business ever since she was a small child and loves the strenuous but exciting life of a singer. During the tiring days of the tour, she told the group, she rises at ten o'clock for a day which includes a morning walk, a shopping trip, lunch, a short nap, a session of letter writing, dinner, and, of course, the performance. However, when she is in rehearsal, she exchanges this program for a more difficult one which begins at seven o'clock in the morning and continues until eleven in the evening with voice lessons, coaching, rehearsals, and studying. No one enjoys singing more than Miss Bishop who advises young people who are interested in it as a career to continue studying and working hard in order to reap the rewards which she has always found so gratifying.

Martha Murphy '53

WINTER MAGIC

AS I awoke on that sharp, bitter cold winter morning and looked out of my window, I stared at the scene before my eyes. In the space of a few short hours, the world had been changed from a bleak, drab countryside to a brilliant, white magic land. As I gazed upon the magnificence of this scene, I was stricken with a deep feeling of reverence, and knew that none could deny this to be the work of the Great Artist. The snow that had fallen so silently and peacefully during the night had changed completely the whole aspect of the place. So filled was I with the overwhelming beauty of this picture that I could hardly wait to realize fully its splendor.

When finally I stepped through the door, I was shocked by the stinging blast which lashed at my face like a sharp knife, though it had an odor of purity that one can detect only after a snowstorm. The sky overhead was deep, azure blue in contrast to the blinding whiteness beneath, and a few fleecy clouds seemed to be snowdrifts reflected in the mirror of the sky. All the sounds of the earth were softened by the new thick white carpet, and even the usual humdrum of daily living seemed more quiet, as if it too was awe struck by the sudden change. The mounds of snow were like marshmallow toppings on the branches of the evergreens, while the heavily-laden branches of the great elms seemed to be bowed humbly before the glory of the whitened landscape. The tall weathered lamp posts, transformed overnight, now looked like huge sentinels clothed in white satin standing guard at a royal court.

As the day wore on, the fading rays of the sun cast purple tints on the lengthening shadows. Then as the moon rose in the heavens, its glow was reflected like thousands of tiny diamonds in the snow. I thought as I walked through this winter wonderland, how every tiny snowflake played its own part in forming this magnificent scene of vast whiteness.

Finally, enveloped within the warmth and good cheer of my home, my thoughts turned to the magnificent sight which I had witnessed that afternoon. I realized that no matter how beautiful man-made things are, none could be quite so perfect and divine as those formed by the Creator. When I considered all the natural beauties of the earth are so free for everyone, I wondered how many people just took them for granted or if perhaps others too, had the same spiritual reaction and deep gratitude as I had had.

Carol Ryan '52

CHESS CLUB

AFTER six weeks of tournament play the Chess Club is in third place in the G.B.I. Chess League. The scores of all tournaments through the Christmas vacation are as follows:

CHLS	4½	Roxbury Mem.	5½
CHLS	6	Milton	4
CHLS	5	Boston Tech	5
CHLS	3	Boston Latin	7
CHLS	5½	Brookline	4½
CHLS	5½	Roxbury Mem.	4½

The player with the highest score is Patrick Higonet with a record of six wins and no losses. The only other player with a perfect record is Donald MacKinnon (4-0). Other high scoring players are; Richard Sanderson (4 wins-1 loss-1 tie), Joachim Pfeufer (3-1-0), and Jerry Halberstadt (3-3-0).

The Chess Club meets after school every Friday in the boys' lunchroom. New members, both players and non-players, are invited.

Richard Sanderson, Secretary

WESTWARD TO FREEDOM

CHILDHOOD is the time in one's life in which his character and personality are formed. Many times, people are nervous and undecided because their early childhood was a time of turmoil and chaos; I am one of those people.

Fear, confusion, worry, anxiety, religious persecution, and bloodshed were a few of the many horrors my mother and father endured just before and long after my birth. I was born in Italy under the Fascist regime. Although I was young, there are some scenes of that time of horror that are still vivid in my mind.

We had lived comfortably in Italy for many years; in fact, our ancestors had lived in Italy since the Moorish invasion. It was not until Mussolini decreed racial and religious laws that we decided it was impossible to live in Europe any longer. Our telephone was tapped, our mail censored, our relatives were either in hiding or in jail. My uncle had been arrested by the secret police for collaborating against the Fascists and was thrown into jail. Because of our religion, daddy could no longer have a job, and my sister and I could not go to school. At last we realized that we could either escape, or die at the merciless feet of the "regime."

We decided that we would go to the United States if it were possible. My father went to Switzerland for his visa; and in the meantime mother took me to Rome to see my uncle in prison. We arrived in the Eternal City late at night and so did not go to see my uncle until the next morning. Since I had never been in a political prison before, mother explained that Uncle Vittorio was not there because he had been bad, but because he had been good! All this was terribly confusing.

The sight of my uncle's cell actually wrung my heart. It was cold, bleak and dreary. Vittorio was sitting on a bench looking at us with his dark, understanding, sunken eyes. All at once I began to cry, not quite knowing why. In the midst of the confusion I let a little bottle of carnation perfume drop. The glass vial shattered to bits and the cell was filled with a sweet, sickening carnation odor. The memory of all this is so clear, that to this day, the odor of carnation perfume nauseates me. We remained in the city only that one day, and then we hurried back to Turin.

After my father came back from Switzerland, mother, my sister, and I had to go there to apply for our visa. We spent long hours waiting in the consul's office. Day after day, mother went there to fill out papers, and more papers, and more papers. There were other people also waiting in an endless wait. Their faces were all alike; pale and white, drawn and washed out by tears. These people might obtain visas, and then again they might not. If they did, they would escape to freedom; if not, they would die in the suffocating air of a dictatorially ruled country. The days passed. The suspense was awful. Finally one wonderful day we received our visa, thank God!

After this we did not wait long. Hurriedly we packed and on the fourth of May, 1940, we sailed from Genoa westward to freedom!

Eva Yona '53

A STUDENT'S VACATION

TO ME, a student, the aspect of Christmas which appeals most is Christmas vacation — in fact, any vacation has the same effect. A whole week of rising at noon instead of half past seven is as appealing to me as Duncan's throne was to Macbeth!

By December or February, the thoughts of vacation have become an obsession. I live only to fulfill my dreams of having a week of mornings, afternoons, and evenings at my disposal. Whenever I try to drive the thoughts from my mind, I sink into deeper longings. Every time a number is mentioned in math class, I relate it to the number of weeks, school days, or classroom periods before vacation. I avoid calendars as if they were highly destructive, radio-active objects because it tortures me to see the days go by at snail's pace.

As the significant month reaches its mid-point, my tense expectancy becomes stronger and stronger. Worry rapidly engulfs me. Will it be cold enough to get in some ice skating? Will I be allowed to use the family car a couple of nights? What about work? I hope the manager won't want me more than Friday and Saturday afternoons.

Those questions and other similar ones prey on my mind until the momentous day when school ends and vacation begins. Then, all the dreams become realities; worries do not materialize. The vacation is everything I can desire. The boss wants me only on Saturday, the temperature is better than five degrees below zero, and dad uses the car only two nights in the week.

Life is beautiful until the last day of vacation when I realize that I still haven't read the play which was assigned over this holiday. With the sudden realization, my free time is over. It has been wonderful, but the assignment must be done; school is beckoning once more, that vacation is over.

Harry Azadian '52

MY FIRST DRIVING LESSON

THE sun was still taking a few extra winks of sleep when he was rudely awakened. Peering through the clouds, he watched, curiously, the preparations for a comedy to which he was soon to be a witness. This is what he saw.

The setting was a lonely, old, country road; the characters were my Dad and I. As for the audience, it consisted of a single cow. The plot was woven around me. I was learning to drive! My hands grasped the steering-wheel, my foot pressed the starter . . . we were off! Off is just the word, for we shot well to the left of the road! My father yanked on the hand brake and, thereby prevented the death of one cow.

When I glanced, rather sheepishly, at Dad, I noticed an odd moisture on his forehead. What could I do? I had to regain his confidence. The only thing was to prove that I could drive as well as my sister, at least. There we were on the peak of a small embankment, with our ruminant friend munching grass right in back of the car. If I released the brake, down we would go; if I put the car in reverse, down the cow would go. Being humane, I decided to save the cow; so down we went. My father stopped the car, changed places with me, and drove back on to the road. Then much to my chagrin, he got out of the car, and with the cow took his place behind a tree.

Angered by this lack of confidence in my own parent, I started the car and successfully drove down the road, leaving my audience to gaze after me with puzzled expressions. My confidence rose and I turned to wave a gay good-by. Alas! The car, unaccustomed to steering itself, ran headlong into a tree. I pounded madly on the horn, but to no avail. That tree refused to move!

The curtain was drawn and the play was over. At the close of that eventful day, Mr. Sun crept back into his cozy bed and with a curious chuckle fell asleep.

Mary Rose Sheehan '52

ON FADS

FADS are fun if they are not carried so far as to become a trite nuisance. People are bound to make too much of a good thing, and soon a very popular novelty is commercialized. Fads are of many types: those of sayings, types of dress, and habits.

During the Second World War, for example, the expression, "Kilroy was here" was made popular, and from that time forth, these words were to be found written everywhere, on fences and walls, on blackboards in every school-room, and someone even went so far as to put a comic book called *Kilroy* on the market.

A different sort, and more short-lived fad went on around 1930 when a group of college boys seemed to develop a taste for goldfish. There was many a contest among these young gentlemen to decide who was capable of devouring most of the unfortunate fish, the winner sometimes swallowing close to one hundred of them. This, though very much in the news while in existence, luckily died out in a very few weeks.

Another fad was the "Shmoo" a creation of Al Capp in 1949 or thereabouts. It was a great money-maker. This fictional little animal, which could be made into any kind of meat, quarts of milk, dozens of eggs, and pounds of cheese, was in great public demand, and rubber replicas of it were made in all sizes for small children, besides lapel pins and other such novelties for children of a larger growth.

On the clothes line, moreover, we now find articles of wearing apparel in a shiny luminous material, perhaps the latest fad. Even little infants, who have no choice in the matter, are bedecked in caps, jackets, socks, shoelaces, and bathing suits of this garish fabric. With the younger set, cowboy suits also are still in the limelight; in fact now, no youngster would dream of appearing in public in anything less than an authentic "Hoppy" suit which retails, with all the accessories, boots, spurs, holster, and the like, from about ten to fifteen dollars. Thus we see that while fads are fun, they can also be expensive and bothersome.

Barbara Jennings '52

THE BORIS GOLDOVSKY PRESS CONFERENCE

DECEMBER 13th — The doors of the Copley Plaza Hotel were jammed with editors and reporters of the school papers and magazines, waiting to go into the main ball room, to the second party sponsored by the *Boston Globe,* featuring Boris Goldovsky, eminent authority on opera and director of the New England Opera Company. Unfortunately, I had not come with the rest of the people from C.H.L.S., and so I began wandering aimlessly around the big tables in the main ball room, trying to see some familiar faces. Contrary to the Josephine Lowman press conference, boys were also present this time. To tell the truth, the boys walked away with the prize as far as the dress parade was concerned. A good

THE BORIS GOLDOVSKY PRESS CONFERENCE

many of them had tartan plaid cutaway jackets with gray flannel pants.

While I was still wandering around, looking for the Cambridge High and Latin School table, hoping that perhaps, if I could not find it, I might sit with the Roxbury Latin boys, Martha Murphy came up behind me and tapped me on the shoulder. The two of us then joined Joe Collins, David Shea, and Richard Goldberg.

Almost immediately John Taylor of the *Globe* took the mike and opened the conference by welcoming us, and introducing Cyrus Durgin, art and music critic. Portly Mr. Durgin, in a blue double breasted suit, took over and gave us an informal introduction to Mr. Boris Goldovsky. Looking around, I saw that a great many people from other schools were getting ready for a boring lecture on long haired opera. I, myself, was a little skeptical on the interest of the subject.

It was indeed a welcome relief when Mr. Goldovsky stepped up on the rostrum, and with a clipped Russian accent, opened his brief and enlightening talk with, "There was a time when opera had no place in my life." He then continued by giving us an account of his interest in opera and of the activities of the New England Opera Company.

Even during the short time Mr. Goldovsky talked to us, his bombastic personality shone bright and clear. He has truly something to be proud of. If it were not for him, the New England Opera Company could never be. It was through him that this local operatic company was founded. Apparently, there were a great many young people who had lovely voices, talent, and ambition, but because of the overcrowded field, they could not get into opera. Mr. Goldovsky decided to open an opera company so to give an outlet to these people. Up to now, this new born company has been fairly successful. The great expense of opera is what really puts a check on Mr. Goldovsky. It costs the New England Opera Company fifteen thousand dollars to put on just one performance!

Although Mr. Goldovsky merits a great deal of praise, I might say, that he is slightly hasty in judging the American public and its views concerning opera. He told us that the American people do not enjoy opera because they are not intellectually mature enough for it. Perhaps it has never occurred to Mr. Goldovsky that it might be the high cost of tickets for opera that is keeping the American public away. Since in Europe the opera companies are maintained by the state, almost every one can afford to see an excellent performance at La Scala. However, in America, the opera is upheld by private concerns and people, and therefore, a ticket to the Metropolitan Opera Company can easily cost fifteen dollars.

At the end of the talk, there was a rather lengthy question period which provoked a good deal of controversy. One girl asked Mr. Goldovsky what he thought of Mario Lanza as an opera singer. The speaker's answer came as a body blow to nearly every one present. Mr. Goldovsky said that, having been Lanza's teacher, he was in a position to say that Mario Lanza has an extraordinary voice, but otherwise is a complete "dope." The question period continued with a discussion on media of promoting opera such as: radio, television, and movies. As a closing note on Mr. Goldovsky's lecture, I might add that on the whole his explanations, observations, and answers were interesting and enlightening.

At this point Mr. Durgin stood up and introduced Adelaide Bishop, who has the part of Adele in "Die Fledermaus," then playing in Boston. Miss Bishop is a charming woman with a very lovely, soft, melodious speaking voice. She gave us a short resumé of her life and career. At five she was already singing and at seventeen she began grand opera. A brief question period followed. Miss Bishop was kind enough to answer some rather personal questions such as: "What is your theatrical life like?" Adelaide Bishop is married to an Air Force officer and consequently she does not lead the typical life of tinsel and "star glamour." Among her many accomplishments, Miss Bishop has sung in German, French, Italian, and Spanish.

The last guest speaker to honor us was the director of the Museum of Science. He cordially extended to us an invitation to visit the interesting Museum and its exhibits. A great many improvements and changes are now being made, and I whole-heartedly advise that we all go to visit this institution in the near future.

At nearly six, this informative and highly entertaining conference came to a close with the serving of refreshments.

Eva Yona '53

LATIN CLUB NOTES

THE Latin Club opened this year with an entertaining and informative talk with slides on "Good Old Aeneas and How He Came to Italy" by Mr. Derry. So many members came that there was hardly room to sit down. We are planning more such interesting meetings which we hope will be attended by an equal amount of success.

Anne C. Birch '52, President

GAA Formal

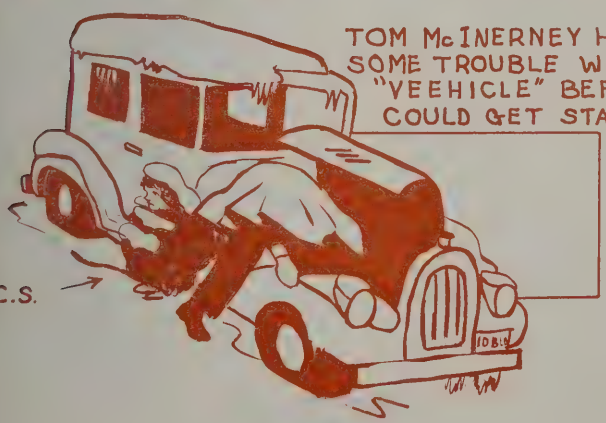
"'TWARN'T A FIT NIGHT OUT FOR MAN OR BEAST"

MR. TOOMEY AND MISS HYDE SET TH' PACE WITH THEIR FANCY HOOFIN'

PAT WALSH GOT A TELEGRAM DELIVERED BY DOGSLED

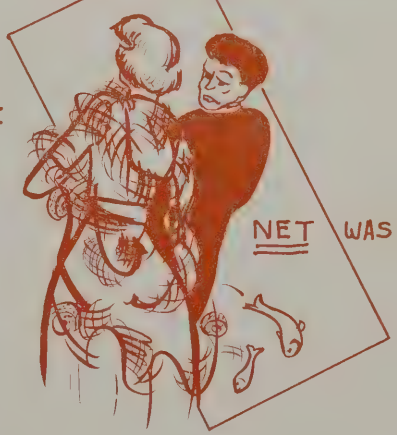
BUDDY NAUFFTS & DORRIT JOSEPH WERE CHOSEN, King & Queen

LOUIE PHANEUF & BERNIE McCUSKA WERE THE SMALLEST COUPLE PRESENT



TOM McINERNEY HAD SOME TROUBLE WITH HIS "VEEHICLE" BEFORE HE COULD GET STARTED

C.S.



NET WAS TH' THING

Jim Armstrong

WHAT MAKES A GOOD DRIVER?

DO you know that there are more than twenty million cars on the road today? In such a vast representation of drivers, it is reasonable to expect a great number of good drivers. The requisites of being a good driver are comparatively few. In general, a good driver is cautious, mentally alert, considerate, and intelligent.

To best illustrate what makes a good driver, let us imagine ourselves sitting next to him while he operates his auto. It is a cold morning. You and the driver step into his car. You notice that before starting his car, he pulls out the choke and throttle, and steps on the pedal "to get the gas moving." Now you are ready to take a ride. As he starts his car, he naturally backs slowly out of his yard. On driving down the street, he happens to encounter some small children. His automatic impulses compel him to blow his horn and slow down. Next, he stops in at the gas station to fill up on gas. By doing this, he makes sure not to be caught out of gas or low on gas. Now you are in heavy traffic. Does he "jump" the red lights? Does he go speeding through yellow lights? Does he take his corners on two wheels? Of course not! It must be remembered that you are sitting next to a good driver; and you are trying to observe the actions of a good driver. So far, you have seen that he knows a little about the mechanics of his car; he is very cautious; and he values the well being of others as well as his own safety.

But it is not just caution that makes good drivers. A masterful auto-operator must know the roads and display courteous actions such as "dimming" his lights at night or using hand signals. One of the best marks of a good driver is his ability, when driving slowly on a turnpike, to keep in the right lane. On a long trip, most drivers are inclined to speed. However, along with speeding, a great emphasis should be made on mental alertness. From experience, I can say that driving over a "long stretch" tends to dull the senses of perception. The monotony of the endless road tends to make the driver drowsy; in fact, he may begin to see things. Anything less than complete mental alertness on a trip of long distance may result in an accident.

In the above paragraphs, I have mentioned the most important requisites of a good driver. It is needless to say that in this time of year when the roads are covered with snow and ice, drivers should be extra cautious and alert. Let us hope that the careless and thoughtless drivers will wake up and join the vast majority, the good drivers.

Beldon Idelson '52

BLACKIE

BLACKIE reminds me of nothing so much as of a cricket. His coat of black puff, instead of shining shell, does not quite conform to the resemblance; but otherwise he is all slim black lines and angles, pointed legs, spiky tail, and sharp ears. Like a cricket he chirps; but, since there is a Siamese strain in his parentage, I have no fear that he is going to lack the ability to mew loudly and lustily, when he gets a little older. He usually pelts madly across the dining-room, pantry or kitchen, and puts on his brakes only a split second before he would dash his head against a wall. He hides himself in the shadows, jitterbugs out into the open, waltzes across the living room floor with a wad of paper, (or anything he picks up), in his mouth, and the next instant, is passionately concentrated on crawling behind the refrigerator to find the buzz.

At this time let me say that Blackie is, of course, a cat, and definitely my cat. He was going to be my cat anyway and practically told me so. However, when those at home learned that I had another cat, (we already had two), I was informed that no one was going to stand at the door on a blustering winter night trying to coax this new cat in, or get up in the middle of the night to let him out. Besides, no one wanted Blackie's hairs on his bed covers. This was to be my cat and my heartbreak.

Taking the responsibility of a small cat on oneself is not so easy as it sounds; and before long, through careful strategy on my part, and I admit through some carelessness, too, the family was forced to participate in all the little chores that go into bringing up a cat. Later, I found out that not only did the family adopt the cat wholeheartedly, but that he was no longer mine. As Blackie grew on my family, he also grew on their bed covers and soon deserted mine; and although he is still content to sit on my lap for a few minutes, he prefers to free-lance.

I have another now, the first cat we ever had. To begin with, she is a female like me, and since she's getting on in age, I suppose she figures that I can just about keep up with her pace. Nevertheless we have been going together steadily for two years and — excuse me, I guess I forgot to tell you, but we also taught Blackie to buzz the doorbell, and I have to go let him in.

Glendora MacKenzie '52

THE PLAYBILL

RECENTLY, while reading the theatre section of the *New York Times,* I came upon an article lamenting what was described as the "leanness" of this year's Broadway season. The author bewailed the small number of plays to arrive in New York, and out of these, most were so poor that they folded the first week. Other highly touted offerings were found to be only mediocre. Really the only thing worth raving about, as the author brought out, had to be imported from London; this of course was the present sell-out success of the Laurence Olivier-Vivien Leigh venture with the two Cleopatra plays, namely Shaw's *Caesar and Cleopatra* and Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra.* Other than this, play-going New Yorkers have had to content themselves with a couple of sprightly comedies, and a few hold-overs from last year's more fruitful season. The worst part of this sad tale is the fact that there is no relief in sight. Many plays booked for New York theatres folded even before they arrived. Since Boston draws most of its theatre traffic from plays on their way to Broadway, this scarcity of productions is acutely felt here. The prospect before us holds only a few plays touring after successful seasons in New York (*The Cocktail Party; The Autumn Garden*) and some annual, or almost annual visitors, (*The Sadlers Wells Ballet,* the *Metropolitan Opera,* and the *Merry Widow.*)

However, Boston, as well as New York, was recently consoled by one outstanding play, namely Leland Hayward's production of John Marquand's *Point of No Return.* I, personally, have seldom spent a more interesting afternoon at the theatre. The odd part about this great success is that the play itself is not outstanding. Although cleverly written by Paul Osborn, it contains only two of the episodes of the book, and stretches them for a treacherously long time. At times the plot wears dangerously thin, and boredom would certainly set in, if it weren't for the fact that the acting and the sets are the best seen here for a long time. Much of the credit is indeed reserved for Henry Fonda's masterful portrayal of Charles Gray, the central character of the play. Mr. Fonda exudes charm and stage presence, and gives the easy, restrained performance which one so seldom sees. He is ably supported by Leora Dana, a little known but very talented young woman who portrays Mr. Gray's wife, and Frank Conroy, one of the American theatre's finest actors, as his stuffy but kindly boss. The story is centered around one of Mr. Marquand's problem-beset heroes, this time a man who above all detests "apple-polishers" but finally becomes one himself to gain the coveted vice-presidency of the local bank. Jo Mielziner is internationally famous for his ingenious stage settings, but he seldom has done more outstanding ones than these for *A Point of No Return.* Particularly in the flash-back scenes in the second act, his uses of drops and curtains are fascinating. Altogether the play made an afternoon well spent on an interesting script outstandingly acted.

It is really too bad that the same cannot be said for *The Student Prince,* which returned to the Opera House for its farewell (I wonder) engagement, but which was neither interesting nor outstandingly acted — alas, not acted at all. Sigmund Romberg's *The Student Prince* is rightfully one of the classics of operetta. It contains wonderfully hummable tunes which are still widely known and tremendously popular. The story, though not marvelous, provides plenty of opportunities for inventive staging and good acting, but unfortunately this revival failed to avail itself of any of them. The staging was commonplace, with only drops and little scenery, and the acting was not even that. Why it is that people who sing seem to think that their golden throats will carry them safely through all crises is beyond my comprehension, but they consistently do. This young cast sang exceptionally well, but practically needed go-carts to carry them across the stage, and when they did, they usually stopped squarely behind what little scenery there was, or behind another member of the cast. Fortunately they gave liberal encores for every number they sang, and indeed they sang them all very well. Therefore, although there were several bad features in the performance it was still a joy to hear all of the wonderful songs.

Martha Murphy '53

SENIOR HONOR ROLL
First Marking Period — 1951 - 52

Ambrose, Marjorie
Azadian, Harry
Birch, Anne
Blevin, Albert
Bloomstein, Gerald
Boudreau, Francis
Boyajian, Barbara
Brennan, Evon
Bunnin, Beverly
Chatfield, Constance
Collins, John
DeVito, Clare
Downs, Peter
Evangelista, Grace
Ferreira, Mary
Fowler, John
Frank, Philip
Goldberg, Richard
Grainger, Elizabeth
Hudson, Barbara
Idelson, Belden
Lewis, Frances
Joseph, Dorrit
Kanavos, Harold
Kaufman, Roberta
Leccese, Irene
Lindberg, Parker
Linehan, Charles
MacKenzie, Glendora
MacPhee, Dorothy
Marathos, Georgia
Martin, Carole
Miano, Mary
Noonan, David
Panton, Harold
Paynter, Vivian
Penniman, Donald
Pereira, Gilda
Petrulis, John
Scotti, Rose
Sheehan, Mary Rose
Smith, Arthur
Totty, Gordon
Vartanian, Walter

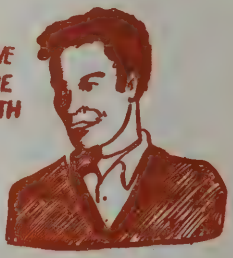
THE SPOTLITE

RAY NICOLETTA CAN BE SEEN SCURRYING TO AND FRO SIGNING UP MEMBERS FOR THE C.A.A.~

AT CAROL RYAN'S XMAS PARTY, MARIE FITZGERALD BLEW OUT ALL BUT ONE CANDLE ON HER BIRTHDAY CAKE~

CONGRATS ARE IN ORDER FOR CANTAB KENNEY HADLEY, WHO HAS BEEN ELECTED CAPTAIN FOR THE 1952 FOOTBALL TEAM. GOOD LUCK, KEN~

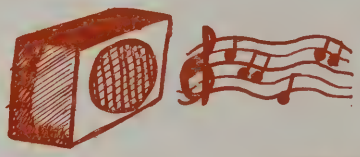
GERARD GOODHUE AND PAUL BRENNAN HAD TO PUSH THEIR CAR OUT OF THE SNOW AT 4:00 A.M AFTER THE G.A.A. FORMAL~



LOOKS AS IF UNCLE SAM WILL HAVE A MEMBER TO HIS 'FAMILY'. JIMMIE SULLIVAN EXPECTS TO LEAVE WITH THE U.S. AIR FORCE SOON~

UNDERSTAND GEORGE WOODS CROONS WITH THE GLEE CLUB~

LATIN'S OWN DON RIGAZIO WAS RECENTLY NAMED 'PLAYER OF THE WEEK' FOR HIS OUTSTANDING GOAL-KEEPING IN THE G.B.I. LEAGUE~



AND JUST WHA' HOPPENED TO THE MUSIC IN THE LUNCH-ROOM? HMMMM~

NOW~ WHAT DO ANNA MARTINOS AND HAZEL MEAN WHEN THEY SAY: "WHEN WE PAINT THE TOWN, WE PAINT THE TOWN!"~

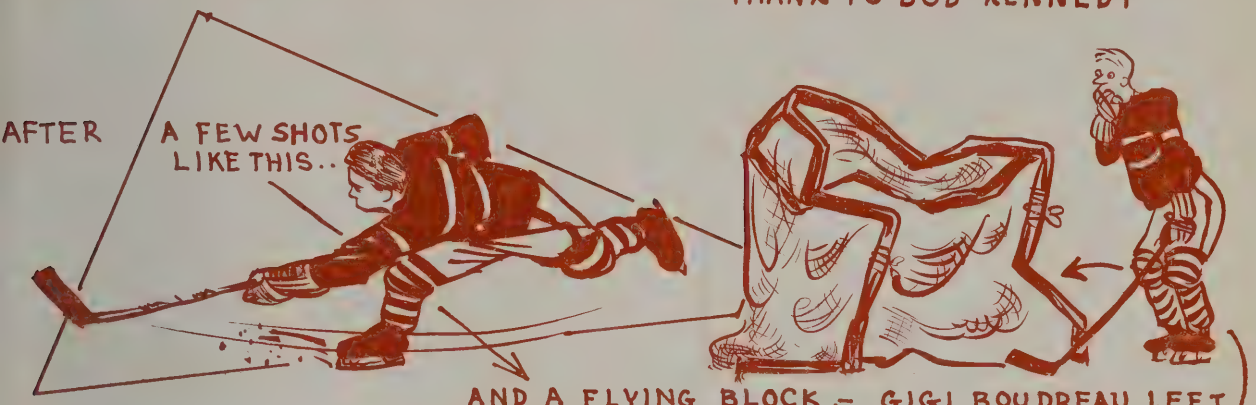
ASK KATHLEEN O'REILLY ABOUT THE "O'REILLY CURSE"~

WHAT A STORM OF PEOPLE AND COATS IN RINDGE AFTER THE SENIOR YEAR-BOOK DANCE~

BILL DONNELLY

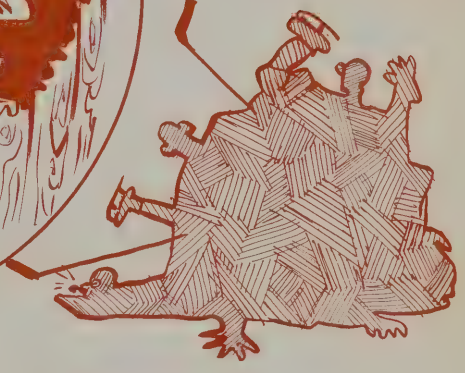
BETTER DAYS ARE COMING

THANX TO BOB KENNEDY

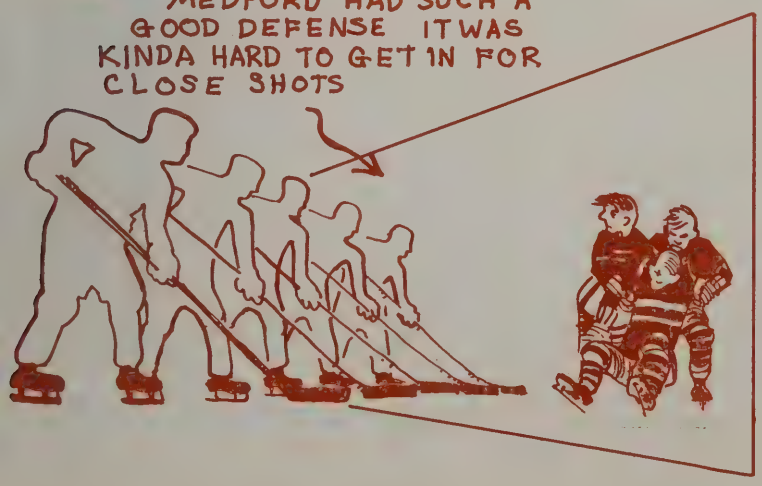


BOTH DICK IGO & "HOOKER" DALEY WERE RIGHT IN THERE FIGHTIN'

O'COURSE IT WOULDN'T BE A GAME WITHOUT ROUGH SPOTS



MEDFORD HAD SUCH A GOOD DEFENSE IT WAS KINDA HARD TO GET IN FOR CLOSE SHOTS



FRANK WALL CHALKED UP A GOAL AND AN ASSIST FOR THE MUSTANGS

Jim Armstrong

THE SPIRIT OF GIVING

DOWN through the centuries, Christmas has been associated with the giving of gifts. The Magi were the first to give gifts, when, after the birth of Christ, they brought Him gold, frankincense, and myrrh. From this event came the custom of giving gifts for birthdays. The Wise Men brought their gifts in a spirit of adoration and reverence.

Since that time, the spirit of giving has changed greatly, not only at Christmas, but at all times. Today there seems to be almost a compulsion for exchanging gifts. Many people find such shopping an ordeal; they work themselves into a nervous quandary over it, considering it a burdensome task which must be accomplished before a deadline. This attitude certainly ruins the true warmth these people should feel, for a gift should be given willingly and generously.

Many others feel that they must buy very expensive gifts. Either they are showing off, or they are afraid that they will be looked down upon for giving something inexpensive. If a person can afford to give expensive gifts, that is all very well; but such gifts should not be given through a sense of duty. It is not the gift, but the feeling behind it which counts.

Many of the people who give elaborate meaningless gifts think that they should be given the same in return. They feel slighted or insulted if they receive something worth less in dollars and cents. While others enjoy themselves, these people fret and fuss because they are not satisfied with what they receive.

Certainly, shopping for gifts of any sort should be done with a desire to bring pleasure and happiness to others, in the true spirit of giving.

Barbara Boyajian '52

IT'S A LONG WAY DOWN

THIS concerns one of those situations in life that are decided upon by one irrevocable step: it is one of the uncertainties besetting a novice skier on the brink of his first long plunge. Consider yourself in this position, only just off the nursery slopes and still unsure on your skis, faced with swooping down fifteen hundred feet through the clear, cold mountain air depending upon barrel staves of unpredictable disposition.

You are standing on the brow of a long, steep, dizzying slope. It falls away rapidly at your feet, a sheet of hard, smooth snow, shining brilliantly in spots like burnished steel, under the sun's rays. Far below in the shadowy valley, patches of green splotched with white tell of partly concealed trees — the unpracticed skier's nemesis. At the side of the icy decline works the lift; its motor chugs and whirs. dragging a continual stream of happy souls up to the summit. On all sides seeming madmen are flashing past you and tipping down into the long descent.

Finally you have no excuse for delaying longer; you must decide, yes or no. You reason, weakly, that you should really try those practice slopes a little longer; the big one can wait until tomorrow; giving yourself an unsteady push, you coast closer to the absolute brink, just to look over once more. Suddenly you are off! The skis wander, but as you rapidly accelerate, they come under control. Flashing underneath you, the brilliant snow makes you squint your eyes. The wind shrieks past you faster and faster, tugging at your clothing. Your assurance grows quickly once the first panic is over. Bending your knees, you assume without thinking the position of a practiced skier. You look at something besides your flying skis, the glistenening snow beneath your feet and the valley rushing toward you, and the world racing by, and you taste the full joy of the descent. Once down, although you may fall many times from now on, you have confidence in your skiing.

Joachim Pfeufer '53

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May We Present—

GEORGE BOUDREAU

KNOWN by all as Gigi, George Boudreau, a tall, brown hair, blue-eyed athlete, was recently elected President of the Junior Class. Gigi probably came into the limelight by his performance on the hockey squad. It is interesting to note that he has been on the first string since he was a Freshman and that his untiring effort to help his team win the championship last year copped for him a place on the G. B. I. All-Star Team. Gigi's sports activities does not stop at hockey for he also plays first base on the baseball team and was a member of the football team.

In school Gigi finds that English and Spanish are his favorite subjects. His hobby is listening to popular music on the radio. If anyone is interested, it seems that Mr. Boudreau favors brunnettes and an occasional redhead.

As for his future, Gigi hopes to attend Boston College, and we sincerely hope that he continues his athletic career at the Heights.

PAT WALSH

POPULAR Pat Walsh is the secretary-treasurer of the Junior Class. Among her favorite studies are Principles of Democracy and Machine Accounting. She's a very busy gal these times around our halls of ivy or whatever they're called now. She was a cheerleader, is a member of our very good Glee Club and also is a member of the expanding Student Council. Dancing, bowling, and ice skating are among her favorite recreations. Pat expresses the hope, on which she has the backing of all, that the Junior Class hold more dances of its own so that it might move into the Senior year with a well filled treasury.

J. P. '52

JOHN NOBLE

JOHN NOBLE is a tall, good looking boy of sixteen, whole genial manner has won him the vice-presidency of the Junior Class. He really goes for sports in a big way, with football, basketball, track, and baseball to his credit. John says as far as music is concerned, it's the popular renditions all the way. He likes to putter around with automobiles, and enjoys dancing. After graduation, he hopes to be heading for college, possibly Boston University.

D. S.

DOROTHY ZUKAS

DOROTHY ZUKAS, a Junior who came here from Immaculate Conception, is studying typing and shorthand in preparation for entering business after high school. As you may remember, it was Dorothy who, last year, won the Sophomore Prize in biology, and she has remained on the honor roll continuously, since entering Cambridge Latin two years ago. Outside school, Dorothy enjoys baseball when the season rolls around and she likes to bowl, also. We will probably see her name again this spring as a prize winner and on the honor roll.

P. D.

VERA SCHUBERT

WE welcome Vera to our Freshman Class. This attractive Miss comes to us from Austria. She has flown to Europe a few times and seen many beautiful countries, but she naturally loves America best. She is fourteen, with big brown eyes, shiny brunette hair, and a charming personality. No wonder she finds friends so quickly wherever she goes.

Her favorite pastime is reading, and good music rates second place. Swimming, bicycling, and tennis are the sports for her. Her ambitions are to be a lawyer like her father, marry a blond, blue-eyed all American, and return to sunny California, her home state. We hope all these dreams come true, Vera, and we're sure that with such a wonderful personality and pleasant manner as you have, you will find happiness anywhere you go.

P. I. P.

FRENCH CLUB NOTES

ON November 9, 1951 the French Club had the pleasure of hearing a very interesting talk given by Miss Acard. She spoke on the subject, "A Teen-ager in Post War France," giving an account of a young French girl and her life before, during, and after the war. The meeting was closed with the singing of the French National Anthem.

On December 20, 1951, the French Club held its Christmas meeting. Entertainment, which was provided by the various French classes, included a Christmas skit and several carols sung in French. A word game followed, for which prizes were awarded.

Barbara Boyajian '52, Secretary

FASHION SKETCHES

BY

JANE MacKENZIE

YOUR CLOTHES LINE

AS we eye the calendar, we see that it is only the month of February; nevertheless, in accordance with all fashion magazines, from *Seventeen* to *Vogue*, and all stores catering to female clientele, from Filene's to Fredley's, it has become necessary for this column to present its spring fashion forecast. Therefore, why don't you cuddle up by the fireside and dream of the clothes that you will be wearing in a month or two?

While the models are preparing themselves for the fashion preview, the crowd becomes very restless in anticipation. Suddenly, from out of nowhere, so it seems, the lovely strains of a waltz permeate the room; complete silence follows. The first model strolls onto the runway.

She is stunning in a grey flannel suit that has many new additions: a shorter jacket, a rolled collar, nipped waist, criss-cross buttoning, and a flared skirt with deep, flat pleats. Because the neckline is open, scarves can be secured in the most intricate ways. Our model is wearing beige accessories as a complement for her grey suit, a color scheme which will be seen quite often this spring. The beige hat is small and is worn forward on her forehead; the tubular handbag is calf; her shoes which have a low Louis XIV curved heel are, also, of calf; a beige pure silk scarf is tied in a bow at the neckline and is fastened by a gold stick pin; last, but not least, the beige gloves stitched in brown are cotton.

After viewing several other dress suits, a suit that is perfect for school-wear attracts attention. The surprising feature of this suit is the fabric which is a cotton with a wool tweed appearance. For your slim skirt lovers, this suit is "dahrling." The jacket has a round collarless neckline. Also, the buttons which start at the top continue all the way to the bottom. This gives the jacket an effect similar to most cardigan sweaters. You may wear this suit with or without a blouse; the blouse that is being modeled is a light blue washable linen. The shoes are light blue calf Capezios that are kept on the feet by tiny leather bows.

The biggest and best fashion news in jackets is — they are not corduroys, but rather wool blazers with a trio of patch pockets. You will adore these smartly tailored jackets on brisk spring mornings. On the subject of jackets, fashion designers have adapted the wool bolero sweaters that are so popular as jackets. The technical term applied to them is "Spencer." These Spencers are being shown in pastel shades and in practically every fabric on the market. Watch for them!

We are now at the midway mark of our spring fashion show. At this point, we shall be shown what to expect in the line of skirts. Without a doubt, they will be extremely full, a factor which necessitates crisp materials. Moreover, the ample width in these skirts can accommodate many a lovely petticoat. Then, too, a full skirt, topped off by a fashionable belt, contributes to a tiny waistline. You see, the hour-glass figure is returning into the lives of women throughout the world.

The quilted skirt, so popular during the winter, is one of the big hits of the spring season. Although the patterns and colors in our show are all lovely, a bright red print gets many return glances. It is worn with a white organdy blouse that is in limelight because of the pouf-sleeves and V-neck.

Since an article of clothes in black and white is a requisite in your wardrobe of 1952, a black and white checked skirt will do the trick. This skirt has two pockets that are almost concealed by the extreme yardage. The importance of fabric can be understood when the skirt is examined: it is made of frosty taffetalike cotton.

By this time, you, too, may be picturing yourself modeling famous name dresses. Just imagine how you will look in an aqua shantung coat dress. Black bone buttons close it from collar to hem. On each side of the enormous skirt is a tremendous pocket. For dating, a white pique cloche and white gloves will give you an "out of this world" feeling.

Now to sum up Spring, 1952: suits — shorter, fitted jackets, pleated and flared skirts; dresses — coat-dresses, full skirts, pouf sleeves; skirts — yards and yards of fabric; colors — light blue, bright red, beige, and grey, pastels; crisp fabrics — unusual cottons.

The show is over. You have just witnessed fashions that will be on the spring hit-parade.

Dorritt Joseph '52

WORDS AND MUSIC

THE past year of 1951 was an important and exciting one in the music circles. Some of the best songs of all time such as, "Because of You," "I Get Ideas," "Sands of Time," "Sin," only to mention a few, rated tops on every poll throughout the country. These songs, along with others, also introduced many new names into the news, a few being Tony Bennett, Eddie Fisher, Champ Butler, and Mario Lanza. Speaking of Mario Lanza, his superb recording of "Be My Love" sold well over a million copies, which is more than any single tune ever recorded by any one person has sold, while Patti Page topped the list of girl vocalists by selling over six million copies of all her records.

Many of the old tunes were brought back to popularity last year, by Les Paul and Mary Ford,

Mario Lanza, and Ezio Pinza; several of the outstanding dance bands have also made albums in their own inimitable styles of the ever popular songs of such writers as Rodgers and Hart, Jerome Kern, Irving Berlin, Victor Herbert and Cole Porter.

But turning now to our brand new year of '52, early though it is, there are several tunes which promise to be big hits this year. Johnny Ray, with his incomparable recordings of "Little White Cloud That Cried" and "Cry" was certainly "a find" as was Pee Wee King and "Slowpoke." From right across the Mystic River in Medford, a certain 16 year old Miss Cindy Lord has become a very popular young lady with "Here Is My Heart." I am sure that anyone who is a true devotee of music could not possibly have missed hearing a certain hilarious rendition of a currently popular tune called "Cold, Cold Heart No. 2" done by two who call themselves Homer and Jethroe. Leroy Anderson, a Cambridge Latin and Harvard graduate, is quickly coming into his own with "Sleighride," "Serenata," and the haunting new "Blue Tango," as is Tony Martin with "Domino."

Among the currently popular albums is a sensational one by the great Glenn Miller which includes "Stardust," "In the Mood," "String of Pearls," and "Dancing In the Dark." Two of the more recent shows, one a movie, one an operetta, have given us the albums of "Showboat" taken right from the sound track with Kathryn Grayson and Howard Keel. These two personalities blend voices in several of Jerome Kern's best, "Make Believe," "You Are Love," and "Why Do I Love You." Ava Gardner also lends her husky voice in "Bill" and "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man." An operetta recently in Boston was *The Student Prince* with music by the late Sigmund Romberg. Mr. Romberg has given us some beautiful music, but his songs from *Student Prince* such as "Deep In My Heart," "Serenade," and "Golden Days" will live forever.

I believe that this year will bring even better tunes than '51 so just keep your ears glued to the radio and you can't miss hearing them. Also, if you are feeling rather low, just whistle a happy tune and remember, from me to you, best wishes in '52.

Carol Ryan '52

THE IMPORTANCE OF WATER

WERE there not a protective layer of water, called moisture, in the air about us, the violent rays of the sun would shrivel up all life on the earth! Were there not that moisture in the air, the air itself would be unfit to breathe. It is water, the universal solvent, which dissolves food substances for plants and animals to utilize. These are reasons why water, as well as earth, air, and fire, has been called an "element" requisite for life itself.

While nature has employed water to help man live, man has employed water to help himself thrive. Water has been converted to power in either its liquid or its gaseous state, water is used to generate almost all of the electric current produced in the United States! We find water used in other ways in industry also, for factories require it almost as much as humans. In every phase of the production of paper, water is used; flax must be soaked in it for months before we have linens; with water cotton mills are kept sanitary for workers who might otherwise breathe in particles of cotton all day long. In mines water is used to offset the heat; it is used to separate the refuse from the minerals.

Water is the universal and eternal highway of the earth. Commerce rides on the waves. Three thousand years ago, chained slaves wielded the oars of ships loaded with spices and silks; today, mighty steamships, with cargoes ranging from tractors to diamonds to oil, cross the waters — and these ships are propelled by the power of steam, water in its gaseous state. In these days of crises, the great waterways, such as the Mediterranean Sea, are vital areas in the struggle between freedom and totalitarianism.

Because water is such an excellent solvent, we use it for washing and in making medicine. It is, of course, the deciding factor in farming, and nations have constructed mammoth irrigation systems for the development of agriculture. Not only, however, does water help food to grow, but it also supplies food. For millions in various parts of the world, fish from the seas prevent starvation. Out of the waters which cover the face of the earth also come such beneficial articles and such luxuries as cod liver oil, iodine, gelatine, sharkskin, sponges, pearls, coral, and perfume. How abundant the waters are in their riches!

From water, the imaginative spirit of the human mind has derived great pleasure and sport. We fish for pleasure, we swim, we cruise, and to liven dreary winters, water in other forms is employed for our skiing, skating and sledding.

Water is certainly one of the greatest of the countless blessings with which we have been provided.

Harry Altshuler '52

FRESHMAN NOTES

HI, PEOPLE. How was Santa to you? Ever since Christmas vacation, Nan Henderson of 107 has been sporting a ring on her left hand. Room 123 donated gifts to underprivileged children. We're sure they appreciate them. The visit by Pat Landrigan and Marilyn Stevenson to the sanitorium was not in vain. No ideas, now. They were caroling. Has Donald Southall worn holes in that pair of socks he got from the grab, yet? Who was the generous soul??

Here it is — 1952 — leap year, for your information, and the gals in 124 are acting up. Look out, boys. You might also take the liberty to ask Gayle Flynn and Liz Houlihan what their New Year's resolutions are, too.

Did you know that Paul Kelley is the only Frosh on the hockey squad? On the track team is Tom Kilkelly, too. What's the matter with the rest of you boys? Weak? The Cambridge Skating Club attracts A. J. I wonder why? Barbara Stone adores roller skating (that's what it says) at the Medford Ball-a-Rue during week-ends. Do you ever see Rosemary Barker there, Barbara? J. C. and Sylvia Carroll of 103 think the ice is wonderful at the Boston Skating Club . . . or is it something else? C. A. of 101 does it the hard way . . . goes to B. S. C. to take a gander at a certain sophomore.

Bill Fowler and Richard G. seem to be the center of attraction. Have you girls noticed David Curtis' curly hair? Bruce Herron has such a nice Southern accent, too. Who's the male in the 4th row, 2nd seat in 124? Don't move, now! Why do Doris Frangos and Judy Gallivan find Rindge fascinating? Mr. Murphy must hold some charm for two 106 boys, too. They stay with him every night after school. Have you seen Lorraine Silva rush to English class. Leslie Cheney reportedly is keeping company with the Dean — running errands, that is. Any attraction Robert Brisbane, treasurer of 102, finds with the money he receives is purely coincidental.

How many pin curls does Marguerite Freeman put in her hair at night? Have you taken a gander at Bev Burke's new hairdo? We think it's George. Wonder if Lizzie's coiffure is like it? Heading the well-dressed list in 108 is Marion Jenkins. Others in the room include Joan Keefe, Helen Knapik, Bernice Kelly, and Mary Jamgochian. Someone thinks that Lois Burgess is quite a dress horse, too.

Turning to talent, we find Janet Briggs, a budding artist, with the help of her homeroom. Possessing a fine voice is Beverly Nelson — Margaret Truman II?? At the Co-ed Club, Audrey Joyce, Joan Keefe, and Carol Alderman were seen displaying dramatic ability. Yvonne Bradbury takes after the heels of Betty Hutton, with coaching from Dolores Beck.

Have you seen the redhead, Teddy Bebeau? How about the recently arrived flame-haired gal in 108. Do I smell smoke, or is it a case of "Forever Amber?"

Joe Benevento has "Those Report Card Blues." Dotty J's class mates would like to say (sob, sob) goodbye. She changed her course. Room 103 boasts an all girl Honor Roll of six. Congratulations!

We didn't know dancing could reduce figures. Nancy Snell's friends claim so. The newest pair of identicals is Sandy Erickson and Judy Haskell. Don't worry, your eyesight isn't going double.

That's all for this time. We would like to thank all of you tons for the news. Keep it up! Yours till the next issue.

Phyllis Penny '53
Sylvia Ch'en '54

SOPHOMORE HONOR ROLL

First Marking Period — 1951 - 52

Baker, Maureen
Beal, Linda
Benson, Jacqueline
Bernadini, Marian
Birch, Francis
Bonina, Charles
Brine, Patricia
Cabral, Beverly
Candow, Elizabeth
Carroll, Dorothy
Ch'en, Sylvia
Christopher, Stella
Cooke, Charles
Culhane, James
Cushman, Catherine
Dainis, Charlotte
Dimitro, Marilyn
Dibrisky, Frances
Dolson, Paul
Dow, Leonard
Dzedovetz, Jane
Fillion, David
Forrest, Joan
Galvin, Patricia
Grossman, Marvin
Giunta, John
Halberstadt, Jerome
Hanzis, Mary
Hazlett, Joan
Higonnet, Patrick
MacKinnon, Donald
MacLeod, Dorothy
McAleary, Eileen
Magliozzi, Thomas
Mahoney, Helen
Mahoney, Marie
McDermott, Eleanor
Melim, John
Menzies, Elizabeth
Miller, Marilyn
Murphy, Mary
Newell, Pearl
Paone, Dorothy
Ray, Geraldine
Riminiscinza, Rosemarie
Rainho, Mary
Saulnier, Arthenise
Sikilas, Calopy
Soper, Dorothy
Souza, Caroline
Sullivan, Nancy
Szupel, Stephanie
Terzian, Annette
Travers, Lillian
Vasil, Frances
Villemarie, Shiela
Walsh, Lorraine
Wissenback, Nancy
Yanus, Richard

Sports

TRACK

January 5, 1952

Somerville 42 **Cambridge Latin 35**

A well balanced Somerville track squad won over Cambridge's runners at the East Newton Street Armory in a meet which tied the two teams for second place in Division Two. By winning the shot put, 45 yard hurdles, and the 600 yard run, Somerville got off to an early lead in the point totals. Then Neil Dempsey won the 300 yard run, and, soon afterwards, Peter Downs set a new Divisional record in the 1000 yard run, only to have it broken by Arlington's Bob Sullivan, five minutes later.

Bob Smart followed by winning his 50 yard dash in 6.1 seconds, and Parker Lindberg in the mile run bettered his last week's winning time by seven seconds in giving Latin its fourth win of the day. But even a win by the Latin relay team, Bob Smart, John McCarron, Peter Downs, and Neil Dempsey, failed to close the gap between Somerville's score and ours.

In the tie column, John McCarron deadlocked with a Somerville jumper for first place in the high jump, but he came back to chalk up a second place in the 600 yard run. Finishing third were Peter Higgins, 1000 yard run; Al Kirklys, 45 yard hurdles; and Ken Darcy in the mile run.

Cambridge Latin 61 **Salem 16**

The Cambridge Latin track team swamped Salem's speedsters 61-16 by winning first place in every event. John McCarron became the team's high scorer when he won first place in the high jump and the 600 yard run. Sprinter Bob Smart won the 50 yard dash easily. Parker Lindberg took the lead in the mile run and never left that position. Peter Downs, in the 1000 yard run, was never threatened after his first lap. Our other event winners were: Neil Dempsey, 300 yard run; Lorne Compton, 45 yard hurdles; John Noble, shot put; and, of course, our relay team (Smart, Dempsey, McCarron, Kolosky) beat Salem's.

In the 300 yard run, Dick Cawley took second place; Peter Higgins finished second in the 1000 yard run; Al Kirkley, second in the 45 yard hurdles; Dick Kolosky, second in the 50 yard dash; Bob Kendall, second in the shot put; and Ken Darcy third in the mile run.

BASKETBALL

C.H.L.S. 28 **Waltham 33**

Latin dropped the season opener in basketball to Waltham High by a slim margin of 5 points. Although the Cantabs were leading by 8 points at the end of the first quarter and 6 points at the end of the first half, they were still unable to defeat the Waltham quintet.

High scorers for Cambridge were Ruaol Santos with 10 points and Billy White with 9 points.

C.H.L.S. 44 **Arlington 53**

Cambridge bowed to Arlington High in its second defeat in as many starts. After the first period, the Cantabs fell behind and were not able to come within a 5 point radius of Arlington. Certainly the outcome of the game might have been different had Latin hit for any of the 11 foul shots missed. Ruaol Santos was high scorer with 16 points and Snooky Noble runner up with 10 points.

HOCKEY

C.H.L.S. 2 **Newton 3**

The defending G.B.I. champions suffered a 3-2 loss at the hand of Newton in the opening game of the 1951-1952 Hockey season. Neither team was able to score until the third period of this close and thrilling duel. Newton began the scoring, but Co-Captain George Boudreau quickly retaliated for Latin to tie the game one all. Newton, however, bounced back with two more quick points to the Cantab's one. This ended the scoring and the game closed with Latin at the bottom of a 3-2 total.

C.H.L.S. 3 **Melrose 1**

Latin rebounded with a 3-1 victory over its arch rival, Melrose. Eddie Kidstone for Cambridge quickly put Latin in the lead with a fast goal in the 1st period. Dickie Igo and Paul Brennan scored Latin's next two goals against a single Melrose tally still giving the Cantabs a two point margin of victory. Goalie and Co-Captain Don Rigazio was picked player of the week for his outstanding performance in this contest.

C.H.L.S. 3 **St. Clement's 1**

St. Clement's High in the Catholic League played host to Cambridge Latin in a non-league game. Latin easily defeated the sextet from St. Clement's. All of Latin's scoring was done by John Scannell and Tony Missouri. In this game it looked as if Don Rigazio was getting tired of goal tending. He left the nets and went out to quarter ice to help break up a St. Clement's rush.

C.H.L.S. 1 **Belmont 5**

Cambridge, minus the services of defenseman George Boudreau, went down under a mediocre Belmont squad. The Cantabs held Belmont to a 1-1 tie until the second period, Latin's only goal being made by John Scannell. During the 2nd and 3rd period, Belmont swarmed over Cambridge to pick up four points, two in each period. Even though Jack Daley made a couple of fast rushes for Cambridge, Latin was unable to click for another point or two, concluding the game with a 5-1 Belmont victory.

C.H.L.S. 0 **Stoneham 2**

Stoneham took over sole possession of G.B.I. league leadership when they shut out Cambridge 2-0. Stoneham's first goal was made when Latin's Don Rigazio was down on the ice after making a terrific save on a rifled shot from a Stoneham defenseman. Stoneham notched its second point on a long lift from 20 feet out to complete the scoring. Better luck next time!

Joseph Collins '52
John Scannell '52

ALUMNI NOTES

VISITING Latin recently was John Tomasello '49 on furlough from Fort Devens. George Owens and Charles Galuccio '49 are both stationed at Pine Camp in Watertown, N. Y. The number of Latin's alumni now in the service is increasing constantly!!

In October Paul Morris '51 sang "Ave Maria" on a radio program sponsored by St. Patrick's Church. Harvey Kaufman '49 and Kenneth Korb '49 are in their third year at Harvard. Paula Nissen '49 is majoring in food technology at Simmons College. Frances Casella '51 was at the school recently to tell how much she enjoys her work with an insurance company. Barbara Hughes '49 is working at the Harvard Bazaar as is Frances Harte '50. Joanne Mateela '50 was married last spring to Jimmy Compton. Jack Ostee '50 is enjoying his sophomore year at Harvard. Melvin Rubin '51 is now at B. U.

Miriam (Mimi) Levinson '51 is a freshman at Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School and having a great time. Connie Mirabile '46 is working at the John Hancock Company in Boston along with many other alumnae. Gerry Gross '50 is a sophomore at B. U. Among the married are Margy McCusker '51 and Jenny Molignano '51. Joan Robinson '51 and Pat Gogan '51 are both at Chandler. Martha Folkins '51, ex-fashion editor of THE REVIEW, is attending La Salle Jr. College. R. Therese Barry, valedictorian of the class of '51, is now at the State Teacher's College. Mary Leonardos '51 is studying at the Fisher School. Basilla (Buzzy) Nielan has received the Francis Sweeney Award for outstanding citizenship!

Anne Murphy '50 is on the Dean's list at Smith College. Francis Duehay '51 was seen running about Harvard yard with twelve books to study for his humanities course at Harvard. Alice Weber '51 visited the school recently on vacation from Wheelock.

Do send in any notes about your favorite alumni! More in the next issue (I hope).

Beverly Diane Bunnin '52

THE VIENNA ART COLLECTION

LET me tell you right at the start, I wasn't overly impressed by the Vienna Art Collection. Perhaps I really don't understand or appreciate art, but the straight expressionless features and still limpid forms of most of the paintings did not fill me with awe. However, I will not condemn all the paintings. A few out of the many were superb. Van Dyck's "Samson and Delilah" and Peter Paul Ruben's "Four Continents" are worthy of much praise. There is one painting which I simply cannot comprehend. That is the famous "Portrait of An Artist" by Rembrandt. To me there is no beauty of form or style, whether hidden or otherwise. The majority of all the works, by the way, had been completed in the 15th, 16th, or 17th centuries and were at that time in the collections of kings and noblemen.

Besides the paintings were the bronzes, mostly of Greek and Roman gods such as "Hercules Carrying The Dead Boar On His Shoulder." Also there were ornamental objects set in precious stones, such as the Chalcedony Bowl. The gold mounts on the foot and handle were enameled and set with jewels. A fine bowl to drink soup from! I mustn't fail to include the plate armor. The craftmanship was superb, most of the armor being embossed with mythological and fantastic figures. Practically all had been designed for kings or noblemen. How the knights could have withstood the weight, I'll never know. Why the lightest set must have weighed at least one hundred pounds! Last of all were the beautiful richly woven tapestries, many of them depicting Biblical scenes and stories from Greek and Roman mythology.

On the whole, as I look back, seeing The Vienna Art Collection was a very beneficial experience. Perhaps in time, I will come to understand and appreciate these famous and extremely valuable paintings; but until then, give me the American paintings with their deep warmth and simple beauty.

Muriel Nissen '52

WINTER seems to have crept up on us since the last issue of THE REVIEW came out, and the year 1951 is now just one very pleasant memory in all of our minds. The football season being over, hockey, basketball, and indoor track have taken over, and are now in the limelight. How about all of us showing the boys that we really appreciate them by attending all the games and cheering them on! . . . Speaking of school spirit, a whole lot of it was shown at the Senior Yearbook Dance. Just about everybody and his brother was seen there. . . .

The Christmas holidays started off with a big bang for some forty kids who attended Carol Ryan's wonderful Christmas party. To add to the excitement, it was also Marie Fitzgerald's birthday and besides the punch and other delicious food, there was a very pretty cake for Marie. . . . The Science Department wishes to make an announcement: A white rat in the Biology Lab gave birth to a litter of fourteen. . . . I guess the Junior girls will never go hungry, judging by the size of the lunch that Mickey Aronson brings and distributes every day at recess. . . . We hear that Julia Mylon's Prom pictures came out very well. . . . Jerry Finstein has real school spirit. Just mention the word "tickets" to him and he'll buy one from you. . . . Joe Collins has many hidden talents which are being discovered one by one. . . .

Congratulations to Don Rigazzio for being named "Star of the Week" for his outstanding goal tending in the Melrose game which we won, 3 to 1, and which, by the way, was played the day after the G.A.A. Formal. . . . The Grand March at the Prom was led by the King and Queen, Buddy Nauffts and Dorrit Joseph, and the G.A.A. officers and their dates; Mary McManus and Jimmy Armstrong, Barbara MacDonald and Gene O'Neil, Nanci Sullivan and Paul Brennan, Bernie McCusker and Louie Phaneuf, Claire Farrell and Donnie Benson, and Texie Scott and Sonny Civitoli. . . . Among the couples braving the storm to go to Suntaug Inn after the dance were: John Scannell and Marie Fitzgerald, Larry Egan and Linda Beale, Gerardy Goodhue and Peggy Little, Don Rigazzio and Rita Clancy, and David Noonan and Bobbie Kaufman. . . . A lot of the cars got stuck when the boys brought the girls home. A sister of one girl had a lot of fun helping to shovel the car out. . . .

There's never a dull moment with John Walsh and Harold White to keep things moving. . . . Pat Grimes is a terrific ice skater. . . . Newton Jones has been sporting the sharp sweaters he got for Christmas. . . . Francis Birch has taken to playing the Ukelele with a violin bow. . . . David Noonan and Jimmy Armstrong may be seen in Brigham's after school contending for the title "King of Charades" with a group of girls doing the heavy looking on and guessing . . . Even though the football season is over, two of the Rindge players seem to be gaining points with two Latin girls. How about it, Alma and Helen?

Congrats to the winners of the Junior Class elections: "Gigi" Boudreau, President; "Snooky" Noble, Veep; and Patsy Walsh, Sec.-Treas. The Prom committee is Gerry Lavoie, Bev. Pelrine, Claire Farrell, Ruth Thorne, and Angie Traganos. . . . After the elections, "Gigi" was seen wiping the wall with a cloth where a campaign slogan had been scrawled in a vivid shade of lipstick. Hard work, but rewarding. . . .

Latinites have got the "going steady" bug. Among the steadies are Mary Allen and Jake Darcey, Nancy Shea and Jack Frey, Carol Farmer and Ronnie Curry, Gerry Lavoie and Teddy Hennessy, Patsy Walsh and Jackie Clunan. . . . A very popular group of Sophomores are Peggy Little, Linda Beal, Joan Miller, Joan Sugrue, and Mary Murphy. . . . Who is the girl who always falls asleep every day at recess? It's Okay if you can get away with it. . . . Have you seen the adorable caricature of Lorne Compton, drawn by Jimmy Armstrong? . . . What's so important in that note that Mary Panselinas wrote that she won't even show it to her best girl friend, Barbara Lingley? . . . Frank Ferullo is always playing games during recess. Ah, these Sophomores, such ambition! . . . Between Rindge and Harvard, Joan Doherty, Gail Hebberd, Nancy Doherty, Nancy Hodgkins, Joan Miller, and Gail Mahoney are *really* being unfaithful to our Latin boys. . . . Mary Jane MacCauley doesn't do so badly with Boston Latin, either. . . . At least

Arlean Sussman's boy friend used to go to Latin.

Two pairs of double-troubles are Sally Kaufman and Virginia Finstein, and Sandy Blonder and Mickey Aronson. . . . Busy as a bee is that talented modern dancer, Gudrun Vilbig. Who wouldn't be busy, who planned on graduating from High School in three years. . . . A really hot ticket is Anne Garoian, and what a person. . . . Emily Gentile is really quiet, isn't she? . . . What's in all those notes that go from Bobbie Kaufman to Dottie MacPhee, and back umpteen times a day? Judging from the expressions on their faces, I'd say that they were very interesting. . . . Who is this "Sonny" in whom Gin Finstein is supposed to be so interested? . . . Who's the boy in Room 331 who hurt his back practising hockey? Tough going, Johnny. . . .

Seen at Dick MacAdoo's New Year's Eve Party were Sudy Moore, Jeanne Brooks, Sandra Letora, Eleanor Sugrue, Rita Clancy, Ray Nicoletta, Don Rigazzio, Gerry Cummings, "Gigi" Boudreau, Charlie Gaudette, Muriel Clancy, and Jackie Haley. . . . Scads of hagard Seniors can be seen leaving C.H.L.S. very late these afternoons after taking practice college board exams. It'll be pretty soon now, kids. . . . It seems that Latin has a share in the profits of Brigham's with Bob Reynolds, Mary McManus, Sandy Letora, Jeannie Brooks, and Jackie Daley donning the uniforms there each afternoon. . . . One of last year's hockey players seems to have made a goal with Rita Clancy. . . . Nanci Sullivan's theme song is "Detour" especially at recess. . . . Don't ask me how her name got in this issue so many times. Speaking of Sullivans, I'd better mention Jeanie Sullivan's name or she'll have a little fit. . . . Has anyone noticed Carol Ryan's legs? Betty Grable has nothing on "Our Miss Ryan." . . . Janet Taylor haunts the third floor — What's the attraction, Janet? . . . What nicknames do Jackie Monteith and Beverly Pelrine call each other now? . . . Most boys prefer blondes, but Kevin Kirk is one exception — or is he? . . . If ever you aren't feeling well, just call Jimmy Armstrong and he'll come to visit you with his luscious "plaid" record collection. . . . Who is this "Pudgie" that a Senior girl is so upset about? .. . Barbara Lingley and Mary Penselinas had a party New Year's Eve. Among those present were Annette Scotti, Peggy Little, Eddie Moriarty, Lee Parks, Johnny Dooley, Tony Messuri, Doris Doucette, Dick Silver, Jimmy Demos, Bob Reynolds, Mary McMullen, Barbara MacGleod, and Billy O'Brien. . . .

Concord seems to have made an invasion. No explanation necessary, is there, kids??? . .. Playing basketball second recess in the girls' gym you will find: Dan Staffeiri, Bob Kennedy, Shirley Saidneway, Mike Driscoll, Mary MacManus, Louie Fhaneuf, Bernie McCusker, Don Rigazzio, Nanci Sullivan, Dickie Igo, Barb MacDonald, and Raoul Santos. . . . Dorrit Joseph and Joanna Velonides are our own contributions to the Fashion Boards of Filene's and Jordan Marsh's, respectively. . . . Congratulations to the entire cast of "Curtain Time." They did a wonderful job. . . . It seems that Pat Brine knits beautiful sweaters. . . . "Snooky" Noble made a little mistake while playing basketball. . . . A Junior boy got himself into a lot of trouble when he invited six girls to the same dance after the basketball game. . . . Poor Steve!! . . . "Humphrey" is a very popular "Feller," they say. . . .

So long 'til we meet again. Please give us notes about yourself and your gang, so that we can try to make the next issue the best ever.

Barbara Jennings '52
Mary Rose Sheehan '52

FRESHMAN HONOR ROLL
First Marking Period — 1951 - 52

Andelman, Francis
Alexander, Harold
Allen, Glenn
Allosso, Nancy
Alward, Patricia
Alderman, Carol
Athanas, Philip
Barnes, Alexander
Barry, Dorothy
Bibeau, Theodore
Burgess, Lois
Camelio, Carolyn
Campbell, Mary Jane
Cappucci, Cynthia
Chapman, Claire
Charnitsky, Arleen
Ciccolo, Josephine
Cincotta, Mary
Collozzi, Louise
Corcoran, Barbara
Cronin, Jean
Daley, Mary
Dall, Nancy
Drinkard, Patricia
Economou, Helen
Gove, Marilyn
Giffen, Janet
Grover, Frederick
Harding, Germaine
Hensley, Joan
Hichun, Sonia
Jaquith, Lawrence
Jasper, Katherine
Kelley, Francis
Korb, Carol
Levenson, Isabel
Macaro, Freida
Mari, Rosalie
McDonald, Catherine
Michelson, Robert
Mockler, Maureen
Naro, Theresa
Nason, Philip
Naven, Frank
Nelson, Aronld
Nicoli, Dolores
Nicoli, Gerald
Nicoloro, Dorothy
O'Connell, William
Ogden, David
Paul, Dorothy
Pooler, Donna
Rendall, Pauline
Rockwell, Gaylord
Rose, Harold
Rosenberg, Gerald
Rosenberg, Ruth
Salvato, Connie
Sheppard, Virginia
Silva, Lodia
Silva, Roderick
Solomons, Gustave
Southall, Donald
Stevenson, Marilyn
Tahmoush, Laurice
Tank, Donald
Temple, Joan
Turpin, Eleanor
Ugolini, Virginia
Voto, Frances
Yona, Manuela

JUNIOR HONOR ROLL

First Marking Period — 1951 - 52

Ackerman, Marcy
Altshuler, Harry
Barrell, Ann
Blank, Roseline
Boyle, Bernadette
Bunai, Nancy
Dewar, Arthur
Douglass, Richard
Dupont, John
Farrell, Claire
Firchow, Christina
Flaherty, William
Forrest, Norine
Galt, Jean
Giffen, Judith
Gil, Dorothy
Griffin, Barbara
Hanafin, Marie
Higgins, Peter
Jenkins, Phyllis
Kassabian, Louise
Keating, Geraldine
Keith, Kathleen
Kelly, Jean
Klein, Carol
Ladner, Edith
Lee, Jean
Lexth, Beverly
Lorris, Paul
Lyons, Elizabeth
MacDonald, Joyce
Mark, Herbert
Martin, Charles
Martinos, Anastasia
Martone, Marie
McCabe, Richard
McLaughlin, Barbara
McMahon, Edward
Murphy, Martha
Nelson, Joan
Olson, Roger
O'Neil, Robert
Penney, Phyllis
Power, Jane
Reifel, Loyce
Rice, Priscilla
Rourke, Anna
Sanderson, Richard
Santoro, Josephine
Scully, Dorothea
Sussman, Arlean
Tahmoush, Frank
Vitale, Florence
Ware, Josephine
Wolfe, Lorraine
Wong, Dorothy
Yona, Eva
Zukas, Dorothy

DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

NINETEEN FIFTY-ONE was certainly a very profitable year for the Dramatic Club. "Curtain Time" in November was a most successful presentation. Miss Hartigan and Mr. Guest did fine work in the production.

The next activity on the agenda was the Christmas Pageant. Scriptures from the Bible were read by James Armstrong as setting for the awe filling tableaux. In the background the Glee Club gave a beautiful program of carols. Indeed the Christmas Pageant was a lovely spectacle.

On the gay side of Christmas was the Dramatic Club Christmas party. We sang carols, and played charades. To end an enjoyable evening, Santa left gifts for all.

Our script reading committee is now making preparations for our entry to the Massachusetts Drama Festival in March of which Miss Hartigan will be president. We are hoping for such a prize-worthy contribution as last year's.

A Happy New Year to you all from the Dramatic Club!

Judy Maloney '53

K. B. NOTES

DURING November and December, the members of the K. B. worked on their Christmas projects, making scrapbooks and mittens which they brought in addition to toys, to the Home for Little Wanderers in Jamaica Plain.

Just before the Christmas vacation, forty-four Junior girls were invited to become members of K. B. The girls were initiated on Friday evening, January 11, at a home meeting. The usual candlelight ceremony, in which the girls take the K. B. oath, took place. The Seniors welcomed the girls and wished them much enjoyment and profit through K. B.

We plan to have several interesting and informative speakers at our home meetings and hope there will be many other enjoyable activities now that the Juniors have joined us.

Mary Rose Sheehan '52, Secretary

G. A. A. NOTES

THE G.A.A. has gone through its first four months successfully; behind us are the Freshman Reception and the Formal.

At the Freshman Reception, the attendance was much greater than it had been for many years. There were approximately five hundred people, consisting of teachers, upper-classmen, and new members. Some of the teachers present at the party were: Miss Brown, Miss Sharkey, Miss MacLaughlin, Miss Smith, Miss Young, Miss Ready, and Miss Good. Entertainment was offered by Gudrun Vilbig, Rosanne LaRiccia, Marion Badoian, and Jeannette Lindstrand. It was agreed by everyone that this year's party was one of the best in a long time.

Although the weather was against us, many boys and girls were present at the Formal, which was held at the Hotel Commander on December 14. The music was supplied by Freddie Sateriale's Orchestra. Each girl was pleasantly surprised by receiving a charm on which were engraved the initials G.A.A. Dorrit Joseph was chosen the Prom Queen. She and her escort, Buddy Nauffts, received silver bracelets.

In the near future there will be a splash party and a roller skating party. Since these parties are run to please you, the members, why doesn't each and every one do her best to make them successful.

Because of the painting of the gym, our activities there have been limited. The painting will soon be finished, however, and then we shall be able to carry on regular activities in a much more pleasant atmosphere.

Claire Farrell '53

EXCHANGE COLUMN

IT is our pleasure to reopen our exchange column after it has been hidden away for a long time — too long.

Belmont High's "Star," a concise, informative newspaper was the first newspaper to exchange with our "REVIEW." In its four pages it contains all the latest school news and events from sports to club notices. One column which was particularly interesting was one which "introduced" several students to the rest of the school. Apparently, the celebrity student was interviewed by a reporter of the "Star," and questioned on his life, interests and activities. The product of this interview was put in article form, and published. Indeed, these little biographies proved to be extremely interesting. We too have found how fascinating our classmates can be. Another thing the "Star" deserves praise for is the careful and complete coverage and write-ups of all the club activities. The editors of the "Star" really have something here, because this stimulates interest in the clubs and extra curricular activities. All in all, Belmont High has a good little newspaper jam-packed with information.

Congratulations, Boston Latin School, and more power to you! The boys that put out the Boston Latin Register must certainly believe in the old saying "Laugh, and the world laughs with you." The "Register," is really a very funny humor magazine all the way from its uproariously funny cover to its last snappy joke. Besides the large sport section, every other column in the "Register" is written especially to make one smile. For instance, "Ye Register's Raving Reporter" is the day by day diary written up with a touch of subtle humor which supposedly is not made for the interest and understanding of the teachers.

"Omlet," a poem by Morris Goldings, I consider a work of art.

Having talked about a magazine from a boys' school, I think it is only fair that a magazine from a girls' school be also brought into the picture. Indeed, "The Enterprise," Roxbury Memorial's paper certainly deserves to be talked about. Among the many interesting and amusing articles is one called "In Protest." "In Protest" is an article which explains to adults that teenagers are human beings too, although some people may not think so. Maybe it's true that we are sometimes unruly, silly, and out-of-hand, but then, again, we all have some good qualities. I heartily thank Arlene Cooper for taking time out to write something in the defense of the "poor, unwanted" teenager. "Kernel 2. Brittle Brattle Nut, Esq." by Lisa Rosenfarb is an amusing serial story about a little girl who is accused by a nut of being a cannibal. The interesting feature about this piece of literature is that there is a good deal more written between the lines than is actually in black and white. Keep up the good work, "Enterprise."

In closing our Exchange Column, we would like to say that we hope that through it, we shall be able to get to know and learn more about people from other schools.

Eva Yona '53

THE ITALIAN CLUB

ON December 20th in Room 203 the members of the Italian Club held their Christmas meeting.

We are grateful to the Program Committee, especially to Rose LaRiccia, the Chairman, for such delightful Christmas music. At the conclusion of the program, all joined in singing Christmas Carols.

Ann Rancatore, Secretary

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1952

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Cambridge High and Latin School
Cambridge, Massachusetts

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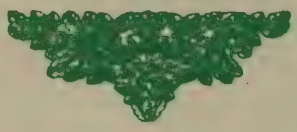

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The Cambridge Review

Cambridge High and Latin School

Cambridge, Massachusetts

VOLUME 67 — NUMBER 3 SPRING ISSUE, 1952

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Published four times a year: November, January, March and May.

Terms: $1.00 per year; 25 cents a single copy.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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EDITORIAL

AS we ushered in the year of 1952 three months ago, little did we realize that the first quarter of the year would keep newspaper presses humming incessantly. Why in February, alone, headlines informed us of: the death of King George VI of England; the closing of the airport at Newark, New Jersey, after three plane crashes had aroused the wrath of the inhabitants of the nearby cities; the primary elections in New Hampshire; the Universal Military Training bill which was before Congress. Quite a variety of important issues confronted the public; but perhaps, the issue that concerns us chiefly at C.H.L.S. is U.M.T.

I say "concerns us" because the passing of this bill would immediately enlist the services of all boys aged eighteen. In many cases, U.M.T. would prevent a boy from entering college until his training has been completed. This is neither here nor there, provided the U. S. does not have to engage in another world war, a fact which would delay any higher education for trainees in U.M.T. Also, a boy who is of-age and who has not planned to attend college will be at a disadvantage, in as much as he will find it more difficult to adjust himself to the idea that he is on his own after a period of six months or more than he would have found it upon graduating from high school. Moreover, it does not seem plausible that a person who is restricted in many ways until the age of twenty-one should suddenly be mature enough to be drawn into military training.

However, in another sense, if we consider, in the event of war, which is not unlikely, that the future of a nation or nations may be at stake, we conclude that some action must be taken at once. Unfortunately, the sentiment of the people as to the passing of this major bill is by no means unanimous. Even Congress could not be influenced by the gravity of world affairs; for it voted to defer the issue until a later date, perhaps until the term of the eighty-second Congress is at an end.

Now, if Russia had shown such lassitude, would the Communists be in power in North Korea, Hungary, and in China? For all we know, Russia may be preparing to attack us at any moment. What is the U. S. doing to prevent this attack? A bill that would train millions of boys is slipping through our fingers.

Let us forget personal interests for a while; let us work for a world at peace. This wonderful thought can be brought nearer only through some program similar to Universal Military Training.

SENIOR HONORS

Abitabile, Lorraine
Ambrose, Marjorie
Azadian, Harry
Baptiste, Evelyn
Benevento, Mary
Bennett, Constance
Birch, Anne
Boudreau, Francis
Boyajian, Barbara
Brennan, Evon
Bunnin, Beverly
Cabral, Dolores
Carrier, Nancy
Chatfield, Constance
Citino, Orlando
Collins, John Joseph
Downs, Peter
Evangelista, Grace
Ferreira, Mary
Fowler, John
Francesconi, Loretta
Goldberg, Richard
1st Honors
Guida, Tina
Hudson, Barbara
Hurley, Patricia
Hutchings, Muriel
Idelson, Belden
Jennings, Barbara
Joseph, Dorrit
Kaufman, Roberta
Kendall, Robert
Leccese, Irene
MacKenzie, Glendora
MacPhee, Dorothy
Marathas, Georgia
Martin, Carol
McIver, Norman
Miano, Mary
Micalchik, Lillian
Nicewicz, Jean
Nichols, Barbara
Nissen, Muriel
Pereira, Gilda
Petrulis, John
Ryan, Beverly
Santos, Robert
Savioli, Catherine
Smart, Robert
Steinfield, Ida
Totty, Gordon

SENIOR POPULARITY POLL

AT LAST!! The secret that has been whispered in every school corridor, and discussed over every lunch bag, can now be revealed. After a whole week of tedious checking and re-checking, of numbed fingers and broken pencils, and a week-end spent in tabulating the various votes, my able assistants and I have finally come up with the vital statistics which I shall give to you without further ado.

Most Popular Girl .....Mary McManus
Most Popular Boy .....Paul Brennan
Prettiest Girl .....Jeanne Brooks
Best-looking Boy .....Raoul Santos
Best-dressed Girl .....Dorrit Joseph
Best-dressed Boy .....Raleigh Ferreira
Best Girl Athlete .....Mary McManus
Best Boy Athlete .....Richard Igo
Best-natured Student .....Mary McManus
Wittiest Student: Girl .....Nancy Shea
Wittiest Student: Boy .....Joseph Collins
Best Dancer: Girl .....Lillian Robeiro
Best Dancer: Boy .....Foster Nauffts
Best Scholar .....Richard Goldberg
Most Likely to Succeed .....Richard Goldberg

As for the other "favorites," "I Love Lucy" was picked as the most popular TV program.

. . . Alan Ladd was selected as the favorite movie actor, while pert Doris Day took the lead as the favorite actress. . . . Dancing was overwhelmingly chosen as the preferred pastime, and baseball, the American game, won by a wide margin for the favorite sport spot. . . . The people's choice in the orchestra department fell to Ralph Flanagan by a large majority. . . . In the literary field, Charles Dickens headed the list as your favorite author, while in the comic strips, no other than "Blondie" was tops.

So there it is, fellows and gals, the foregoing results that seem to be the trend of C.H.L.S. these days.

Carol Ryan '52

ALUMNI NOTES

C.H.L.S.'s Alumni have certainly been a busy group of late; many have recently been married, a number are serving their country in the Armed Forces, and a large percent are doing a great job of representing the Alma Mater in colleges throughout the country.

Steve Picciuolo '49, was recently named New England Breast-stroke Champion. Steve is on the swimming team at Boston University, where he is in his junior year. Dick Carroll and Charles Atkins both of the class of '51 are serving in the Air Force. Hilda Wicks '51 may be seen working at the Harvard Trust. Doris Head '51 is employed by the Federal Reserve. Dotty Greene '51 working in the Cambridge Gas and Electric Company office, is the girl to see if you are having difficulties in paying your bill. Virginia Travers '49 is now a private secretary.

The Curcio brothers have been doing great things: Andy '45 is publicity director of the Red Feather (Harvard Square Division) and Wally '50 is preparing for a legal career at Northeastern Law School. Betty Watson '50 is attending Lasell Junior College where she is learning to become a buyer for a clothing shop. Cynthia Coleman and Joan Allen both of '50 are having fun at Simmons. Charlie Andrews '49 was home on a ten day furlough from the Navy recently.

Doris Collins '50 and Beverly Paulis '51, former REVIEW Staff member are among the many C.H.L.S. alumnae employed in the offices of the Telephone Company. Jean Black '51 is working at the Riverside Press. Anne Donehue '50 has a delicious job at the Kraft Cheese Company.

A brief visit to a certain Harvard Square restaurant on any Saturday evening will recall to mind the many C.H.L.S. Alumni whose names for various reasons have not appeared in this column.

Do keep the notes coming! More in the next column about your favorite alumni.

Beverly D. Bunnin '52

MILITANT AMERICANISM AND THE LIBERAL TRADITION

IN THIS election year of 1952 many seemingly well-intentioned articles are spreading a tale, "a twice told tale, vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man." The essence of the tale is this: the presidential campaign may split the liberal movement in both nation and state. The Dixiecrat movement, if anything, has already done that. Now if the brand of liberalism in question is not liberalism at all, but Communist absolutism, there is no point to the statement, for the Communist vote matters little, one way or the other. Really, what the party "hacks" are saying is that the liberal vote, in truth the independent vote which has determined every *important* presidential election since 1876, isn't worth the proverbial penny.

The peculiar nature of the liberal movement calls for no commonplace reporting. The movement, as we know it today, may seem to be nothing more than an offshoot of the Democratic Party, having its seat in the White House. What it has tried to accomplish is certainly reflective of New and Fair Deal policies; but what it is, and out of what it has grown, is another matter. We can find instances of *the* liberal movement even in the days of the ancient Greek city states. Athenian democracy had in it all the elements which go to make up the democracy of today: the radical, the conservative, the moderate, the liberal, the peace party, the war party. The movement is, then, no new thing.

In this country, progressive legislation can be traced directly back to Andrew Jackson's time and the beginning of the fatal spoils system. The spoils system can be counted as one of the earliest of liberal victories, for it was a victory! Its bad points and good points provided a necessary reawakening of the people to their duty as citizens and established the rule of the common man in the United States. It should be noted, and with amusement, that those very Whigs who denounced this important part of Jackson's New Democracy upon its inception were the same ones who later applied it to their own party. It is always thus with change!

From Jackson's time we can trace the liberal movement all the way up through United States history, past Lincoln's emancipation of the Negro and even Bryan's plea for free silver, until we find its modern counterpart in the free-swinging, trust-busting days of Teddy Roosevelt. It has switched party allegiances, defied opposition, and, in most cases, has won out in the end. It has neither been an adjunct of any one party, nor has it been an intangible something, a mere popular sentiment, only to be dispelled when it has run its course.

During the years following the first Roosevelt's administration, the liberal movement did not fade, but rather gained strength in anticipation of Wilson's "new freedom." It reared its head again in the sixteenth amendment, making the income tax constitutional, and the Federal Farm Loan Act, and was halted not by partisan opposition, but by the First World War. In 1920 began the long climb up "prosperity peak," which was to end in national disaster.

The combination of events starting with the crash of '29 and continuing through Hoover's term of office made a Democratic triumph inevitable in 1932. The second Roosevelt and the first New Dealers came into power. Once more the liberal movement attracted men of diverse occupations and party creeds and united them into the most powerful force ever assembled on the stage of American politics. It is to the everlasting credit of the American people that they did not sanction "blanket control" as well as stiff government control and so the United States was spared the evils of a totalitarian regime. In those dim, almost forgotten days some nations had freedom without security; other nations had security without freedom. We had both.

In 1935-36 the promise of "a breathing-spell" caused considerable comment from the professional left-wingers. Communists, in particular, opposed the New Dealers, for showing, I suppose, that sincerely dedicated men can have a true, and not a simulated regard for human values. About 1937 the first really great resistance to the New Deal began to take shape.

It must be kept in mind, however, that throughout the past twenty years honest criticism has been directed not at the ideals of the New and Fair Deals, but rather at the methods chosen to implement those ideals.

I do not mean this essay as a rationalization of any legislation passed during the past twenty years of rule or misrule, call it what you will. The liberal movement in the Democratic party is dead. Yet the liberal movement itself is not dead. It cries for new adherents. It gets them in Lodge, Saltonstall, Duff, Dewey, Warren, Humphrey, and the rest. The Liberal movement is not a party movement; rather it constitutes a section of the political thinking of every American political party; not so elsewhere. Its very strength lies in its simplicity. For as long as man has problems to solve, answers must be found; and though the man of independent mind does not always come up with the right answers, he does bring up the necessary questions without which progress cannot be made; he does create a basis for discussion without which democracy itself cannot live.

Richard Goldberg '52

FROM MY WINDOW

ON a morning in early spring, I push back the ruffled, white curtains that float cloud-like about one wall of my room, raise the windows as far as they will go, and lean half-out in rather precarious fashion to observe the world, as it passes in a bewildering manner along Harvard Street. Such a morning is a splendid time for surreptitiously observing people as they are confronted by the trivia and enormities of life, and for noticing how dissimilar traits of character will compel them to act differently under similar circumstances.

Students pedaling rapidly on their English bicycles to college are the first to shatter the matinal serenity of our street. Girls wearing dark knee-socks, light sneakers and bright scarves tied gypsy-like about their heads, and young men puffing affectedly on pipes they secretly despise, excitedly discuss Maeterlink and Herbert Spencer as they head toward classes. Soon hordes of youngsters invade the street, madly pursuing the imaginary Indians who overturned an imagined stage-coach. So convincingly do they play, that I almost wonder if there are any red-skins about who might be planning the early demise of my young friends! Now young matrons gossip softly as they wheel their babes along the street, occasionally making passage for a chic career-girl, whose high-heels clatter on the brick walk like glass-ware breaking on a hard surface. Next appear a few little girls with serious eyes and nimble feet passing along towards the library. I remember how I, too, used to grow almost intoxicated at the thought of the cool, dim building waiting at the end of my hike, and the myriad books I could not devour quickly enough to satisfy my voracious reading appetite.

But now the telephone disturbs my reverie and I unwillingly draw in my head and close the window. That I love to look out and be an observer rather than the observed is not my only reason for spending time in this seemingly useless way. Like the person who wrote "To think I looked at oranges and never thought of Spain,' I am looking at the commonplace and seeing the romantic. The boys chasing imaginary foes along a street where three centuries earlier there was, "Not a church and not a steeple, only woods and Indian people"; the students whose earlier counterparts were walking along the same path and discussing the same topics on their way to a class taught by Emerson or Longfellow; the mother playing in the age-old way with her cooing baby might have inspired a million sentimental poems and songs. These are the splendid things I see on a spring morning on our street.

Beverly Bunnin '52

THE GREAT INSPIRATION

FOR over a half century now, the cry of "God save the Queen" has conjured up in the minds of the British thrilling memories of the reign of Queen Victoria. Those were the proud days of Britain's supremacy, of her huge empire, and her far-flung resources, and these are the difficult days of her struggle for survival, her crumbling empire, and her wavering economic stability. Yes, the twentieth century has wrought great changes in the British Commonwealth of Nations, and almost none of them have been to the interests of her prosperity. World War I dealt a blow to the foundations of the empire which permanently crippled her power. However, it was the Second World War, which followed the depression era with relentless rapidity, which brought a decisive end to Britain's age of glory. While the rest of the free world, caught unawares by the flood tide of Naziism, was arming itself, England struggling for survival was plunged directly into the most horrible war that the world has known. The foe was conquered, but he left an indelible mark on the course of British history. Now, while the threat of a third global conflict brings the burden of rearmament to the nation, her economic structure is not firm; the austerity which dictates the lives of her brave peoples bears down harder with the passage of time; her prestige in some of her foreign possessions has been lost; in others it is at an all important crisis. Yet, excepting the Eternal City itself, there is probably no place in the world considered more permanent or stable than England, and through changes of times and fortunes — even governments — one institution, held almost sacred by the British, continues as an inspiration to its people that is reflected throughout the world — the Crown.

Over one hundred years have passed since the last vestiges of royal influence in actual legislation disappeared. Yet to eliminate that element from the British scene would be to crush the phenomenal spirit of these people. It is the Crown which is the uniting bond among all the people of the Commonwealth of Nations, the higher principle above the petty quarrels of the political parties, the moral ideal for the rest of men to imitate, the symbol of courage in time of stress, the spirit of good-will in eras of prosperity. Furthermore, one of the aspects of the Crown which appeals most to the British mind is the wonderful, ceaseless continuity with which a ruler follows his predecessor to the throne and which seems to unite twentieth century rulers to William the Conqueror, and in turn to future monarch who will reign many centuries hence.

An enactment of this principle was witnessed recently when not only the British but the entire free world mourned the death of George VI. Although the death of a king inevitably brings great sorrow to his countrymen, this particular man was especially beloved by his people since it was he who had guided them through one of the most critical periods in their history. Unlike many monarchs, he was not brought up to wear a crown; instead it was thrust upon this shy, unassuming young man upon the abdication of his elder brother Edward VIII in 1936. However, few kings, even those prepared from earliest childhood in the royal duties, have ever carried them out more successfully than George VI.

These responsibilities have changed appreciably in the last hundred years of England's history. They are no longer concerned with actual governing, since England, like so many other European nations, has gradually achieved more democratic policies of government. Thus since the decisions which control the destiny of his country are no longer his, he is often referred to as a figurehead. Indeed, this may be true, but if it is, no figurehead in history has ever had more duties, less tangible perhaps than those of his more powerful predecessors, but still very important to his people. In former times when so much of the burden of government rested on the shoulders of the king, his subjects seemed not so particular about his personal affairs; and accordingly they were more than once ruled by a man of reasonable if not outstanding diplomatic capabilities, but one whose private life was nothing short of scandalous, and whose attitude towards his countrymen was one of disheartening disdain. Such a man would not be tolerated today. Now the king is not expected to deal with the powers of the world or the grievances of his kingdom, but rather to be the ideal of the more personal things which are close to all British hearts. In George VI, they have found the ultimate in every requirement of a modern king, and also proof that such a man is still necessary.

The King must abide by all the principles of morality set down by the Anglican Church. However, beyond this point George VI was a family man, a designation often sneered at by cynics, but one that can be more than inspiring to the average person, especially when war threatens to tear asunder everything that he holds dear. This king and his little family, consisting of his gracious wife and two charming daughters, displayed the finest in the quiet but steadfast courage which was reflected in the attitudes of all the citizens. Throughout the blitz, the royal family refused to leave Buckingham Palace even after it had been bombed.

They visited countless factories where the weapons of war were being manufactured at a rate thought unbelievable in pre-war times, and talked personally with many of the workers. They made many speeches exhorting their people to even more awesome greatness during the great emergency.

In return for these and countless more intangible services, the English came to give "the people's King" their heartfelt gratitude and love. Those feelings were never more evident than at the time when it was announced that the beloved monarch was dead. Business was closed; flags were at half-mast; party strife was forgotten, and the people felt genuine grief. No crowds gathered at the royal residence at Sandringham where the King died, for the people respected the great sorrow of the bereaved family.

However, for one member of the family there was little time for grief. For her, activities could not stop, but rather increase enormously in number, and multiply inconceivably in importance. This young woman was Queen Elizabeth II, the late King's elder daughter. Now in the twenty-sixth year of her life, she inherits her father's position and all of the responsibilities which it entails. She must now be the spiritual leader of her people, the example of courage in all adversity, and the wonderful force which unites various peoples of the British Commonwealth of Nations. Furthermore, Queen Elizabeth's succession to the throne will bring to the fore another aspect of the British love for the Crown — its passion for stirring pageantry. At some time during the next year or two there will take place a truly marvelous coronation ceremony. On that day, all the splendor that Britain can muster will be displayed. There will be no hint of austerity then, nor will the faces in the crowds show a trace of the discipline which hard times have enforced. All this will be forgotton for one gala day, and the memory of it will exhort Britons to their duty until the next great spectacle is at hand. It is rumored that the next will be another royal wedding.

Regardless of what it is, however, the occasion will demonstrate once more the love of the British for the Crown, and it will show again the wonderful influence which royalty exerts on a weary but courageous people, who take new hope in crying once more, "God save the Queen."

Martha Murphy '53

STORM WARNING

IN THE face of the storm of nationalism, blowing up in Asia, the Middle East, Africa and wherever British power and worn-out British imperial policy have left a political vacuum, the United States must take action, she being the only world power capable of bringing about order and justice under law. The only question is — what kind of action?

It is a sorry tale of lost opportunity being written from southeast Asia, across French Indo-China, Malaya, India, and Pakistan, the Middle East, Egypt, Tunisia and Africa. The storm center in the Union of South Africa is the separation into black and white areas. The revolt in Tunisia, the struggle along the Suez in Egypt, and the bitter frustration of the Arab states are all results of the British policy. The British could do nothing else — for they adopted temporary resorts out of weakness.

America's planning to meet the brunt of this storm of nationalism has given the Nationalists the idea that America has taken over the British policy where the weakened Allies left off. The United States plan is merely a part of the British policy. America should have a strong policy and action of her own. However, such a role may endanger the alliance with her British allies.

Fear of war is not going to decrease by being inactive. America is not going to appear any stronger or capable of enforcing a just and reasonable settlement of these exaggerated nationalist claims by pretending that she does not wish to extend the frontiers of American security.

The people of the United States have been generous, just, and reasonable, but by giving so much money to the other world powers, we appear to be trying to buy our way out of a war. There is great storm blowing up; we have had sample warning of the intensity of it. Something must be done about it before it is too late.

Marie Fitzgerald '52

HOME PUPILS HONOR ROLL

Fred McCarthy	Sophomore
Mary McCusker	Sophomore
Edward O'Brien	Sophomore
Richard Winkler	Freshman

May We Present—

RICHARD GOLDBERG

AMICABILITY, sincere modesty, and extraordinary intelligence combine to make Richard T. Goldberg, senior class valedictorian, a person well worth knowing. Although Richard is famed chiefly for his many scholastic achievements, he has not neglected active participation in extra-curricular activities, such as the Latin Club (of which he is a member of the executive staff), French Club, REVIEW and *Yearbook* Staffs. This young man can usually be found in the lunchroom surounded by the intelligentsia of C.H.L.S. vehemently arguing about such varied subjects as Marx, John Locke, and L'il Abner. Richard is indeed a forceful debater. He holds his audience either by the force of his arguments or by sheer physical force!

His hobbies are playing the piano and stamp collecting; and according to not a few, he is extremely well versed in domestic and international affairs. As for questions concerning the girl of his choice, they are answered by a cryptic "No comment." Richard plans on preparing for a legal career at Harvard.

B. D. B.

ANNE BIRCH

ONE of the outstanding girls of our senior class is brown-haired blue-eyed Anne Birch. Born seventeen years ago in Cambridge, she attended school in New Mexico and Washington.

After leaving the Peabody School at the end of the seventh grade, she enrolled at Buckingham School, but the attraction at C.H.L.S. was too great and she joined our ranks in the junior year.

Although Anne excels in her studies, she finds time to be co-editor of the *Yearbook*, a member of the REVIEW Staff, President of the Latin club, and a member of the K. B.

As for her hobbies, Anne's interests center around ballet and painting.

When asked about the ideal boy, Anne gave three definite requirements: he must be six feet, three inches tall, have blond hair and brains.

Looking into the future, Anne has her eye on Radcliffe where she plans to study anthropology and archaeology.

L. B. L.

BERNADINE McCUSKER

BERNADINE McCUSKER is a small blond with a lot on the ball. She is on the G.A.A. executive committee and plays basketball, softball, and volleyball. Besides playing the games herself, she enjoys watching the boys play and attends all the football, basketball, and hockey games.

This popular young lady was born sixteen years ago in Billerica but has been in the Cambridge School System for a good many years. She is taking the commercial course and intends to enter an office after leaving school. She seems to like shorthand most of all her subjects.

When asked about her preference in boys, she considered one person whom she knew and said, "Short men with a lot of personality."

J. N.

JOHN ESTRELLA

JOHN is a tall, good looking Junior with dark hair, brown eyes, and a friendly, easy manner. His two favorite sports are baseball and football, and he is a very able football guard on the C.H.L.S. team. Among his outside interests and activities he enjoys dancing and wood carving. This year he is Vice-President of his homeroom and a Ring Committee member. As for his ideal girl, John prefers a petite, blue-eyed blonde. Of course, she must be a good dancer, have a sense of humor, and be interested in sports. John rates Machine Accounting as his favorite subject, and hopes after graduation to attend business school, or perhaps join the Air Corps. Well, whatever you do, John, we certainly wish you the best of luck!

M. A. N.

FRANK TAHMOUSH

FRANK, a good looking junior of fifteen, has been on the honor roll since he entered high school, and is an outstanding member of the German Club. Outside of school Frank works, and when the chance comes along, enjoys sports and popular music. He plans to enter M.I.T. in '53, and with his outstanding background, should make it with ease. Let's hope we'll see more students like Frank around C.H.L.S. in the future.

D. S.

ROBERTA KAUFMAN

DIMPLED Roberta Kaufman, better known as Bobbie, is dark-haired, pretty, and sixteen years old. She came to the hallowed corridors of C.H.L.S. four years ago from the Longfellow School. Popular among her fellow classmates, Bobbie is a member of the Senior Reception Committee. In addition, she finds time to be president of the Dramatic Club, a member of the executive board of the K. B., and a member of the *Yearbook* Staff. Outside of school she belongs to the Coed Council, and takes pleasure in playing the piano. On the subject of "the one and only," the only information she has to offer is that he must be taller than she. A commercial student, she hopes to go to Katherine Gibbs after graduation.

B. J. B.

CHESS CLUB

THE Chess Club finished the 1951-52 season with a record of five wins, four losses, and one tie for a total of 49½ points. The league championship was won by Brookline with Boston Latin second. The scores of the final half of the season are as follows:

C.H.L.S.	5½	Roxbury Mem.	4½
C.H.L.S.	7	Milton	3
C.H.L.S.	6½	Boston Tech.	3½
C.H.L.S.	4	Boston Latin	6
C.H.L.S.	2½	Brookline	7½

The scores of the best players are as follows:

	W	L	T
D. MacKinnon	7	1	0
J. Pfeufer	5	1	0
P. Higonet	7	3	0
R. Sanderson	6	3	1

Despite the fact that the league tournaments are over, the Chess Club is continuing to hold meetings every Friday afternoon after school in the boys' lunchroom.

Richard Sanderson, *Secretary*

SPANISH CLUB

THE Program Committee of the Spanish Club is preparing a varied and interesting program for the remaining meetings of the year. Featured will be skits in Spanish by various members of the club, slides and movies with interesting commentary on various places of interest in South America and Spain, the learning of Spanish songs and dances, and the playing of Spanish games in which the whole assembly will participate. Christina Firchow, Norine Forrest, Claire Farrell, LaVerne McKinley are heading this committee. Plans are being formed in an effort to hold the meetings at recess instead of after school in order that more pupils may be able to attend.

LaVerne McKinley '53

DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

SINCE the advent of this year of 1952, the Dramatic Club has been busily engaged in many varied and exciting activities. In January, as part of the Leander MacDonald Sports Night, the Dramatic Club presented "Runyon Jones" with the following excellent cast: Rose Scotti, William White, Paul Lyons, Al Bennett, Renee Mercier, Fred Ainsworth, James Armstrong, Richard Goodspeed, Ann Garoian, and our Freshman, Robert Walsh.

A large group of members visited Emerson College on the first Saturday in March to attend the High School Drama Conference. Mr. Guest conducted the panel discussion on directing.

We are now concerned with the Massachusetts High School Drama Festival. We are very proud of our entry this year. It is a scene from the Jean Giradoux's very modern comedy drama, "The Madwoman of Chaillot." This will be the first presentation by a High School Group of this much discussed play. Not only are we proud of the play, but we are very excited about the cast. Gael Mahoney plays the Madwoman, Joan Doherty, Eva Yona, and Renee Mercier play her friends; Fred Ainsworth plays the Ragpicker, and Joan Temple plays the Maid. We wish them a great deal of good luck and know they will make Cambridge High and Latin School proud of them.

Gail Hebberd '53

G. A. A. NOTES

SEVEN months of this school year have passed. Activities in Physical Education have been resumed after the painting of the gymnasium. Pupils and teachers alike are able to do better work and to get more accomplished in pleasant surroundings.

The junior varsity basketball team has done very well this year, having lost only two out of seven games. The sophomores from the sophomore team will prove promising material for next year's varsity team.

The G.A.A. held a barn dance March 14th. I am sure this dance proved what a good time can be had by those who are willing to participate.

The new cheerleaders and the new drill team are being chosen for next year. With the school spirit that the undergraduates have shown, next year promises to be a very successful one.

Claire Farrell '53

WORDS AND MUSIC

WITH the thoughts of graduation on the minds of all the hopeful seniors, they just can't help singin'. In fact, everyone seems to have a different look about him; even the songs have "that lighter touch." I guess Spring is really in the air.

While you are in this rare mood, treat yourself to a listen of Tommy Edwards' "Please, Mr. Sun" and "Where I May Live with My Love." Tender songs, tenderly sung — and that effortless diction is a joy! . . . The sparkling voice of Debbie Reynolds has recently given us two sillies — "Oogie Oogie Wa Wa," one reminiscent of "Aba Daba Honeymoon," and Johnnie Mercer's "Oops!" from the new "Belle of New York." . . . Male vocalists can be found most anywhere nowadays, but there is a new one who's superb. He is Victor Marchese who makes his debut with the haunting "Flamingo." Keep your eye on him, he's going places. . . . Doris Day and Danny Thomas co-star in one of those nice, nostalgic albums — "I'll See You in My Dreams," including many of Gus Kahn's unforgetable lyrics, such as "The One I Love," "My Buddy," "Making Whoopee." . . . Rosemary Clooney has a lilting version of "Be My Life Companion," as does young Cindy Lord with "Wishing." . . . After a long absence, we see that Don Cornell is now recording on a Coral label, his newest being an oldie — "I Walk Alone." It's nice to have him back. . . . Another oldie with new words, "A Guy is a Guy," is sung in the inimitable style that only Doris Day can sing. . . . A sixteen year old miss named Cynthia Strothers and her twelve year old sister Kay from California, who call themselves the Belle sisters for professional purposes, have written and recorded in a delightful high-pitched duet "Bermuda" and "June Night." . . . The M-G-M label certainly scored a hit with Billy Eckstine's version of "A Weaver of Dreams," a strange, haunting off-beat ballad. . . . Jo Stafford has climbed to the top of the list with another silly — "Hambone," as has Les Paul and Mary Ford, still in the limelight, with "Hold that Tiger." . . . Two hits on the same platter belong to Cambridge-raised Leroy Anderson — the already well-known "Blue Tango" and the new pleasant surprise on the flip side, "Belle of the Ball," a rhythmic tune that makes you want to dance and sing for joy. . . . Gene Kelly again comes to the fore with his unprofessional, but, oh, so sincere voice which makes you feel that everything is so right in his rendition of "Love is Here to Stay," from "An American in Paris."

With the above-named songs on the market, and Spring just around the corner, who can help but be in a good mood even though we are trying feverishly to get those last minute marks up to passing. You can say what you please — music does help!

Carol Ryan '52

ON MUSIC

I CAN'T quite recall the exact words, but some poet said that music hath charms to soothe something savage. Truly, there is an almost inexpressible charm to any kind of music, whether it be classical or popular, and there are so many categories in each class, that practically everyone, either a devotee of the art of music or otherwise, has a favorite melody or refrain tucked away some where. Music, like poetry, appeals to the imagination and the emotions. There is music so tender and beautiful that it makes the heart overflow; music with a jive beat for the nimble-footed; tragic music, filled with suffering; and bright, gay music; all of which may be heard in practically any old-time movie as seen nowadays on television. Now that I have gone the long way around to get to the point, here it is. I'm going to try to show you how I feel while listening to music, both classical and popular.

To begin with, I have access to rather a large library of classical records, containing just about everything there is to be had. Although I can't name all the various pieces and their composers, I am very familiar with the melodies, (some by the way are not so melodious) and am found quite frequently listening to the three B's when I should be doing my three r's. While listening, I find that the music invariably gives me an uplifted feeling and also a feeling of sadness, which disappears only when the music is very gay. Marches make me march too; quite often I can see myself dancing on clouds, and I sometimes even feel dizzy after a waltz. But, as I said before, the greatest feeling is sadness, usually brought on by Rachmaninoff and even by Gershwin.

Popular music has slightly different effects. For instance, while listening to the classical B's, Brahms, Bach and Beethoven, I do nothing but listen. But as soon as the popular B's come on; boogie, bop, and br-r-r (which describes that kind of music), I get out the ironing, roll up the rug, or do my homework.

Seriously, I love all kinds of music except jazz, but there's only one trouble. You know the girl who sings "C'mon-a-My House?" She never gave her address.

Glendora MacKenzie '52

THE SPOTLITE

SINCE "LIL" MICHALCHEK AND JEAN NICEWEZ RETURNED FROM A TRIP DOWN SOUTH, THEY'VE BEEN SINGING "DOWN YONDER"~

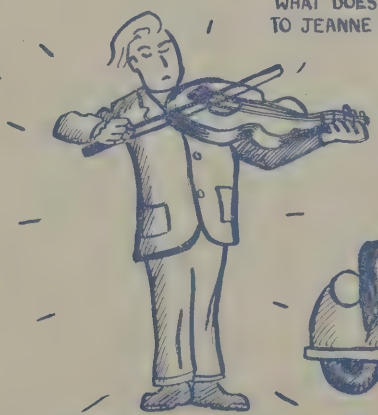
UNDERSTAND JOHNNY ANESTIS HAD QUITE A TIME FIGURING OUT HIS INCOME TAX~

SOME ARE SAYING THEY NEED SUN-GLASSES TO WEAR IN THOSE NEWLY PAINTED ROOMS~

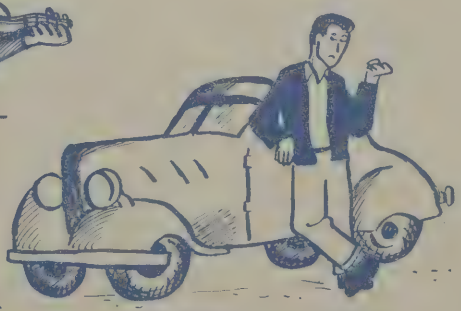
SPRING IS HERE, AND THE BEGINNING OF THE BASEBALL-SEASON, ESPECIALLY FOR CARL LEGI~

WHAT DOES THE "CASE OF THE WALKING BOOTS" MEAN TO JEANNE BROOKS, CAROL FARMER, AND NANCY SHEA?

PAT WALSH WAS CHOSEN AS QUEEN OF HEARTS IN HER HOMEROOM, 202 ~



JIMMY DEMOS CAN REALLY PLAY THAT VIOLIN~



JOHN PETRULIS IS FOREVER SPORTING THAT CAR OF HIS~

Bill Donnelly

A VOICE FROM ALOFT

CAMBRIDGE High and Latin has formally given its acknowledgment to the technical age by installing the loud-speaker system. It is now possible to communicate with all the rooms in the building from the main office, just by clicking a switch. The whole system seems so inconspicuous in the rooms, taking the form of a brown box on the wall above the teacher's desk. When it speaks, it is revered because it represents authority; and French idioms, past participles, yes, even, crayfishes' tympanic membranes are laid aside, to enable the pupils to listen. It is the only thing, thus far successful, that can interrupt teachers without having to write "I shall not be rude," one hundred times on the blackboard.

Moreover, the loud-speaker system has proved to be a definite advantage to many pupils. Just the other day, our algebra teacher was explaining to the class that x plus x equaled 2x. He expressed this equation over and over again — evidently it was important. Then he went around the room asking various pupils, "How much is x plus x?" Everytime he would receive the right answer, his eyes would gleam like a child beholding a Christmas tree; but when he heard the wrong answer, he appeared as if he was sipping on a glass of orange juice spiced with cod-liver oil.

Now one student did not know the answer, and it was his turn to be called. He squirmed in his chair, and beads of perspiration appeared on his brow. But just before he was to be called, a voice sounded from aloft, like a guardian angel clearing his throat. Fortunately for the student the announcement was a proclamation, consuming the period. But let's look to the disadvantages of the system.

I have classified the announcements made over the loud-speaker in three categories: the abrupt announcements, the bolster announcements, and the proclamations. Each serves a definite purpose. The abrupt announcements usually come in biology class, when you are in the process of some delicate operation, like cutting out a frog's brain. Suddenly a scratching noise startles you, "blurt . . . blurt." Your hand jerks, and the frog's brain is cut in twain. "There will be an assembly for the freshmen today," proclaims the herald. Motivated by revenge, you snarl at the voice.

I believe you are all acquainted with the bolster announcements. You know, those husky, enthusiastic voices barking, "Let's go, gang," or "We can beat um." These always seem to be supplemented by the whimpering voices of girls urging you to attend the (victory)? dance. These announcements are made by the generators of school spirit or school "patriotism."

But the authentic patriotism is manifested in the proclamations. The proclamation, being an honorable paper, is always introduced by our headmaster. Then the actual reading of the proclamation is handed to some bright young student from an oral English class. You can always tell this by the way he pronounces his t's, and by the way he cuts off the words. However, he does have a monotonous, soothing voice, provoking drowsiness, as he drones, "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts." And I mumble, "God save the high school of Cambridge from these voices."

Harold Kanavos '52

FRESHMAN HONOR ROLL

Second Marking Period 1951-1952

Alderman, Carol
Alloso, Nancy
Alward, Patricia
Barry, Dorothy
Bileau, Theodore
Brown, Dorothy
Camelio, Carolyn Jane
Campbell, Mary
Campbell, Mary Viola
Canario, Ethel
Cappucci, Cynthia
Carroll, Sylvia
Chapman, Claire
Charnitsky, Aileen
Ciccolo, Josephine
Cincotta, Mary
Colozzi, Louise
Corcoran, Barbara
Cronin, Joan
Daley, Mary
Dall, Nancy
Devito, Edith
Economou, Helen
Firchow, Peter
Giffen, Janet
Grover, Fred
Harding, Germaine
Hazard, Leonora
Hensley, Joan
Hichum, Sonia
Hines, Paul
Hoey, Robert
Houston, Jean
Jaquith, Lawrence
Jasper, Katherine
Kelley, Francis
Korb, Carol
Levenson, Isabel
Loughlin, Gail
Macaro, Freida
Mari, Rosalie
McDonald, Catherine
McGorty, Mary
Michelson, Robert
Mockler, Maureen
Murphy, Barbara
Murphy, William
Nauen, Franz
Nelson, Arnold
Nicoli, Dolores
Nicoli, Gerald
Nicolono, Dorothy
O'Connell, William
Ogden, David
Panzine, Jean
Paul, Dorothy
Rose, H. William
Rosenberg, Gerald
Rosenberg, Ruth
Salvato, Connie
Schubert, Vera
Silver, Lodia
Silva, Roderick
Solomons, Gustave
Southall, Donald
Tahmoush, Laurice
Tank, Donald
Temple, Joan
Turpin, Eleanor
Ugolini, Virginia
Voto, Frances

THE PLAYBILL

IF this Broadway season does not stand out for the quality of the plays, it will at least be remembered for the appearance of an unusually sizable proportion of small or one man cast productions on the scene. The two best straight comedies now running come under this classification. The first of these, *The Moon Is Blue,* which arrived late last season and is still going strong, has a cast of only three. It is very successful, for besides its Broadway group, it has one in Chicago, and a touring company which recently received both favorable box office and critical notice here in Boston. The other play is *The Fourposter,* which with a cast of only two, is also doing very well in New York. A movie of it has already been made (though it has not yet been released) and a road company is being formed.

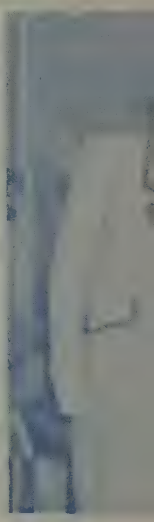
The second classification, the so-called "one-man show" is also represented on Broadway by two shows. One is Emlyn Williams' Readings from Dickens, a fine import from London. Mr. Williams is not the first actor to reach fame through such readings, nor is he, I hope, the last. However, he does add a new twist to the idea, because instead of merely reading the selections, he impersonates the author himself. Dickens often did readings of his works, twice coming to America, where he was generally acclaimed. Mr. Williams has evidently delved into the records to piece together complete knowledge of the author's appearance and mannerisms. Thus he portrays Dickens to the letter besides giving a fine performance. Of course, he does not actually read the selections, but having memorized them, merely gives the impression of reading. In this way he may gesture dramatically when the occasion demands without awkward recourse to the text. The excerpts include among others, a ghost story, the Fancy Ball from *A Tale of Two Cities,* Paul, from *Dombey and Son,* and Bob Sawyer's Party from *Pickwick Papers.* Delivered as outstandingly as they were, these selections should have rated a good box office as well as critical acclaim. However, *Variety,* the oracle of the theatre world, reports the disheartening fact that Broadway simply has not taken to the readings. Attendance, though good the first week, has since trailed off until now the show doesn't even break even. This news has, of course, enkindled arguments that serious drama is fading out in the face of extravagant musicals and comedies. Some serious works are still doing very well, but storm warnings are up which, for the sake of future theatre should be observed.

The second production, a one-woman show, is opening on Broadway as I write this. I venture to say, however, that it will fare better than the first, partly because it features one of the great favorites of American theatre-goers, Cornelia Otis Skinner. *Paris* '90, which portrays various types of women in Paris during the famous nineties, is not Miss Skinner's first solo production, but it is certainly a distinguished one. Its fourteen scenes, which demand lightning changes of costume, scenery, and especially mood, are divided into three acts and improve as the evening progresses. The first act which takes place on the Champs Elysees, makes a sprightly and amusing opening, but Miss Skinner achieves a greater dramatic depth in the other two. The second is set on the Left Bank, while the third and best of the three, depicts some of Toulouse-Lautrec's famous friends, La Goulue the Lion Tamer, Berthe La Sourde, and Yvette Guilbert. Miss Skinner's performance is indeed a fine one; she changes mood completely several times within only a few moments, and thus succeeds in impressing upon the audience the individual characters of all of the fourteen women depicted, and in making each portrayal genuine. She will probably be well received on Broadway; if she is not, either we must pay heed to the aforementioned storm warnings, or investigate the possibility that there may be much better theatre towns in the land than New York.

Martha Murphy '53

SENIOR HONOR ROLL
Second Marking Period 1951-1952

Ambrose, Marjorie
Azadian, Harry
Birch, Anne
Benevento, Mary
Blevins, Albert
Bolger, Rita
Boudreau, Francis
Boyajian, Barbara
Brennan, Evon
Bunnin, Beverly
Chatfield, Constance
Collins, John
Daum, Patricia
De Vito, Clare
Evangelista, Grace
Ferreira, Mary
Fowler, John
Frank, Philip
Goldberg, Richard
Grainger, Elizabeth
Guida, Tina
Hudson, Barbara
Hurley, Patricia Ann
Hutchins, Muriel
Idelson, Belden
Kanavos, Harold
Kaufman, Roberta
Leccese, Irene
MacKenzie, Glendora
MacPhee, Dorothy
Magalhaes, Zulmira
Marathas, Georgia
Martin, Carol
Michalchik, Lillian
Nichols, Barbara
Nicholson, Jane
Panton, Harold
Pereira, Gilda
Petrulis, John
Ray, Mary
Ryan, Beverly
Santos, Robert
Savioli, Catherine
Scotti, Rose
Sebastian, Donald
Shea, David
Smart, Harold
Totty, Gordon
Vartanian, Walter



PHS BY
QUITH
GLIOZZI

BLACK SILVER

"REMEMBER, you've *got* to win or else . . .," were the last words my coach uttered before I entered the ring. These words were still ringing in my ears, and the image of his face was still burning in my eyes.

This was my big chance. Here I was in North Carolina at the Eastern States' Tournament for Excellence in Horsemanship; it was what I had been striving for practically all my life. All the time I had spent in learning and practicing riding would be tried today. All my experience in managing a horse would be seen this day.

Although I sat up straight in a calm, collected manner, and kept a frozen gaze directly in front of me, I could feel beads of nervous perspiration collecting on my forehead and on the palms of my hands. A thousand thoughts kept flashing through my mind. Would I remember to rise at the right moment? Would I be able to handle Black Silver?

Black Silver, our beautiful, black silky mare was usually a docile, gentle creature; however, sometimes she would get a spark of fire in her eyes and then would become practically wild. Hopes became fused with dreads; the real was mixed with the unreal. Black Silver would have to show her skill too, in this decisive moment. I reached down and felt her stomach muscles. They were tight and seemed to be made of steel; everything about that beautiful, black beast was perfect. Her coat shone blue-black, her ears were pricked, and her graceful head was proudly high. She seemed not even to be bothered by the oppressive summer heat. After having stroked her neck, I felt more assured. Black Silver understood; we were best pals.

All the noise from the spectators sounded far away and unreal; the only thing I could hear was the pounding of Black Silver's heart along with the pounding of my heart. We *had* to win; that was all there was to it.

This was the jumping contest. All the other classes had already been judged. There were only five of us left now. The boy beside me was a New Yorker whose horse was named Dicky Bird. Other than he there were two girls from Delaware and another boy who came from Virginia. We were all lined up at one end of the ring. I could not help noticing that although Dicky Bird was a magnificent animal, he did not look as secure as Black Silver.

Suddenly over the public address system a voice announcing the class of jumpers named the contestants and their horses. The audience immediately quieted down; the posts and cross bar used in the jumping contest were placed at almost the other end of the ring. We were told that either we could head our horse directly for the bar, or we could gallop around the ring and then go into our jump. Two men had placed the bar at the third notch. This meant that the horse had to jump the height of three feet. The gong sounded; the tournament had officially begun.

The boy from Virginia with his horse, Shooting Star, started off first. They galloped once around the ring and then gracefully took the jump. The girl from Delaware was next. She headed straight for the bar. Either from fright or from tension, her horse suddenly reared just before jumping. This naturally eliminated her from the contest. The other girl followed. She took off very nicely, but coming down from the jump her horse's hind leg caught on the bar and knocked it down. The New Yorker with Dicky Bird was next. They went half way around the ring, then suddenly turned for the bar. Dicky Bird made a beautiful, long, graceful jump about six feet high. The audience went wild with applause. Then all at once it was my turn. I wanted to back out; I wanted to sink beneath the ground. However, there was no time for that. Black Silver practically of her own accord galloped to the bar and jumped beautifully. I was proud of her. She was as good as she looked.

There were now only three contestants left; the two boys and myself. The bar was raised two notches higher. The Virginian boy was up again, but for some reason or other, he fell off his horse.

Dicky Bird's rider and I now had the ring to ourselves. As before, Dicky jumped perfectly. The applause was almost deafening. Slowly the audience quieted down as Black Silver and I galloped around the ring. Again Black Silver tightened up and jumped without a single flaw. I felt so happy I didn't know quite what to do.

The bar, put up two notches higher, now stood at seven feet. Dicky Bird took his turn first. Unluckily, the New Yorker did not quite make it. Dicky's hind leg caught on the bar. Dicky Bird and his rider were out. It was only Black Silver and I; I and Black Silver.

My hands were wet, my forehead hot, and my eyes could see nothing except the bar seven feet high. A silence of suspense hovered over everything. We took off and galloped around the ring, once, twice, and then — we turned. The die was really cast this time! Black Silver's muscles were tightening. We were getting nearer and nearer. As Black Silver started to rise, I had visions of a silver cup. Suddenly a horrifying ringing sound so loud and distinct that it seemed to shatter everything, reached my ears.

Oh darn it all! — must that alarm clock always spoil my dreams?

Eva Yona '53

YOUR CLOTHES LINE

WELL! At last spring has rolled around, and none too soon to suit the majority of us. Hockey, snow storms, and bulky winter garments are now in retirement until next year; this is the season of growth, romance, and new fashions. Although many of the spring styles have been featured in department stores since January to benefit people who are fortunate enough to travel, there are several style evolutions.

As Easter is rapidly approaching, you will be anxious to know what the best dressed girl should wear. Naturally, the trend for Easter centers around a smart suit. On the Commonwealth Avenue Mall, this year, women will be wearing softly tailored or belted suits with stress on full skirts. Nevertheless, there will be quite a number of slim skirts displayed, especially in wool and gabardine. Accessories are now being chosen according to one's personal likes, not because a friend is wearing something similar in style. If you admire large hats, wear one; but if your favorite chapeau is a cloche, no one will think that you are out of style. Also, you should decide upon a pair of shoes that can be worn for more than one season; that is, a wise choice would be an opera pump with a bow tie across the instep.

Perhaps you are thinking of buying a new coat. If this is the case, by all means, select a short "spencer" jacket that can be worn over dresses, separates, and your spring formal. A popular coat will be the fingertip coat, made of Orlon. This coat can be washed at home, and not look dowdy afterwards. Then, too, the Easter Parade will feature dusters, princess styles, and wrap-arounds.

But, what is a coat without a suit or a dress to be worn under it? I have already mentioned the popular suit styles; now let us take a "sneak preview" at spring dresses or ensembles. If you think of quilted cotton, silk, shantung, nylon, and paper taffeta, you will hear the "rustle of spring." Yes, dresses with their bouffant skirts and layers of petticoats are definitely fashionwise. Fashion designers have draped fabrics in such a way as to add to the charms of a woman. For example, the rib-cage dress which features a high moulded waistline and a stiff gored skirt tends to exaggerate a tiny waist. Then, too, pleats and flares are going to exhibit small hips and even smaller waists. A sure fire hit for Easter is the coat dress displaying a frilly petticoat in contrasting shades. This style is thrifty, too, because it is adaptable to any occasion.

Although suits and dresses will attract most of the attention, there are various and sundry separates that are suited for the class room. The "Gigi" blouse outshines all separates. This style is similar to the Gibson girl blouse; yet it is more feminine. If you are bewildered as to the fabric or color, it would be wise to select one of striped nylon. Before summer rolls around, sleeveless blouses will, once again, be sold in all the stores. These blouses, which are so crisp and cool, are being manufactured just for those reasons.

By the way, the Junior Prom and Senior Reception are close at hand. Have you any ideas about those filmy formals for the two biggest events of the school year? If the weather forecast favors warm temperatures, an embroidered organdy gown is just lovely. Nevertheless, you can wear tulle, marquisette, and nylon. Heels are an important part to complete a perfect picture; that is, if your escort is taller. Also, a crown of small artificial flowers that set off those lustrous tresses will arouse exclamations from all sides.

This is your spring forecast. In the last issue of the REVIEW, I shall attempt to give you some ideas of resort fashions for the summer.

Dorrit Joseph '52

SPORTS — HOCKEY

Cambridge 2 **Rindge 1**

The final league game for the intra-city rivals, as expected, turned out to be a crowd pleaser with fourteen penalties. Rindge opened up the scoring early in the second period, but the Cantabs quickly retaliated with an Ed Kidston goal. The winning tally came from the stick of defenseman Dick Igo at seven minutes and twenty three seconds of the third period. This shot gave Cambridge Latin the 1952 city championship.

Cambridge 2 **Rindge 1**

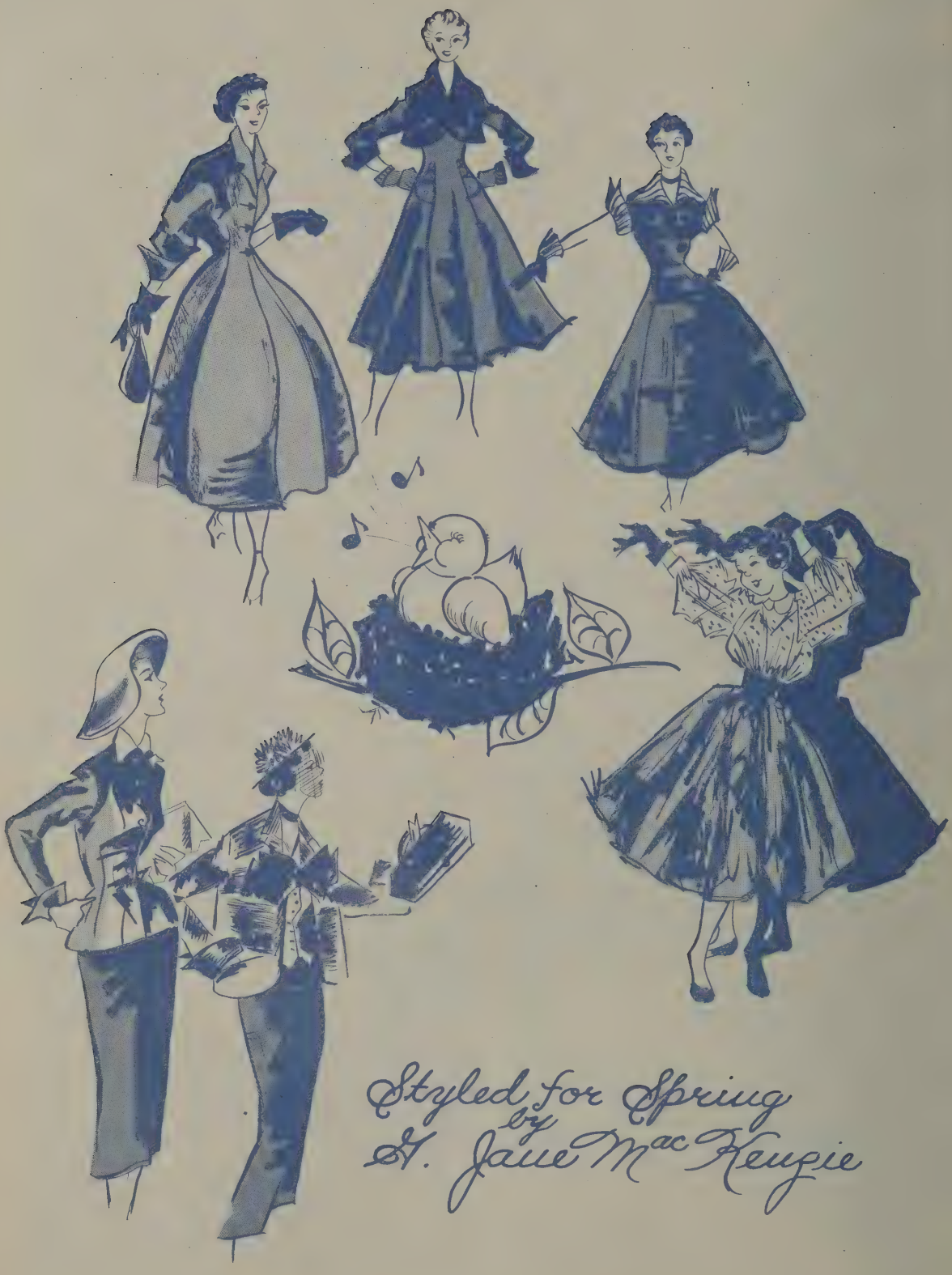
Rindge, out to avenge the defeat of the previous week again opened the scoring in the second period. Finally, the Cambridge sextet came to life in the last period when George Boudreau poked a nifty backhand shot into the left corner. Ed Kidston scored his second goal of the series when the Rindge goalie, Bob Macine refused to stop the shot, thinking that a whistle had stopped play beforehand.

Cambridge 0 **Melrose 0**

Cambridge and Melrose battled to a nothing to nothing tie in the second round of the G.B.I. playoffs. Although the Cantabs outplayed their opponents, they failed to capitalize on several breaks handed to them throughout the game.

Cambridge 0 **Medford 1**

Cambridge, minus all-star defenseman George Boudreau, was beaten a second time by the Medford Mustangs led by Fran Wall. Co-captain Don Rigazio played his usual brilliant game in the nets enabling him to be chosen all-star goal tender for a second consecutive season.

Joseph Collins '52

Styled for Spring
by
J. Jane MacKenzie

SPORTS

C.H.L.S. 33 **Arlington 41**

Midway through the 1951-1952 basketball season, Arlington High notched its second win over Cambridge Latin for the current year. High scorers for the Cantabs were Dickie Igo, with eleven points and Bill White and Bill Griffen, with seven points apiece.

C.H.L.S. 47 **Watertown 39**

The Cantabs, led by high scorers Raoul Santos and Snooky Noble, toppled the Watertown High five in a tight game. Although there was only one point difference in the score at the half, Cambridge ended eight points up on Watertown when the final whistle blew.

C.H.L.S. 55 **Newton 46**

Snooky Noble and Raoul Santos scored thirty-eight points between them when the Cambridge Latin quintet pushed league-leading Newton out of first place. The Cantabs held the upper hand all through the game, leading at the half by twelve points. Congratulations for the splendid game!

C.H.L.S. 38 **Brookline 43**

Although the score was tied 15 all at the half, C.H.L.S. could not keep up with the fast-moving Brookline High squad in the second half. Freshman Paul White along with Raoul Santos captured the scoring honors for the Latinites.

C.H.L.S. 40 **Rindge 50**

Rindge Tech High, paced by Larry Plenty and Stretch Davidson, defeated Cambridge Latin 50-40. Even though the Cantabs held the edge in the first three quarters of the ball game, they were unable to hold Rindge in the final period. Dickie Igo led both teams in the scoring department, clicking for eighteen points.

John Scannell

ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES OF BEING TALL

THE taller than average man enjoys many advantages. It is well known that many men, from all periods of history, Napoleon, for example, have tried to appear as tall as possible in the belief that people would admire them more. As further proof, we see advertisements for such items as "Elevator shoes." In addition, much attention has been placed on posture, designed to make the individual appear as tall as possible. However, despite all this public opinion in favor of greater height, the human skyscraper still meets many problems which the average citizen never encounters.

One undeniable advantage is the ability to see in a crowded area. The tall man never worries who stands in front of him at a parade. As he can still see, he describes the floats, bands, and marching group to his less fortunate companion who sees only the large red feather on the hat of the woman in front of him. When our friend goes to the movies, it makes no difference who sits in front of him. He can easily watch the hero rescue the heroine from apparently inescapable danger without disturbing his neck, disturbing his neighbors, or changing his seat. Think how much easier his lot has become since the days when women wore hats whose height was measured in feet. When he returns home, what does he do when he wants a bottle from the back of the top shelf? He merely reaches for it. In this way, he prevents wear and tear on the furniture and saves the insurance companies large sums of money every year. Statistics show that more home accidents are caused by falls than by any other type of accident. If he is young and athletically inclined, he may win a basketball scholarship to some college. Thus we see that his height can increase his enjoyment, reduce his medical bills, and even gain him an education.

Now let's look at the debit side for a while. Although our tall friend enjoys those advantages we have seen, he also faces some definite disadvantages. His height makes him prone to head injury from low tree branches, doorways, and clotheslines. How often does the tall man, emerging from a cellar bulkhead, forget to duck and receive an unpleasant sensation from unexpected contact between his head and the framework of the door. This hazard manifests itself somewhat differently in rural areas where he, equally often, forgets the low branch of the tree in the yard until the inevitable happens. Consider the problem he has when he wishes to enter one of the newer low cars. Maybe this is why tall men wear hats — to minimize such perils. Often he is burdened with extra work. If he is the tallest in his family or in his office, he is often called upon to reach some object when his associates are too lazy to fetch the ladder from the other side of the room. In extreme cases, he may be forced to have his clothes custom made. This necessity skyrockets his cost of living to astronomical heights.

From the standpoint of safety, the escape from falls cancels out the danger from concussion. All in all, though, the facts show that the six foot four giant leads an easier life than the five foot two dwarf.

Richard Sanderson '53

Howdy, Kids! Here it is spring again, and it won't be long before everyone will be making plans for summer vacations — well, it won't be too, too long, anyway . . . Now, on with the news of goin's on around these parts . . . We think it would be more appropriate if Barbara Beckman were to work at M.I.T. instead of Harvard .. . . Her attentions seem to be focused on the former institution . . . Would someone please tell us what *The Case of the Walking Boots* means to Jeanne Brooks, Carol Farmer, and Nancy Shea? . . . It seems that Nancy Hodgkins, Martha Murphy, Paul Lorris, Dick Sanderson, Paul Brennan and Wesley Wadman have been currently patronizing the Cambridge Skating Club . . . We've seen John Serino, Carol Ryan, and Muriel Nissen there, too . . . The Juniors welcome Beverly, Bell, a wonderful addition to their class! . . . Who are the fellows that have been frequenting Storyville? . . . What? . . . I forget what I was going to say . . . Bob Cousy, the basket ball star, should hire Reinhard Martens as a publicity agent . . . he worships the man! . . . We hear that Martha Murphy and Nancy Hodgkins thoroughly enjoy their English class . . . Boy, did the kids on the Track team look sharp on the day they left for New York! . . . David Noonan is busy enlisting "volunteers" to sell tickets to the Frolics . . . The School Department is going to issue sun glasses to wear in the newly painted rooms . . . Joyce MacDonald is one girl who pays Club dues promptly . . . Too bad there aren't more like her! . . . Incidentally, we're taking up a collection to buy a box of aspirins for Anthony Ricci . . . . John Petrulis must rate; he is forever sporting that car of his . . . I think Beverly Bunnin would like to go to M.I.T. next year . . . . Those Black Watch plaid shirts that Al Parsons and Bill Gardener have been modeling are really sharp! . . . Roberta Kaufman's new haircut is adorable . . . Who's the boy who keeps Eleanor Hurley up so late at night? . . . Neil Dempsey's brother looks like a vest pocket edition of our "Uncle Neilly" . . . It seems that Edie Ladner and a few other Juniors like the inhabitants of Medford . . . They are nice, aren't they? . . . Alice Shea had quite a nice time at the St. Mary's High Prom . . . It's rather difficult for us to keep an accurate account of Nanci Sullivan's admirers, so if someone can tell us of a method for solving our problem, please do so . . . Since Lil Michalchik and Jean Niciwicz returned from their trip down South, they'e been singing *Down Yonder* . . . It couldn't be for two rebels (Southern gentlemen, we call 'em), could it? . . . The girls have nice tans, too . . . Frannie Boudreau and Buster Bennett sing an awfully cute duet . . . They're singing under the name of the "Belle Brothers," now . . . Joe Collins doesn't like their voices, though . . . North Cambridge is keeping Gerard Goodhue pretty busy these days . . . Can't imagine why! . . . Frightened pupils are requesting a sign in front of the Chem Lab . . . They say it's dangerous! "Congrats" go to Don Rigazio and Gigi Boudreau on being chosen to play on the G.B.I. All-Stars . . . They did very well in the game, too! . . . Barbara MacDonald has taken her place alongside many other Latinites at Harvard's Widener Library . . . If the corridors of the "Little Red Schoolhouse" are empty, the current epidemic of measles is the cause . . . You're not in style if you haven't had the "Little Red Spots," yet . . . What a talkative girl Sophie Anastos is! . . . John Anestis had quite a time figuring out his income tax — honestly, that is! . . . Pat Connell likes to spend her time just "Westing," huh, Pat? . . . Charlie Martin seemed to get left behind on one of the recent trips to the Science Museum . . . He missed the bus. . . . Marie Fitzgerald spent most of her vacation in Maryland, didn't she, John? . . . Carol Martin is always very glad when driving class is called off . . . Is she scared or something? Claire Farrell is a very busy girl! . . . Nanci Sullivan and friends may be found in the lunchroom during any recess on any day . . . Remember, Bill Donnelly is always looking for suggestions for his "*Spotlight*" Cartoons . . . Among those attending Louise Madigan's party were Dottie "Mad-driver" MacPhee, Byron Leonardos, Pat Connell, Joe Collins, Marie Fitzgerald, and John Scannell . . . Another party held since the

last issue of the REVIEW was Betty Curcio's . . . There we saw Gerry Cummings, Danny Staffieri, Barbara Beckman, Gail O'Shea, Jack Montieth, Jim Armstrong, and Bob Kennedy, along with Carol Ryan, John Butler, Paul Brennan, Kevin Kirk, and Nancy Butler, now a "C.A." girl . . . Bert Blevins and Parker Lindberg were in the company of two cute girls at the Year Book Dance . . . We're still wondering what is in those notes passed back and forth from Bobbie Kaufman to Dottie MacPhee . . . Mary McManus goes to every basket ball game . . . Wonder why? . . . What a riot Joe Collins raises at the Year Book meetings . . . And the things he says! . . . Could Dottie MacPhee be interested in any Senior boy in 306? . . . Another orchid goes to Gigi Boudreau who has been elected for the second consecutive year to a seat in the State House on Good Government Day . . . Anita Kalt is sporting Billy Myles' ring . . . Eddie Moriarty always sits in Brigham's with, not one or two girls, but always three! . . . Bev Snow's new haircut is very becoming . . . Johnny Theall and Joey Curran are quite a combination in the lunchroom . . . Mary Hanses and Stella Christopher are two Sophomores with poodle cuts . . . Joanie Daley must stay up nights thinking of jokes, but don't worry Nancy Lamagna is always there to give a hearty laugh . . . Nancy Travers keeps the Co-ed skating rink busy . . . What happened to Barbara Lingley while she was reading a book under a sun-lamp? . . . The Drill Team's performance at Sport's Night was wonderful . . . Why do Jean Abbot and Beverly Benthall visit Connecticut so often? . . . Seen at the "Pole" recently were: Pat Walsh and Jackie Clunan, John Scannell and Marie Fitzgerald, Gerard Goodhue and Mary Hurley, Eddie Kidston and Betti Rose . . . Jean Rogurt and Gertie Urling are ever-loyal hockey fans . . . Adrianne Williams is a terrific basket ball player . . . John Dooley spends his time ushering at the Central Theater . . . Jim Armstrong is becoming famous among Latinites . . . His posters are sought by many students . . . Mary Pansilenas loves oranges . . . Alma Mudarri had the "girls" in for spaghetti which Betti Rose cooked . . . Pass the Bicarb! . . . What happened to Tony Messuri when two girls took his hockey equipment? . . . Dickie Igo and Jeanne Brooks have a reserved booth at Brigham's . . . Who's John Estrella's new flame? . . . We'd love to know! . . . Diane Madonna is learning the *Sailor's Hornpipe* . . . Hmmm! . . . Everyone is wondering how long Dot Harnum spends curling her golden tresses . . . Thelma Calendar is planning to attend English High's graduation . . . We think a Mr. Gavin as something to do with her going . . . What happened to Edie Battle's knee socks? . . . Does someone know? . . . Carol Ryan had tons of fun at the Winter carnival at the University of Massachusetts . . . John Butler did, too! . . . Alma Mudarri had a surprise party for Shirley Saidnawey . . . The girls who were there to welcome Shirley were: Betti Rose, Helen Kennedy, Nancy Gorman, Carol Farmer, Nancy Shea, Mary McManus, Margo Supple, Rita Langley, and Thelma Zacharakis . . . Edie Butler is becoming known as "Cupid" . . . Francis Birch loves doughnuts! . . . Catie Gomatos is always ready and willing to hear new jokes . . . She can tell them, too! . . . Along with playing basket ball, Georgia Marathas, Nancy Bunai, Lil Rebeiro and Anna May Rancatore harmonize together . . . The CHLS Drill Team is stepping up in the world . . . it performed at the Governor's Reception on February 22 . . . Mary McMullen and Mary Murphy are very busy girls at recess time . . . Marge Tompon's "Ponytail" is very cute . . . It seems that the McCabe-Velonides Duo is quite the thing . . . If anyone would like to see a combination of a flying tackle and the Charleston, ask Joanie Sugrue to perform for you . . . Jimmy Demos is a wonderful violinist! . . . Seen recently at Harriet Lindstrand's party were: Dolores Cabral, Mary Marcin, George Silva and James Lablanc . . . Margo Supple is known as the "Late Miss Supple" in History class . . . Pat Connell has been in the best of spirits lately . . . Wonder why? . . . Who was the blond seen with Mary Marcin at the "Pole?" . . . Lorraine Abitabile walks by 333 umpteen times a day . . . Among the busy typists for the REVIEW are Evon Brennan, Mary Ferrera, Ann Silva, Gracie Evangelista, Dolores Cabral and Lil Michalchik . . . One boy voted for best looking was "Tom Hollywood" . . . We understand that Dorrit Joseph voted for Buddy Nauffts for everything in the Popularity Poll . . . Well, not quite everything — she didn't vote for him for Prettiest Girl . . . Many of the females in CHLS are sporting the shoes currently known as "Fruit Boots" . . . We think they're cute! . . . If you're wondering who Billy is, ask Nanette "Neddy" Chopelas . . . Honestly, more Latinites have patronized the "Pole" lately! . . . Doris Perry has been out to Norumbega Park with her date from Harvard, and Ruth Volpe spent an evening there with her date, "Billy" who hails from the University of Massachusetts . . . Bob Kennedy and Betty Curcio have set a new record in attending matinees . . . Gail O'Shea has made a hit with some Junior . . . We hear that Dickie Douglas and Jake Darcy had quite a "Discussion" . . . They tell us Betty Simmons is very quiet . . . We know better! . . . Pat Walsh, Gerry Lavoie, Mary Murphy, Dorothy Harnum, Anne Barrell, and many others are

among the Cantabs who are wearing friendship rings on their fingers, not toes; we hear that Dianne Madonna is about to join the ranks . . . Evon Brennan is trying to decide whether she should wear hers or not . . . Pat Walsh was chosen Queen of Hearts in her Homeroom, 202 . . . What do ya' know? . . . Al Kirklys has changed his name to Edward . . . Tom Connors has three gals fighting over him; one's a Freshman, one's a Junior, and one's a Sophomore . . . The Freshman is ahead, — hmmm! . . . Gail Hebbard made a little mistake in typing . . . She forgot to put paper in the machine . . . Some people just do those things . . . A great big congratulation goes to Mary McManus, for she won the D.A.R. Good Citzenship Medal, and she deserved to win! . . . Barbara Heard had a little difficulty when she was supposed to give a three-minute talk in French . . . We don't blame her! . . . Jean Sullivan has had fainting spells lately . . . We can't tell if she's swooning over someone or if she's just not well . . .You kids have been really wonderful this time! . . . We've had lots of notes . . . .Thanks a bunch! . . . Many of the students in this institution of learning are just dying to use the communication system . . . or is that my imagination running away? . . . Ho, hum! I'm getting tired . . . There must be an end to these notes somewhere . . . Let's see, it's 11:45 P. M., now . . . If I work all night, I might be through by 8:00 A. M. tomorrow morning . . . Oh, well, what's more important? . . . Dottie MacPhee has been very helpful; she's given us about half of the notes here . . . Anne Kirkorian is simply crazy about a muscle-bound blonde by the name of Gene . . . . Rosemarie Hogan is telling tales "in school" of her mysterious lover . . . Judy Saraiva and Beatrice Kastant do not go steady anymore, so the line forms to the right, boys . . . Francis Tobin has been losing money lately; maybe he's salting it away . . . Jackie Smith waits at her door every time the mail man comes . . . She thinks "George" is wrapped up in one of those packages in the mail man's pack . . . Ray Nicoletta's jalopy is celebrating its one hundredth anniversary . . . Maybe it's the two hundredth anniversary! . . . Betty Regan is a quiet girl, but as the old saying goes, "Watch out for the quiet ones!" . . . Boy, they tell us Betty Conlon has luscious clothes . . . Even though it's a little late, we're still talking about ice skating, and in reference to skating, a little bird told us that Bobby Cormier is a terrific skater! . . . They tell us there were some pretty cozy parties during the February vacation . . . Barbara Cabral is sporting a luscious new watch which was given her by some nice kid by the name of "Micky" . . . Mary Collins has been roaming around the corridors in search of a certain "J.D." . . . Michael Trodden loves his sixth period class . . . It seems that he has very nice company around him . . , They're calling Michael Rosa "Sir Walter Raleigh" because he was "gallant" enough to pick Judy Saraiva up after she fell on the floor of the boy's lunchroom . . . .Newton Jones is mad about some Sophomore . . . Noone told us who she is, though . . . Joe Collins is very worried about any notes that might be in this edition of the *Spotlight* . . . Have no fear, Joe, 'cause we censor the notes before we send them to the printer . . . By the way, this column is not supposed to be a scandal sheet; it's just news of Cantabrigians and what they're doing . . . Mind you, we're not scolding, but just giving a friendly reminder . . . While we're on the subject, we might as well tell you that the last names should be given in the notes. Ann Citino sounds just like Doris Day . . . Speaking of people who look like stars, Patricia Brine looks just like Movie star Virginia Giberson . . . We've found a new name for Louise Kasabian . . . It's "Light fingers" because she breaks her typewriter every time she touches it . . . Gerry Cummings has been seen with Ray (we wonder who) . . . Anne Kregorian is a true wrestling fan; she never misses a match . . . Jackie Shepherd sees quite a lot of Bob Crocker . . . Congratulations go to Mary McManus and Pat Grimes for their performance in the Silver Skates Derby . . . "Jedermann" is wondering what's written on the back of Mary Allen's "I.D." bracelet . . . Annette Scotti is quite interested in room 235 . . . 'Nuff said . . . Those "Fruit-Boots" are becoming quite a fad! . . . Peter Culhane is the only boy we know who can get himself in so much trouble so easily . . . Why has Bernie McCusker been in seclusion? . . . It must be because of the threats she's been receiving . . . The Junior Prom Committee has been working very hard to make the Prom a most successful one . . . Good luck, kids! . . . That's a nice baseball Mary McManus wears around her neck . . . It's not a real one, you know, it's a little gold one . . . Texie Scott's new haircut is George! . . . The Music Revue, sponsored by the CHLS Glee Club was simply "terrific" . . . That snowman, Eleanor Gomes was the cutest snowman (oops! Snowgirl, we mean) that we've ever seen! . . . Our "Alma Mater" is well represented at the "Unie"; as a matter of fact, it practically owns the place . . . Nancy Valerio plans to be a big business "exec" . . . She's going to Katie Gibbs' Secretarial School . . . Paul Keenan is the celebrated wit of 304 . . . Has anyone seen Lorraine Abitabile piloting an airplane lately? . . . If you have, it's only because you're dreaming . . . Get what I mean, Lorraine? . . If you want to see a real

good race, buy your tickets for the race between Gerard Goodhue and Barbara Jennings from Jean Sullivan who is also going to push Barb Jennings' car . . . . Incidentally, the contest takes place at the Bedford Airport, but no definite date has been set, yet . . . Shades of Shakespeare, I'm running out of ideas! . . . Have no fear, I'm racking my brains(?) . . . Sorry, kids; my brains are out to, "Midnight Snack" (Ha! Ha! We fooled you . . . You thought they were out to lunch! Ho! Ho! That's rich!) . . . Remember, keep the notes coming, and don't forget to put last names in the notes . . . Now, until next time — Finis! . . . See you in the spring if we can get through the mattress!

Mary Rose Sheehan '52
Barbara Jennings '52

FRESHMAN NOTES

HAVEN'T we met somewhere before? We didn't realize two months could slip by so quickly. It's SPRING! Doesn't that do something to you? Spring fever? 101 advises you not to decorate the walls with pencil marks, especially if you are suffering from acute attack of spring fever, since some of their members have faced the consequences of taking soap and water to scrub the walls.

Two more have been added to the 8:29 express, Ella and Joan M. Welcome to elite society, girls! Walking down the corridor to classes is Nancy R! Where did you pick up that gait? Oh, no! There goes 121's Marcia out for a drink again from Period I! Attention! 101 has a new girl student formerly from Orange, Mass.! What a peach! (joke). Why is Diana Stevens so quiet lately? Returning after a short trip to the moon is Richard G. Glad to see you again here on Earth.

It seems someone in 101 cut off his curls after the last issue of the REVIEW. Was it David Curtis? Ouch! People have been inquiring why Paul Wasserman wears his so-called shirt to school. They are referred to as "loud pajams"! On the contrary, Barbara Beverly and Ella Marsh have received compliments on their coasterrette sweaters. (What are they?)

Yvonne Bradburg is otherwise known as "Peroxide." We're sorry to hear that M. A. bruised her legs from skating. Live and Learn! Barbara Stone and Janet Stefanelli seem to have better luck. They've been seen at the Co-Ed Skating Club after taking diplomas which make them members of the "Figure 8 Dance Roller Skating Club." Did you ever see Mary M. there? Have you seen Kay in her sweet blue suit yet? Why is a certain boy in 108 afraid to wear a bow-tie? Buck up! Consider the consequences of wearing a regular tie; someone might strangle you! Donald Tank stays on the honor roll while apparently not doing much about it — a mark of genius you know! The recess recreation of 101 boys is chess. Anyone in the chess club?

We have some traitors in our midst! Take Janet S. and Mary Jane Campbell, for instance. However, Maureen Mockler remains ever faithful to C.H.L.S. Who turned on the gas this time? (Short for, "How's the flame?")

Talent ran wild the night of the Music Review. Gosh! Are those Freshmen in the choruses! Barbara Fascher has a gorgeous voice, hasn't she?

Overheard in the corridor "Then she said to learn the vocabulary and study the next two pages, and for homework . . ."

Which reminds us — despite Spring, we go back to the books again. Stick around, and read on though! See you next issue! Many thanks to the Frosh who contributed to this column.

Sylvia Ch'en '54
Phyllis Penney '53

JUNIOR HONOR ROLL
Second Marking Period 1951-1952

Ackerman, Marcy
Altshuler, Harry
Barrell, Ann
Blank, Roseline
Boyle, Bernadette
Bunai, Nancy
Dewar, Arthur
Douglass, Richard
Eldridge, Frances
Estrella, John
Farrell, Claire
Firchow, Christina
Flaherty, William
Forrest, Norine
Galt, Jean
Gee, James
Giffen, Judith
Gil, Dorothy
Gnerre, Louis
Hanafin, Marie
Heard, Barbara
Higgins, Peter
Jackson, Villaroy
Jenkins, Phyllis
Kassabian, Louise
Keating, Geraldine
Keith, K. Barbara
Klein, Carol
Ku, Walter
Ladner, Edith
Lee, Jean
Leonardos, Gregory
Lexth, Beverly
Lord, Margaret
Lorris, Paul
Lyons, Elizabeth
MacDonald, Joyce
Martin, Charles
Martinos, Anastasia
McAdoo, Theresa
McCabe, Richard
McKinley, LaVerne
McMahon, Edward
Murphy, Gerald
Murphy, Martha
Nelson, Joan
Olson, Roger
O'Neil, Robert
Penney, Phyllis
Pfeufer, Joachim
Power, Jane
Rice, Priscilla
Ring, Audrey
Rourke, Anna
Sanderson, Richard
Santoro, Joy
Scully, Dorothea
Shain, Richard
Spellman, Marjorie
Tahmoush, Frank
Vitale, Florence
Ware, Josephine
Wolfe, Lorraine
Wong, Dorothy
Wong, Jean
Yona, Eva
Zukas, Dorothy

WHAT MAKES A GOOD LIAR

THEORETICALLY, I suppose, the "good" liar cannot exist. However, in this context I am referring to the person who lies successfully and convincingly. I shall not accuse myself of speaking from experience; as a matter of fact, I have a friend well versed in the usages of the "household lie" who expounded to me these rules which I have set down here.

A liar's best tools are an innocent expression and a straightforward look about the eyes. A beginner is likely to shift his eyes guiltily. This very shifting of the eyes, says Cicero, testified more to the crimes of the Catilinarian conspirators than did the evidence brought against them.

The difficulties for a beginner are numerous. The expression of innocence is hard to assume at the right moment, although small children seem to be able to do it (lying really should be started young). However, there are certain other tricks that he may fall back on. He may, for instance, shout his lie from another room or down the laundry chute or during the vacuum cleaning. The psychology of all this is that the other person will have such a hard time hearing it that he won't question its truth. If all escape is cut off, he can pretend to be preoccupied with something; reading a book (particularly a large one with small print), examining thoughtfully the sole of his shoe or trying to solve a math problem. (a hard one containing Pythagorean formulas and binomial expansion). While he tells his lie, he must mix in remarks and exclamations about what he is doing.

For the more experienced, my friend continued, a manner of shocked surprise or of outraged righteousness can be convincing. The amateur is likely to overdo these and give himself away ("the lady doth protest too much"). An important maxim for the really serious student is "Either keep as close to the truth or as far away from it as possible." Those who stick to the middle course usually end in failure. My friend reminds me also that truth in details makes people forget that the essential point is not true; that different styles of lying are needed for different purposes and that it is a great deal more difficult to get out of something with a lie than to start off with one because people are more inclined to suspect it. He ended by remarking rather proudly "A person who is not extremely clever and imaginative cannot afford to get inextricably wound up in lies."

Anne Birch '52

POSSESSIONS I HAVE CHERISHED

LIKE most women and girls, I am what you might call a sentimentalist. I have in my possession many odds and ends that I have cherished through the past few years. Naturally, some of my cherished possessions have been lost, too. Some of these items I still treasure.

I can remember that when I was about ten years old, I received a baby kitten from a neighbor. How I adored that cat! We named her Tippy, why I don't know, but her name stayed with her, never even slightly changed. I had Tippy for about three years. During that time I doubt that she ever scratched one small member of my family though her tail was pulled many thousands of times. However, Tippy, my mother decided, could not remain with us any longer because we couldn't get rid of her third brood of kittens which she carefully watched over in the baby carriage. Soon, although it broke my heart, we gave her and her kittens to a farmer. I have never seen them since.

About three years ago, I became an avid baseball fan. This new interest brought me another cherished possession, my baseball scrapbook. During that year I *had* to buy every sports magazine on the news stands, listen to or attend every game, and hang pennants and pictures all over my bedroom walls. I kept in my treasured scrapbook pictures of all the players and their autographs. If anyone had touched that prize collection, something drastic would have happened to him. However, this once treasured possession has ceased to hold interest for me.

About the most treasured possession I have ever had and still do have is my dog. He was given to me by my uncle. Caring for him is simple because he has a great deal of pride in his appearance. He is a wonderful animal and a most affectionate one, too. It is amusing to see how he loves to get attention. Once a person starts to pat him, he will not allow him to stop; instead he pushes against his hand or against his arm to let him know that he is not to stop.

All these and many more possessions I have held dear for several years. They have given me many happy memories which I shall always cherish.

Anne Barrell '53

1952

"WHAT does 1952 hold in store for the world?" As the final minutes of 1951 were ticking by, that one question repeated itself over and over again in the hearts of people throughout the world. To the lonely soldier on guard duty in Korea, that question meant, "Shall I be home with my family and friends once and for all, or will this enmity among the nations of the world continue to grow until there is an all-out war?" Even amid the din of New Year's celebrations at home, where peace prevailed, the

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question was, "Shall I be here among my friends throughout the year, or shall I be separated from them soon — perhaps forever?"

However, no matter how often we ask ourselves the question, we can find no answer for it. Two months of the New Year have already passed by, and still, there is no sign of peace. Oh yes, the negotiations continue, but what is decided? Nothing! How then are we to know what we can do to bring about a world peace in this year? One so-called authority tells us that we must fight until the finish; another tells us that we must win the confidence of the world by kindness and truth. But who can tell us what he means by truth? No one! There doesn't seem to be an answer. There's not a single man who can tell us exactly what to do.

It is true that no one man can advise us, but there is One whom we call Almighty God, Who knows what must be done. Perhaps, then, we should resolve to make Him our authority in 1952. After all, it is upon God that our destiny in this year and in every year depends. God and only God can make this a successful year.

We must follow the example of one of our greatest statesmen, Benjamin Franklin, in a time of crisis. When the delegates of the states were unable to agree on the final form of the Constitution, the aged Franklin arose in assembly and advised them to turn to God for a solution of their difficulties and their wrangling. They took his advice, proclaimed a period of prayer, and then signed the great Constitution. In our own day there is but one solution to our problem; we must ask God's intercession, and look to Him for peace in 1952.

Mary Rose Sheehan '52

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Ch'en, Sylvia
Christopher, Catherine
Christopher, Stella
Cooke, Charles
Correia, Mary
Cushman, Catherine
Dainis, Charlotte
DeAngelis, Anna
Dillanno, Lorraine
Dimitro, Marilyn
Dobrisky, Frances
Dolson, Paul
Fillion, David
Forrest, Joan A.
Giunta, John
Grossman, Marvin
Halberstadt, Jerome
Hanzis, Mary
Hazlett, Joanne
Hebert, Geraldine
Higonnet, Patrick
Hikes, Mary
MacKinnon, Donald
Magliozzi, Thomas
Mahoney, Helen
Mahoney, Marie
McAleavey, Eileen
McDermott, Eleanor
Medeiros, Manuel
Melim, John
Menzies, Elizabeth
Miller, Marilyn
Naughton, Frances
Nicholson, Florence
Paone, Dorothy
Picioconi, John
Rainho, Mary
Ray, Geraldine
Riminiscenza, Rosemarie
Saulnier, Arthenise
Snyder, Frances
Soper, Dorothy
Souza, Caroline
Sullivan, Claire
Sullivan, Nancy
Szupel, Stephanie
Terzian, Annette
Travers, Lillian
Vasil, Frances
Villemarie, Sheila
Walsh, Lorraine
Wissenback, Nancy
Zanus, Richard

SATURDAY MORNING ON OUR STREET

THE slamming of a door, the sharp crack of a cap pistol, and the cry of a fallen warrior are the familiar sounds that herald a spring-like Saturday on our street. As a result of these noises I wake, grumble a few words, then turn over to try to sleep again as below my window the strenuously fought battle rages on. Finally, after admitting defeat, I roll back the covers, spring from my bed, and proceed to dress myself, putting aside for another Saturday the long-awaited sleep I had been dreaming about every school morning. The clock on the wall tells me that it is five minutes of nine. The power of sleep, not yet gone, induces me to sink into the comfortable chair before the window. Strangely enough, the once hard-fought battle has ceased down there, and all that can be heard is the chirping of lively birds hopping from branch to fence and from fence to wire, bathing in the warm rays of the sun.

Who is that man up the street cutting his lawn so early in the morning? Why, it is Mr. Dolan, retired fireman and neighborhood handyman cutting not his own lawn but as usual that of a friend. He is accompanied by his ever-present dog, Mitzie, who sits like a queen on her newly mown carpet surveying, with an expert eye and a cocked head the words of her ingenious master. If you are interested, Mr. Dolan's rates are extremely reasonable.

The woman employing Mr. Dolan is working feverishly on her porch, beating and shaking rugs twice her own size. Mrs. Eddleton resembles a bird entering and leaving a nest as she hops in and out through the open door, completely enveloped in rugs. This year as every year, she is the first person in the neighborhood to begin spring cleaning. Continually on the move herself, she reprimands Mr. Dolan in the spare moments of her activity, for not quickening his pace, since he is being paid by the hour. Unfortunately for Mrs. Eddleton, she is public enemy number one of the lively children who awakened me this morning, the reason being that the print of feet on her lawn is prohibited, since she keeps her residence like a palatial mansion.

At this point I am startled out of a morning trance by my mother's shrill voice, which reminds me that I must join my friends, Mr. Dolan and Mrs. Eddleton, in doing my share of the world's work.

John Scannell '52

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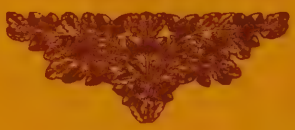

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Published four times a year: November, January, March and May.

Terms: $1.00 per year; 25 cents a single copy.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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EDITORIALS

NOT too far distant from our western coast is Japan, during World War II our enemy, now once again, a sovereign nation. What effects will this longed-for independence have on this island in the future?

At the time of the signing of the peace treaty, on April 28, the U. S. and Japan also signed a security pact to the effect that U. S. military forces would be stationed in Japan until the threat of Communism on the island vanished. The necessity of this pact was brought to light only two days later when Communist stooges staged a riot. Most likely, this affair was due to the perturbation of Russia which had not been a party to the peace treaty. In fact, as proof of her ire, the Soviet immediately alluded to a treaty, signed between Russia and the Chinese People's Republic which made the U. S. and Japan technically subject to "military sanctions." In other words, these two parties would deal with any nation that united with Japan in acts of aggression. Thus, we can assume that Japan faces the tremendous problem of averting the Communist influence that is bound to infiltrate into the country from Russia and China.

But, Japan must also solve the difficulties of her increasing economical problems: the food shortage being the major issue. Her rising status as a commercial nation has helped to bring some food into the country; however, the industrialists of the U. S. and Great Britain are complaining of the low prices of Japan's goods which they receive. Undoubtedly, this situation will be settled by standardizing the world trade market; in that event, Japan will lose the meager income she is now getting.

Yet, despite all the drawbacks, Japan has the courage to struggle along as an independent nation. Her government is eager to lead the country to its former position as a world power. If this Japan continues to rebuild her reputation, there will soon be another nation to combat Communist aggression throughout the world.

D. J.

VERY often, I have met people who have a defeatist attitude about any proposition they undertake, whether they realize it or not. They seem to feel that not much progress will be made, so why try? Take, for example, the boy who had a desire to win an oral contest. When the crucial moment arrived, he suddenly developed an inferiority complex, and consequently produced a poor showing. The boy obviously did not have determination enough to carry through his wish. How did this happen?

It is surprising how the state of mind can affect one's morale. When entering into any kind of competition or challenge, it is a genuine test to know if you believe that you are doing your best. At this point, carefulness is imperative. Once you have embarked upon a mission, however, the barriers which formerly loomed above you seem to diminish into nothing. It is the resolution that all will go well which has spurred on most of today's leading figures.

Doris Hart is a shining example of courage and determination. Handicapped by infantile paralysis, she rose to become one of the top tennis players in the world. She could never have achieved this success unless she had firmly resolved to reach her ultimate goal.

On the other hand, do not be overly-confident, as complacency may spell disaster if adverse results occur. The shock and surprise of defeat may leave a mark for many following years.

Also, there should be no job half-done. Once you have made up your mind to accomplish something, cling to your judgment. Whether it's washing the dishes or winning a contest, you should have a "yes" picture in your mind. It is comically stated that some large business managers have "yes" men; these individuals act as a morale booster so that the said business tycoon will have confidence in himself. Instead of hiring a "yes" man, be your own. There is no greater satisfaction in the world than the knowledge that you have completed a task to the best of your ability.

S. C.

THIS year the REVIEW Staff is printing only the names of those *Seniors* who made honors in the annual English prize essay contest. The winner, whose essay appears below, is Anne Birch. Those who won honorable mention are Beverly Bunnin, Peter Downs, Richard Goldberg, Virginia Hamilton, Barbara Jennings, Muriel Nissen, John Petrulis, David Shea.

IDEAS ABOUT STUDENTS

PERHAPS I had better set out by explaining what I understand by the word "student." To me, a "student" is a person who seriously studies, not just a person enrolled in an institution of learning. Too often, I fear, the latter is very far from being a "student." On the other hand, my "student" need never have been to school at all. Many a farm boy with only a meagre school education is a serious student of nature and, no doubt, understands it far better than those of us who only read about it in books. Probably a

person of this kind develops a far more realistic attitude toward life.

Sometimes, it does seem that the things that are actually around us are neglected for books. Most people at school do too little experimentation of their own, and accept blindly what is printed on a page without examining the truth of a statement. Of course, there are times when this is just as well. For instance, we believe that a murderer might feel exactly the way Rodion Raskolnikov in "Crime and Punishment" felt. Personally, I am quite sure of it, and the book is great because the truth of his feelings is commonly accepted. In a case like this, I do not suggest that we should all seize axes and murder a few of the more objectionable people of our acquaintance. Not even the most serious student of psychology would propose this.

This is an extreme case. However, it seems rather ironic for a person to go into raptures about a poetic sunrise, if he has never bothered to see a real one. Poets don't write for people like that. If they can be said to write for anyone, it is for the people who have similarly sensitive natures but who perhaps are not creative or artistic enough to express their own reactions.

I wonder whether people become too dependent on imaginary characters for an interesting life. As far as becoming overly dependent on imaginary characters is concerned, most people probably do not unless they are extremely imaginative or very young.

One criticism of radio and television is that a person becomes too dependent on them for amusement. I do not believe that this same criticism can be made about books, for, although they are often amusing, if they have any literary merit at all, one can learn something.

However, to get back to my original point: most people expect others to do all the observing, and receive second hand observations unquestioningly, or to be more concise: people are not encouraged to be real students. This should not be taken as an attack on literature but as an attack on the attitude towards literature. Literature should be used to supplement one's real knowledge, to make one's observations keener. It should not be used as Aristotle was, as an answer to all questions.

The purpose of learning is to gain a knowledge of life, not a knowledge of literature. Literature helps us learn about life. Literature is not the be-all and the end-all but is a stepping stone to knowledge. A real student knows how to use literature for its true purpose; he also knows how to observe and weigh what he finds. Real students are searchers for truth, not smug know-it-alls.

This is not the only aspect of literature. It is, along with other creative arts, a by-product of many cultures. It expresses the ideals, the searchings, and the cravings of many different societies. When literature is all taken together, it constitutes a vast amount of material from which endless knowledge of life may be gained and from which amazing insight into man may be gathered. The student cannot neglect this and other forms of creative expression in his search but he must not fail to observe also or he will have no standard by which to measure the value and truth of what he learns. The greatest men and students of the past have been the searchers. Now, in the Age of Science, a student must use the scientific method which is largely based on observation and deduction of his own, and correct evaluation of the observations of others. Now, more than ever before, it is important not to become stultified.

Anne Birch '52

ON STAGE

"FIFTEEN minutes to go!" — fifteen more minutes! Shouting this, the curtain man went through the dressing rooms which had been empty for a long time. Everyone was already dressed up in his costume and had all the necessary make-up on for the performance and wanted to get limbered up to feel surer of his success. It was warm and drowsy up there, but no one felt sleepy; everywhere busy talking, explaining and exercising went on. It was surprising, how many make-believe bars had been found, at which all different kinds of exercises were practiced. Some were alone, some in couples, taking one another's legs and pulling them into all directions. The ballet mistress was just dancing with a broom across the stage to make sure that there was no glass or the like on the stage. She was followed by a girl who was spreading rosin, so that no one might slip. Suddenly one of the dancers, sobbing and shaking, ran up to the teacher. She had twisted her ankle and was now unable to go on toe, the first time she was to be allowed to perform on toe.

"Eight twenty-nine, — one minute to go," was the news with which the director came on stage. Sudden silence — everyone took the pose for the opening scene. "Mary, do an arabesque, quick — lean front more — knees straight — turn out — hips down — hold it — please! All right, do it like that later. Don't forget, you are dancing for yourself, for your enjoyment — you are the queens of the stage! Good Luck!" After pretending to spit on the floor three times, the director and ballet mistress left.

The beginning of the *Prelude* by Chopin was heard. Everyone concentrated on what would come. Slowly the curtain opened, but showed us dancers nothing except a black hole and the face and arms of the conductor. No one was nervous anymore — we were sylphides, dancing for enjoyment. Everything went along smoothly, no steps forgotten, no timing violated. We all enjoyed dancing, or watching while not needed. Finally the curtain slowly closed again, and stopped the smoothness and calmness.

Exhausted and worn out we left our poses, and happily started to talk about the performance. The director and ballet mistress were delighted. They had spent hours for months rehearsing with us, not even giving themselves free Sundays. During the past two weeks we had spent more than thirty hours at the classroom and on the stage, but the time had been well spent. All felt that they had accomplished something.

Gudrun Vilbig '54

A FAREWELL

THE excitement has left the Red Sox clubhouse; Boston sportswriters are staying up all night in futile attempts to think of something to complain about; little boys' faces are lengthening by the minute in the prospect of life without a baseball idol; Red Sox officials are turning grey as they look for a new gate attraction; yes, New England in general bewails his loss. He is gone, and he left in the way that he came and in the way he added his name to the list of baseball immortals. With a last dramatic home run ended the career of one of America's most remarkable athletes — a career colored by just such drama and just such home runs. Behind him he leaves countless memories in the hearts of the lovers of our national game, countless stories to be retold and exaggerated, countless exploits to be recalled with awe. How he hit .406, how he rebelled against all things traditional in the game including the fans, how he hit home runs at moments of unparalleled drama and importance, how his career was twice cut short by calls to military service, how his greatest disappointment came during the only World Series in which he played when his bat was unaccountably silenced — all these will be remembered by millions, not only now but in generations to come. He was a figure who was destined to be publicized. Nervous and temperamental, he spoke before he thought and his utterances usually made the headlines; but even when he wasn't trying, things seemed to happen to him which begged of themselves for publicity. But he is gone, and leaves untamed; to the last he did not tip his cap or acknowledge his tremendous personal following in any way. Yet on that day, millions, including many more than cared to admit it, sincerely wished Ted Williams, "Happy Landings."

Martha Murphy '53

MUSHROOMS IN THE SKY

SINCE the first test on July 16, 1945 at Alamogordo, New Mexico, twenty-seven atom bombs have been sounded throughout the world, via radio and telegraph. The second and third were definitely the most decisive, one having been dropped on Hiroshima, and the other on Nagasaki, ending the international strife in the Asiatic theater in 1945. From then on, these radio-active missiles have been exploded successively at Bikini, for examination of the effect on ships, at Eniwetok, and at Nevada.

Bomb number twenty-seven exploded on April 22, 1952, with the Army using, for the first time, two thousand troops, crouched in six foot trenches within a four mile radius of "ground zero." Some seconds after a B-50 dropped it, the bomb exploded at a height of three thousand feet, blossoming into a gigantic white mushroom, towering high in the sky above the Nevada sands. Two hundred paratroopers leaped into action after advance teams had checked the radio-activity, joining the troops in seizing an imaginary objective in the proximity of the target of the bomb. There were no casulaties, and the worst the soldiers received was a mouthful of dirt.

Psychologically, however, the engaged combatants did not feel that the bomb was so spectacular as expected, but they were, along with millions of American television set owners, the witnesses of history in the making. The A-bomb tests are part of the defense program, set up to protect the democratic countries of the world.

Sylvia Ch'en '54

FROM THE TOP OF THE HILL

THE cold dawn, which broke over Hill 109 somewhere in Korea, brought with it an ominous silence. To the country-side, and to the men of Baker Company, 1st Marine Division, it was an eerie prelude to the day ahead. The night had borne a strange resemblance to a fourth of July at home, as howitzers had kept up a bombardment of enemy positions until shortly before 23:30. But now it was morning, and the guard quickly roused the men as a cold winter wind swept in across the valley to the north. These "leathernecks" were far different in appearance from those we are accustomed to seeing parading in dress "blues"; these men were bearded, worn, haggard, and torn; they had seen in the past few days the plain, unglamorized face of war.

As they lined up for mess, one thing pervaded all, the American sense of humor. What other people of the world could joke and laugh in an hour as dark as this? While they ate, one of the "brass hats" gave the orders of the day; the men were to dig in and hold the hill at all costs. The rest of the morning was spent in preparation for the expected attack, as orderlies rushed here and there, as all dug to save their lives.

About 13:00 the engagement began with an enemy artillery barrage. The marines huddled in their trenches, some smoking, some staring into space, but all hoping and praying. Occasionally, a piercing whistle was heard, the terrifying forerunner of the explosion of an enemy shell. At this, the men fell on their faces, until they heard that roar which told them their lives were extended at least a few moments more. At length, around 15:30, a tank with a large red star on its side appeared in the valley; the main assault had begun. Soon, over walkie-talkies the command "Fire at will" was given, as the men readied their weapons. The front was now enveloped in the din of battle; the tenseness had worn off; it was now a fight for survival. Slowly, the day wore on; slowly the enemy was repulsed until that ominous silence returned once again to the war weary front.

The men, their work done, still a bit wary of an attack at any moment, slowly began to relax, many sitting quietly alone. I wonder what their thoughts are, as they look from the top of the hill at this day's end.

David Shea '52

MOTHER KNOWS BEST

ALL the years of their lives, children have heard the phrase, "Mother knows best." Whether every child follows this dictum or not, I don't know; however, I do know of certain instances when I disregarded her words, only to wish later I had heeded them.

One day, not too long ago, it was raining slightly when I was preparing to leave my house. Since the forecast threatened more rain, mother warned, "Wear your boots." I was, however, sure that the rain would cease and the sun would come out. Besides, I hate boots! Shortly, minus my boots, I left, only to be caught, about an hour later, in a downpour to end all downpours. Soon danger signals flashed — a few sneezes, a scratchy throat, and runny eyes. This cold kept me home several days. From that experience, I learned to listen to mother's precautions and to believe the weatherman.

Some years ago when I was in the sixth grade, the famed "New Look" came into style. Of course, I wanted all my old skirts lengthened to my ankles, and any new ones at least that long. Mother wouldn't let down my old skirts, saying I was too young to wear clothes that long. However, I wouldn't let anyone shorten a certain brand-new bright blue, flared skirt. A few days later, I wore that new skirt to Harvard Square. As I hung to a strap on the bus, several passengers around me began to titter, then giggle, and finally burst into laughter. Since they were looking toward the floor, I was convinced that they were laughing at my long skirt. It seemed to me hours before I saw that they were laughing at the antics of a small puppy, crouching by his master's feet. This incident converted me. I insisted that skirt be shortened before I wore it again.

For four years while I was in grammar school, I took piano lessons. When it came time to enter long-dreamed about high school, I was certain I couldn't fit practicing into my busy schedule. In vain did mother attempt to talk me into keeping on with my music lessons. I "won out." In spite of having no lessons, I promised I would practice on my own. In this way, I would not waste all the work of the four previous years. For a while, I kept my word; then it became easy to skip regular practice when there was no regular weekly lesson to prepare. Mother and everyone else at home kept warning me, "You'll be sorry when you get a little older. Your sister was, you remember." These Cassandras won no belief from me. Gradually I slid into the position I am in at present. Now that I am barely able to pick out a few of the easier measures of my old pieces, I understand exactly what everyone meant.

Have these experiences really convinced me that mother's word should be heeded early, or do I need further proof? Ask me next week how I fared in entertaining my guest for this week-end. I still haven't gotten around to making plans for tomorrow and the next day despite mother's repeated daily warnings during the last two weeks.

Marjorie Melnick '53

HEIRS OF AGES PAST

BY walking into our house you can see that we are in many ways unfortunate enough to be the heirs of ages past. Hanging from the parlor wall there is the most hideous portrait I have ever seen in my life. It is a portrait of my grandmother's cousin's brother-in-law, Louie, and was painted by his aunt's fourth cousin on the father's side. To make things worse, every friend who comes to the house asks whose portrait it is, and I am forced to tell them, finally, the life history of Louie, which is a stigma on our family because he had the audacity to marry a girl who wore her skirts above her ankles.

Just below and to the right of the picture, in the alcove, is mother's useless piece of junk, which my grandmother would never allow to leave the premises while it held together. This treasure is very precious in that it was salvaged from the ruins of the castle of a great German warrior, whose great uncle had taken it as booty in one of his battles in northern France. Perhaps you understand why we cannot dispose of this piece of junk in the proper manner, but must let it fall apart of its own free will.

The most rickety thing, however, is the most cherished. It is a hand carved china closet which we have placed as far from view as possible. This thing is so old, that you can't open its doors, stamp your feet near it, or bring the vacuum cleaner within five feet of it for fear it will fall to pieces. My mother would never get rid of it, though, because it is the only evidence left in the world that a flame of romance might have flickered in the heart of my great-aunt Suzie, who died an old maid. This was given to her by Billie, the village baker. Maybe if she had received any more gifts, we might have become stockholders in a bakery, but alas, she received nothing else and soon passed away, probably broken-hearted. Perhaps the fact that Billie's brother was a junk man has no bearing on the gift, but the fact remains we are burdened by the china closet, and by these other heirlooms.

Richard Douglass '53

THE BACK YARD BY MOONLIGHT

EARLY in June, when the air is little more than ruffled by a soft, summer breeze and lilacs, not completely purpled into maturity, give off their peculiar wood-sweet fragrance, moonlight, when viewed from my back piazza, softens and silvers the yard in a most enchanting fashion. Then the

"Daisies pied, and violets blue
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue . . ."

turn milky-white in color and are half-blurred and half-distorted like an oil painting viewed too closely. A puddle of rain water, which save for the dampness of the ground is the only reminder of the afternoon's sun-shower, vaguely catches the light of the crescent moon upon its surface. Even a puddle proves that

"Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair."

But the moon also grossly exaggerates: the gnarled, dark limbs of a decaying tree are the grotesquely distorted features of the myriad Harpies who inhabited my childish phantasmagorias; my sister's discarded doll, as it sits astraddle a sand pail, suggests Irving's "headless horseman" careening wildly along the moon-bright path.

The unshattered silence of the back yard at night is somewhat disturbing and infinitely sad. Whither are fled the pig-tailed lassies whose nimble legs scorned their jump rope? Where are the mischievous boys who pulled their braids and tied the girls with their own rope? Now the clothes-line sags lifeless and empty, but this morning it was weighted down with blue-white sheets and towels, flapping like a scarecrow's arms. The same cold and frustrating feeling grips me, now, in the moon-flooded yard, as I felt when I first read "The paths of glory lead but to the grave"; and pondering this line and the thought it provokes, I am lost in my desultory reverie until my mother's voice warns me that the air is chill. I, when the very air seemed heavy and still and gloomy, found myself thinking heavy and gloomy thoughts and was not greatly disturbed at being interrupted.

Moonlight, say I, consciously shifting the trend of my thought, is the powder earth applies to her face to cover the blemishes. It beautifies, stimulates the imagination, and vaguely, intangibly, but assuredly produces depth of feeling; these three attributes may be applied to a powerful piece of music, (Beethoven's particularly), or a lovely work of art of any type, but the greatest Artist's hands, alone, could convert the dull brownness of my back yard into a pearled and shadowed fairyland. And so, breathing the fresh lilacs, dipping a finger rather circumspectly into the beam silvered puddle, and taking a long, last look at the silhouette of a sleek cat's form on the wooden fence, I turn and walk slowly inside . . . moonstruck!

Beverly D. Bunnin '52

THE 1952 JUNIOR PRESS SEMINAR ON WORLD AFFAIRS

ON April 17 some 1000 secondary school newspaper editors crowded the Browne and Nichols Gymnasium to hear Senators Robert A. Taft and Estes Kefauver, and Congressman Christian Herter, spokesman for General Eisenhower. Co-hosts to the students were the *Boston Globe,* the United Council on World Affairs, and Browne and Nichols School.

Moderator for the program was Mrs. Vera Micheles Dean, research director of the American Foreign Policy Association, a non-partisan organization. "The essential objective of the American Foreign Policy Association is *to be objective,*" Mrs. Dean soon stated. We students, however, even in the face of such noble pronouncements, could foresee no appreciable decline in the spirit of partisanship which had overhung the gymnasium from the very start of the conference. At any rate we came to hear "men with bark on," not mollycoddles.

Congressman Herter was introduced as a man expert in foreign affairs and as a most impressive representative of the Eisenhower camp. He had done relief work after World War I, had been in Congress since 1943 and, incidentally, is running as a strong candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor of Massachusetts. From the outset he made his role explicit. He would answer no questions which he felt Eisenhower himself could not wholly answer; he would speak only in "Ike's" behalf.

Eisenhower's program as interpreted by Herter is this: 1) we should work within the U. N. and within any promising regional system such as the Atlantic Pact in order that we may achieve collective security and 2) we should bolster our foreign policy through wholehearted economic cooperation at home without jeopardizing our own economy.

Senator Taft, in like fashion, came out with a two-fold program. He emphasized 1) the maintenance of the liberty of the American people and 2) the maintenance of the peace of the American people. He pointed out the false ideology of Communism which denies religion, freedom, honor — everything that is good in American life. With characteristic straightforwardness he itemized the failures of our present foreign policy. It is true that Senator Taft did not take such a clear stand on so many issues during the discussion period, but his unquestionable sincerity more than made up for his lack of ease.

Senator Kefauver, when his turn came dwelt on the mistakes we made between World Wars I and II. He is set on a steadfast support of the U. N. and on an avoidance of the smug "we're always right" policy.

The question and answer period, marked by great student enthusiasm, gave each speaker a chance to bring his views more to the fore. In many cases the questions as well as the answers proved enlightening. Senator Taft remarked that many of the student groups which he faced came up with some of the most intelligent and most embarrassing questions ever put to him. Although the speakers were at no time together on the same platform, I shall put them there in order to give a better sampling of the student-speaker give-and-take.

Question: Should we have a military man in the White House?

HERTER: Eisenhower solved many political difficulties in North Africa in the early part of World War II. He was given command of "operation OVERLORD" because of his ability to work effectively with different peoples at different times. More recently he has shown his political acumen before Congressional committees many times. "Ike" is no ordinary soldier; as I say, everything depends on the individual.

Question: Should we criticize administration foreign policy?

HERTER: Eisenhower will not and should not be critical of the administration until he takes off his uniform. I have no doubt he will then remove the "kid-gloves."

TAFT: I can't understand why some responsible Americans think that foreign policy is untouchable. It is no more sacred than the mink coats and the deep-freezers.

KEFAUVER: Democratic foreign policy has been successful. We have built up areas of strength all around the world. I think it would be a catastrophe for this nation if a Republican should be elected to high office. His election would mean a complete reversal of all the good things we Democrats have done for the past twenty years.

HERTER: Foreign policy must be flexible. Eisenhower will, to some extent, carry on the purposes of our present policy. He will make only good changes and will eliminate all failures. What is more important, he will have a mandate of *all* the people.

Question: Do Eisenhower's policies coincide with those of General MacArthur?

HERTER: Why not? Both feel that we must protect both Europe and Asia.

TAFT: I'm in complete agreement, you may say, with General MacArthur. If we had fought an all-out war in Korea, if we had listened to General MacArthur instead of the bunglers in the State Department, if we had supported our boys who were valiantly fighting *to win,* we would

not now have a stalemate in Korea. Now I'm for an armistice in Korea because we lack the airpower that's so vital for an extended war.

Question: What about the terrible spending we are now witnessing?

TAFT: This will ruin us as a nation.

KEFAUVER: We must have trustworthy allies who will fight for us in a possible World War III.

TAFT: Don't we have that now? Anyway, you can't buy allies.

HERTER: I'm a Republican, but I admit that we must spend $65 billion in preparation for war.

Question: Well then, should we not give economic aid to some of these countries, such as India, purely for humanitarian reasons?

TAFT: It's unwise to give economic assistance to foreign countries because you just can't raise the living standard of other people. We should better use this money to help our own people. Once the New Deal spenders decide to finance every country on earth you can't bring them back to their senses. They've given us three world wars and now they want us to provide milk for the Hottentots. The Marshall Plan was supposed to give assistance only to those war-torn countries which were struggling to get back on their feet. Well, they're there now! Now we have to give them more money to produce goods which they can then sell to us to get more of our American dollars. I favor something like Point 4 because it gives technical assistance and shows people how to build up their own resources. The philosophy of liberty cannot be spread through material aid. We have a Central Intelligence Agency which is working to build an underground movement for *liberty* behind the Iron Curtain. Let the philosophy of liberty compete with the philosophy of communism.

Question: The Communists offer bread to the people of the less fortunate countries of the world. We know they do this in order that they may secure a foothold on those countries which they intend to bring under their oppression. Can we not offer both liberty and bread?

TAFT: I can't answer that.

KEFAUVER: We can't feed hungry men with abstract ideas of liberty and democracy. We must first give them nourishment so that they can think. That's why I've supported the concerted attack which we Democrats have made on poverty, ignorance, disease, and their attendant miseries — everywhere in the world. That's why I support a North Atlantic Union.

TAFT: That kind of thinking will ruin us as a nation. Any union with these tricky foreigners, even in the U. N., ties our hands, as was proven by President Truman when he illegally got us into war in Korea. I supported the League of Nations. I'm in favor of a United Nations. Yet, of what good is the U. N. when the veto power kills its effectiveness for deterring agression? I noticed that *justice* isn't even mentioned in the charter. I favor a U. N. based on international law with arbitration tribunals perhaps.

(During the general discussion period Mrs. Dean spoke on the U. N.—Ed.)

MRS. DEAN: The United Nations will never work in perfect harmony unless each nation surrenders a part of its sovereignty. The fault of the U. N. does not lie in its charter. I'm sure that the Covenant on Human Rights promises justice for all, but what is called justice by one nation may not be called justice by another. What has been far more damaging to the U. N. has been the open, repeated violation of the letter and of the spirit of the charter by the Soviet Union.

Through the U. N. we can arouse and mobilize world opinion in defense of peace. The U. N. offers a challenge to Americans; we must realize the interdependence of nations.

Richard T. Goldberg '52

SENIOR HONOR ROLL
Third Marking Period 1951-1952

Ambrose, Marjorie
Azadian, Harry
Baptiste, Evelyn
Benevento, Mary
Bildzok, Paul
Birch, Anne
Boudreau, Francis
Boyajian, Barbara
Brennan, Evon
Bunnin, Beverly
Cabral, Dolores
Chatfield, Constance
Citino, Orlando
Collins, Joseph
Evangelista, Grace
Ferreira, Mary
Finstein, Gerald
Frank, Philip
Goldberg, Richard
Grainger, Elizabeth
Guida, Tina
Hamilton, Virginia
Hurley, Patricia
Hutchings, Muriel
Idelson, Belden
Kanavos, Harold
Kaufman, Roberta
Langley, Rita
Lecesse, Irene
Lindberg, Parker
Lux, Patricia
MacKenzie, Glendora
MacPhee, Dorothy
Marathas, Georgia
Martin, Carole
Medeiros, Paul
Megevich, William
Miano, Mary
Michalchik, Lillian
Nichols, Barbara
Nicholson, Jane
Nissen, Muriel
Noonan, David
Pereira, Gilda
Petrulis, John
Quigley, Thomas
Ray, Mary
Ricci, Lawrence
Ryan, Beverly
Santos, Robert
Savioli, Catherine
Scotti, Rose
Sebastian, Donald
Shea, David
Smith, Arthur
Spera, Ann
Steinfield, Ida
Totty, Gordon
Vartanian, Walter

JUNIOR HONOR ROLL
Third Marking Period 1951-1952

Ackerman, Marcy
Altshuler, Harry
Barrell, Anne
Belleza, June
Blank, Roseline
Boyle, Bernadette
Bunai, Nancy
Collins, Edward
deFreitas, Judith
Douglass, Richard
Eldridge, Frances
Estrella, John
Farrell, Claire
Firchow, Christina
Flaherty, William
Forrest, Norine
Galt, Jean
Giffin, Judith
Gil, Dorothy
Gnerre, Louis
Hanafin, Marie
Heard, Barbara
Hedges, Robert
Jackson, Villaroy
Jenkins, Phyllis
Jordan, Donna M.
Kassabian, Louise
Keating, Geraldine
Keith, K. Barbara
Klein, Carol
Kolb, John
Ladner, Edith
Lee, Jean
Leonardos, Gregory
Lexth, Beverly
Lorris, Paul
Lord, Margaret
Lyons, Elizabeth
MacDonald, Joyce
Martens, Reinhard
Martin, Charles
Martinos, Anastasia
Mattos, Lorraine
McAdoo, Theresa
McCabe, Richard
McLaughlin, Barbara
McMahon, Edward
Mercer, Florence
Millen, Miriam
Murphy, Gerald
Murphy, Martha
Nelson, Joan
Olson, Roger
Penney, Phyllis
Power, Jane
Rice, Priscilla
Rourke, Anna
Sanderson, Richard
Santoro, Josephine
Scully, Dorothea
Shain, Richard
Spellman, Marjorie
Stauff, Marilyn
Tahmoush, Frank
Velonides, Joanne
Vitale, Florence
Williams, Marion
Wolfe, Lorraine
Wong, Dorothy
Yona, Eva
Zukas, Dorothy

SOPHOMORE HONOR ROLL
Third Marking Period 1951-1952

Badoian, Marian
Bannatt, Theresa
Beal, Linda
Bergantino, Thomas
Bernardini, Marion
Birch, Francis
Bonina, Charles
Bossman, Sylvia
Brine, Patricia
Cabral, Beverly
Candow, Betty
Carroll, Dorothy
Carroll, Madeleine
Cerrato, Anna
Ch'en, Sylvia
Christopher, Stella
Cooke, Charles
Correira, Mary
DeAngelis, Anne
DiGiacomo, Barbara
Dimitro, Marilyn
Dobrisky, Frances
Fillion, David
Forrest, Joan
Guinta, John
Halberstadt, Jerome
Hanzis, Mary
Hebert, Geraldine
Higonnet, Patrick
Hikes, Mary
Luchinskis, Blanche
MacKinnon, Donald
Magliozzi, Thomas
Mahoney, Marie
Martins, Belmira
McAleavy, Eileen
McDermott, Eleanor
Medeiros, Manuel
Menzies, Elizabeth
Miller, Marilyn
Naughton, Frances
Nicholson, Florence
O'Brien, Marie
Paone, Dorothy
Potter, Virginia
Rainho, Mary
Ray, Geraldine
Regan, Bette
Riminiscinza, Rosemarie
Rogert, Jean
Rowe, Charles
Saulnier, Arthenise
Scotti, Annette
Snyder, Frances
Soper, Dorothy
Souza, Caroline
Stewart, Barbara
Sullivan, Clair
Sullivan, Nancy
Szupel, Stephanie
Travers, Lillian
Terzian, Annette
Vasil, Frances
Villemarie, Sheila
Walsh, Lorraine
Wissenback, Nancy
Wyman, Barbara
Yanus, Richard

FRESHMAN HONOR ROLL
Third Marking Period 1951-1952

Alderman, Carol
Alexander, Harold
Allen, Glenn
Allosso, Nancy
Athanas, Philip
Barry, Dorothy
Bibeau, Theodore
Cabral, Alice
Camelio, Carolyn
Campbell, Mary Jane
Canario, Ethel
Cappucci, Cynthia
Carroll, Sylvia
Chanitsky, Arlene
Chapman, Claire
Chaulk, Joan
Ciccolo, Josephine
Cincotta, Mary
Clark, Roger
Collozzi, Louise
Cowan, Jean
Cronin, Jean
Dahl, Patricia
Daley, Mary
Dall, Nancy
Economou, Helen
Eubanks, Esther
Firchow, Peter
Flanagan, Philip
Giffen, Janet
Grover, Fred
Harding, Germaine
Hazard, Leonora
Hensley, Joan
Hichum, Sonia
Hoey, Robert
Jaquith, Lawrence
Jasper, Katherine
Korb, Carol
Ku, Johnson
Levenson, Isabel
Macaro, Freida
Mari, Rosalie
McDonald, Catherine
McGorty, Mary
Michelson, Robert
Mockler, Maureen
Monteiro, Joan
Morris, Eleanor
Murphy, Barbara
Nauen, Franz
Nicoli, Dolores
Nicoli, Gerald
Nicoloro, Dorothy
Ogden, David
Panzino, Jean
Paul, Dorothy
Rosenberg, Gerald
Rosenberg, Ruth
Salvato, Connie
Sears, Amelia
Schuler, Thomas
Silva, Ladia
Solomons, Gustave
Stevenson, Marilyn
Stone, Barbara
Tahmoush, Laurice
Tank, Donald
Temple, Joan
Turpin, Eleanor
Ugolini, Virginia
Voto, Frances
Ward, Rita

FRESHMEN NOTES

GREETINGS: Heavens, it doesn't seem possible but here I am writing out the last column of notes for you. Next year you will be Sophomores and not the least bit interested in Freshman doings around dear, old Latin. But on to the news you've been dying to read.

A personal question is directed to Paul White. How do you enjoy being the only boy in your English class? Here's an original nickname, "Brillo." That monicker belongs to Mary Jane Bush. What's this I hear about some boys planning to leave school to join the boy scouts? Did any one happen to notice a "little girl" wandering around the building? She's our Katie Jasper. She is captain of the volley ball team and on the gym honor group. Some other members of that group are Jean Houston, Liz Houlihan, Judy Haskell and Wanda Henderson. Congratulations, girls, and to the other Misses whose names I know not. Al Sullivan supplies all the comedy in 108. Room 107 proudly boasts of having contributed four players to the baseball team. They are Bob Iannazzi, Bruce Herron, Robert Haley, and Fred Grover. Beverly Nelson has made the Senior Glee Club. Everyone wants to know what's wrong with Yvonne Bradbury. She's so quiet lately! Are you feeling ill, child? Who invented Shireen Sneider's new nickname of "Shortstop"? I've been told that Ronnie McGinnity is the most camera-shy boy in the Freshman class. Laurie Donovan's second home is the Boston Skating Club. Did you know that cuckoo clocks annoy Rickie C.? There is a young lady in 124 who hates to wear shoes. This is her last notice. To Franny Murphy, everyone is either "Sam" or "Clem". That is quite a bracelet that Barbara Corcoran is wearing on her left wrist constantly. Lucky Sandy Erickson did a lot of traveling during vacation, taking in New York, Pennsylvania, Washington, Florida and California. A bouquet to the Freshmen members of the Music Review cast. Their help was appreciated by all who attended the show. Marlene Jackson's nickname is "Mama". Amelia Sears was in the Sport's Night Chorus. Gayle Flynn has been sporting a ring. My, these girls start young! There are threats to break up the sewing circle in 106, consisting of Gayle Flynn, Marcia Foley, Beverly French, and Vera Schubert. A cute couple seen at the Junior Prom was Jane Edwards and Charles Cristi. Guess Spring Fever has Mary Lou Kennedy. She's not as quiet as she used to be. Why doesn't Chuck Bush come to school in stormy weather? If it's your curls you're worried about, may I suggest a Toni? Some girl is continually losing her shorts and blouse in Room 107. Doesn't she miss them? Robert Tanner has such beautiful hair! Some victims of Mr. Kelley's electric chair claim that it has real volts. It's just a figment of your imagination. I know; I've sat in it. Laurice Tamoush hasn't had one mark below 90 so far this year on his report cards. That's wonderful, Larry, and keep up the good work. You won't go unrewarded. Paul Wasserman sure has some snappy shirts. Did you know that Virginia Sheppard and Joanne Chaulk are cousins? Well, they didn't know either until they met on the bus to Newton to play tennis and after talking, discovered their relationship.

That's all the news, fellahs and gals. Next year you'll be reading the *Spotlight.* I'd like to thank the REVIEW representatives from the homerooms for their cooperation. They have helped to make your private column more interesting. Let's give them a cheer. Now I must bid you farewell, but not for long. There's just a wonderful summer between now and our next meeting in the fall. Until then, have fun.

Phyllis Penney '53
Sylvia Chen '54

K.B. REPORT

THE main activities of the K.B. since the last issue of the REVIEW have been in making plans for the K.B.-Dramatic Club Informal, held Friday evening, May 9, at the Cambridge Boat Club. Selling tickets, and making favors and decorations for the dance have kept the girls quite busy.

By the time this edition of the REVIEW is published, the K.B. will have elected its officers for next year. The election will be held in school, but the installation will be held at the home of this year's president.

In conclusion, we would like to thank Miss MacDonald and Miss Schuler for the kind guidance and assistance they have given us during the year. We also wish the newly elected officers much success and happiness in carrying out the activities of the K.B. and to all the members, a wonderful summer vacation!

Mary Rose Sheehan
Barbara Jennings

LATIN HIT PARADE

Eternally .....7th Periods
Whispering .....During A Test
I'll See You in My Dreams .....90's
Dance Me Loose .....G.A.A. Square Dance
At Last .....College Boards Are Over
I'll Always Love You .....2 o'clock Bell
For All We Know ....We May Be Taking a P.G.
Broken-hearted .....That School Is Over

Carol Ryan '52

The Review

REVIEW

Seated (left to right): F. Pilgrim, H. Philbrick, R. LaRiccia, J. Kramer, B. Jennings, D. Joseph, J. Velanides, M. Nissen, S. Ch'en, E. Brennan.

Second Row (left to right): M. Murphy: B. Bunnin, N. Bunai, M. R. Sheehan, L. Michalchik, A. Birch, E. Yona, J. MacKenzie, E. Magalhaes, P. Penny.

Third Row (left to right): J. Armstrong, B. Boyajian, J. Linehan, J. Collins, D. Shea, J. Petrulis, P. Downs, J. Nicholson, C. Ryan, R. Goldberg.

DRAMATIC CLUB

Seated (left to right): M. L. Galvin, J. Kramer, R. Kaufman, G. Hebberd, D. Joseph.
Second Row (left to right): F. Ainsworth, S. Kaufman, J. Santoro, D. Noonan.

Dramatic Club
1951-52

Glee Clubs

GLEE CLUB

Seated (left to right): R. Mercier, V. Burgess, J. Velonides, A. Bowles, E. Gomes, C. Martin, B. Benthale, H. Borelli, B. Cabral, N. Abro, S. Iodice.

Second Row (left to right): B. Cooper, B. Tasher, A. MacAskill, C. Flu, J. Lindstrand, J. Forest, G. Marathas, T. Calendar, J. Robinson, M. Crowley, B. Regan, N. Bunai.

Third Row (left to right): K. D'Arcy, J. Demos, E. Arnold, M. L. Curran, D. McLeod, G. Alexander, E. Fisher, E. Carceo, R. Joaquim, J. Kelly.

Fourth Row (left to right): W. Power, C. Loges, W. Griffin, A. Sparagis, D. Fillion, R. Briand, A. Lambert, F. Palazzo, F. Murphy, R. Sears.

Cheer Leaders

CHEER LEADERS

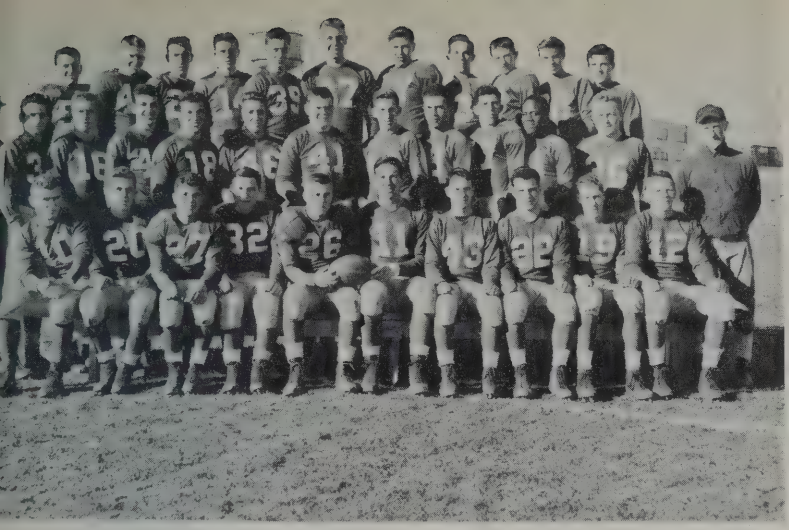
Kneeling (left to right): A. Barrell, N. Gorman, C. Campo.

Standing (left to right): P. Walsh, M. McManus, J. Daley, M. Allen, J. Picciuolo, C. Farmer, B. Rose, A. Mudarri.

happy holidays
from
Jane MacKenzie

CANDID SHOTS AROUND C.H.L.S. BY JERRY HALBURSTARD

Cambridge 11
Belmont 0
R.I.P.
BELMONT
RAOUL SANTOS WENT THE DISTANCE TO CHALK UP HIS FIFTH WIN.
DON RIGAZIO LOOKS LIKE BOW-LEGGED HONUS WAGNER — SOMETIMES HE HITS LIKE HIM TOO — TAKE F'RINSTANCE THAT DOUBLE
ROMANO SLAPPED ONE INTO DEEP CENTER FOR A FOUR BAGGER
BERGANTINO CLOUTED A HOMER INTO LEFT CENTER
C'MON RAOUL, GIVE 'EM THE PURTUGE'E HOOK!
-BUT-
SHUCKS!
I'm Sorry
JIM SCALESE, WHO WAS RUNNING AHEAD OF BERGANTINO, MISSED THIRD AND THUS MADE THE 3RD OUT. THIS SLIP REDUCED THE ROUND TRIP TO A DOUBLE.
RED LINSKY HAD THE BENCH IN STITCHES
Jim Armstrong



Football

FOOTBALL TEAM

Back Row (left to right) J. Anestos, K. Fitzgerald, P. Romano, J. Curran, F. Darcy, R. Kendall, J. Tierney, J. Donnelly, H. Buchanan, J. Dooley, J. Estrella.

Second Row (left to right): J. Whalen (Asst. Coach), J. Scalese, W. White, R. Santos, R. Nicolletta, D. Staffiere, K. Hadley (Capt. Elect), R. Casey, G. Leonardos, J. McCarron, G. Dottin, W. Gardner, J. Reardon (Coach).

Front Row (left to right): J. Daley, J. Hennessey, J. Dermos, An Messeiri, R. Igo (Co-Capt.) A. Kirklys (Co-Capt), W. Troy, F. Phelan, L. Parks, K. Kirk.

VARSITY BASKETBALL TEAM

Front Row (left to right): B. McCusker, P. Hurley, M. McManus, G. Marathas, B. Regan, N. Bunai, J. Giffen, M. Murphy.

Second Row (left to right): Miss Hyde, N. Sullivan, N. Campo, J. Lindstrand, T. Scott, L. Ribeiro, V. Burgess, A. Lecesse, H. Menzies, Miss George.

Third Row, (left to right): E. Arnold, C. McMullen, V. Paynter, L. Michalchik, J. Picciuolo, B. Williams, M. Bernadini, J. Abbott.

Girls' Basketball

Junior Red Cross

RED CROSS

First Row (seated left to right): A. Scotti, M. D'Arcangelo, L. Giampa, C. Martin, M. Lockwood.

Sesond Row (left to right): E. Gentile, L. Durso, M. Layne, E. Gutoski, M. Ferreira, Miss Ward.

HOCKEY

Seated (left to right) A. Messuri, J. Scannell, G. Boudreau, D. Rigazio, P. Brennan, E. Kidston, R. Igo

Second Row (left to right): G. Goodhue, J. Serino, P. Theall, J. Powers, R. Casey, F. Fournier, P. Kelley, Mr. Culhane, Mr. Fraser.

Third Row (left to right): J. Merchant, K. Kirk, R. Curry, J. Dooley, R. McGinnity, D. McCarthy

Hockey

DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

FIRST and foremost is the job done by members of the Dramatic Club in the Massachusetts Drama Festival of which Miss Hartigan was chairman. *The Madwoman of Chaillot,* our play, was given excellent ratings by all judges. The cast did a marvelous job and two members of the cast won acting awards. They were Gael Mahoney, The Madwoman, and Fred Ainsworth, The Ragpicker. Included in the rest of the cast were Renee Mercier, Joan Doherty, Rose Scotti and Joan Temple. Every one is to be congratulated again. Does this make the one hundredth time?

The big event of the year is in May. It is the KB-Dramatic Club Formal which was a terriffic success. It was held at the Cambridge Boat Club and a wonderful time was had by all.

In June sometime we will have our annual Club picnic. Plans have not been made as yet for the picnic but every year we have the time of our lives.

The Liberty Prize Speaking Contest has been entered by Rose Scotti, Fred Ainsworth, Eva Yona, Robert White, Renee Mercier, and Paul Lyons.

Elections will be next, and may the best man win. This really was a very good year for fun and work, but as all good things must come to an end, I'll say goodbye until next year.

Gail Hebberd '53

PLAYBILL

FOR the many classical music lovers in Boston, the climax of each theatrical season is the week-long visit paid us by the Metropolitan Opera Company, otherwise known as the "Met." Although the performances are actually in late April, the many who anticipate them look for the first information about the company's arrival in February because it is then that the repertory and the casts are announced. These announcements never fail to enkindle heated controversy. Last year the consensus of opinion was that the company had failed to bring a large enough percentage of its "first-string" casts, who are among the finest singers in the world and who give the Met its envied position in the international operatic scene. This year however, no one could fairly complain about the singers sent on tour. We got more than our share of not only such established stars as Patrice Munsel, Eleanor Steber, Robert Merrill, Bidu Sayao, Rise Stevens and Leonard Warren, but also some of the sensations of this past New York season, including Richard Tucker (an old stand-by who until now never quite came into his own), Hilde Guedon, the recently returned Zinka Milanov, Roberta Peters, and Boston-trained Mildred Miller. However, in spite of this landslide of talent in our direction, many were dissatisfied with the nine chosen operas. Here, they claimed, were the perennial "warhorses" which have graced Boston stages year in and year out for longer than their welcome would wear. The cold statistics and the warm applause, however, proved the contrary. It appears that with a helping hand from Bizet's *Carmen,* Italian opera still has no peer at an American box office, for in a week sparked by Verdi's *Aida, Rigoletto,* and *Il Trovatore,* Puccini's *La Boheme,* and the heavenly twins, *Cavelleria* and *Pagliacci,* every ticket had been bought in a couple of weeks of mail orders, and the operas mentioned above were the first to sell out. Indeed, these old favorites still reign supreme, and despite the complaining voices, deservedly so. They are dramatic, and have some of the most beautiful and melodic music ever composed. Their highlights are hummed not only by opera lovers, but also by many, especially of the younger generation, who though they scorn opera when called by the particular name, have learned these tunes in school or from popular music programs with different lyrics. However, I personally think there were grounds for protest against the absence of Mozart from the repertory, particularly since the Met revived *Cosi Fan Tutti* with amazing success this year, and I was extremely disappointed in the omission of *Otello,* my favorite of all operas, whose New York revival this winter contained many brilliant moments. By and large, nevertheless, I see no grounds for serious complaint, principally because of the consistently high quality of the performances.

We were treated this year to three of Mr. Bing's celebrated "restudied interpretations" which certainly lived up to their advance notices. The sets were excellent and the costumes dazzling. However, with the exception of *Il Trovatore,* which merited a poor last place in every respect, the scenery and costumes were all adequate and in many places most attractive.

Most important, however, were the acting and singing. The Met should certainly be congratulated on its steady improvement in acting. From the "golden" twenties when its "golden" throats were anchored in one awkward spot by weights even greater than their own frames until now, the change in the quality of Met acting is to be lauded to the skies. The casts generally rose to the occasion and were often very effective. Miss Stevens' Carmen, Leonard Warren's Rigoletto, Bidu Sayao's Manon, Hilde Guedon's Gilda, and many bit parts were not only above reproach but worthy of very high praise. These men and women are singing actors whose interpretations are put across not only by their vocal inflections but by their touching, convincing acting. However, the picture is not yet perfect. One still

regrets Richard Tucker's attitude of stolid disinterest, Madame Welitch's ludricrous Dance of the Seven Veils, Mr. DiStefano's tendency to move the scenery in his impassioned bursts of emotion, and last but not least, the crying need for a complete overhauling for the pathetic *Il Trovatore*. Just where such an operation should begin, is a problem which I shall leave to one far more talented than I. All in all, though, Met acting is definitely improving and is almost sure to see still better days.

Singing, the Met's proudest boast, lived up to its fabled reputation. From the opening night *Aida* until the final curtain of the Sunday matinee of *Boheme* there were many memorable performances of parts major and minor. *Aida* featured Mr. Delmonaco at his startling best, for he is a small man with a *big* voice, Madame Milanov, who was in excellent voice, and Blanche Thebom, whose rich contralto was very beautiful. (Here however, is a fine example of the need for some similarity between the girths of the actors and the characters depicted. Although such objections are sometimes laughed at, it is truly criminal to cast the stout Madame Milanov as the young slave girl, and leave the audience seriously wondering why Rhadames chose her in preference to the strikingly beautiful Amneris of Blanche Thebom!) Later on in the week Bidu Sayao and Giuseppe DiStefano gave truly lovely performances in Massenet's *Manon*. Miss Sayao remains one of the world's loveliest ladies and a great singer, while Mr. DiStefano improves his fine Italian tenor every year (though his French diction still lacks authority.) In the Saturday matinee of *Rigoletto* Leonard Warren was brilliant in the title role, Hilde Guedon established herself as one of the Met's best foreign acquisitions, and Richard Tucker was more than equal to the familiar music of the Duke. On Tuesday evening, Madame Welitch gave a fine performance in Salome, but her vocal efforts were detracted from by her inferior acting. There were other fine singers at their best and a few who, alas, still could bear improvement; but the week was without doubt more than musically satisfying.

In closing I would like to say that I have enjoyed myself thoroughly at several Metropolitan performances, and I cannot help thinking that there are others in the school who look at me with patient disgust when I mention the word "opera" who might well enjoy it too.

Martha Murphy '53

MAKE WAY FOR SUMMER

AS I was approaching home early yesterday afternoon, I passed a playground and noticed a group of younger children playing. They were romping without their coats and sweaters and seemed to be moving with extreme liveliness. In one corner, where a few girls had drawn a hopscotch pattern, they were hopping and skipping from block to block, trying not to step on the lines. Near them two other girls were swinging rope and jumping in turn. A little boy persisted in annoying them as he jumped in and caught his foot in the rope. In other parts of the playground boys were playing ball or racing with each other; some were sliding on the newly shined slide; others were arguing about who would ride or who would push on the swings which were up for the first time this season. These children realize that summer is on its way and that before very long water will be spurting from the shower in the center of the playground; that will be the final touch needed.

But these aren't the only signs that show us that summer is coming. Day by day more and more birds can be seen busy about their summer homes in the elms and oaks which line the streets. The background of their homes is beginning to take on its green coloring after a cold winter of bareness. At the foot of the trees the grass is brightening as the flowers spring up to keep it company for the next few months. The light rains and gentle breezes are greeted with a happy face by every one.

Summer is a cheerful season from everybody's point of view. Your neighbor has a warm smile for you every day now; whereas Christmas time was the only period of the entire winter that he barely spoke to you. Since the weather has become so warm, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones were seen this morning talking endlessly over the back fence while their wash remained half hung on the line, and half waiting damply in the basket. Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith took fifteen minutes extra for lunch today to discuss the fishing trip they are planning for next Sunday. They are even considering taking their wives and children and having a good old-fashioned picnic like those they had when they were kids. Of course they won't be able to take their swim suits, but in a few months . . .

All these little things make us feel the changing season and we join right in with everyone else in planning to enjoy it. In another few weeks summer will really be here, but it doesn't arrive suddenly over-night. It is being prepared for and looked for already. So make way for summer; it'll soon be here.

Phyllis Jenkins '53

PAT ALWARD

ONE of the nicer members of the freshman class at Cambridge High is Patricia Alward. She has blue eyes, a wealth of blond hair, and a pleasing personality. This fourteen-year old is a graduate of Peabody Grammar School.

Her school activities include the Dramatic, Latin and French Clubs. Dancing and playing croquet and tennis are her favorite diversions outside of school.

When asked about the qualifications of her ideal boy, she pictured him as tall, with blond hair and blue eyes.

A good student, Patricia is taking the college course, and rates English as one of her favorite subjects. Future plans include a college career.

B. J. B.

NANCY WISSENBACH

NANCY WISSENBACH is a tall, blue-eyed, brown-haired sophomore. She is an avid Red Sox fan but also enjoys football and hockey. She is new in our school this year, having attended high school last year in Plainville, Connecticut. She is certainly a welcome addition to our student body. Nancy is active in the girls' chorus and the drill team. When asked about her ideal man she reddened slightly and said that she didn't care much what he looked like. Nancy takes the college course and plans to attend college after graduation. I am sure she will be a welcome student on any campus.

J. N.

HARRY ALTSHULER

HARRY ALTSHULER, a sixteen year old junior, transferred to High and Latin from Newton at the start of his sophomore year. Claiming French as his favorite subject, Harry admitted that his is a perpetual name on the honor roll. He hopes to enter Harvard on graduation. When asked for a statement on the feminine portion of our school, his reply was, "I think they're here to stay and there's not very much we can do about it."

P. D.

SONIA HICHUN

BROWN-HAIRED, green-eyed Sonia Hichun first saw the light of day in our fair city of Cambridge, fourteen short years ago. After graduating from the Thorndike School, Sonia became a welcome addition to the Freshman Class where her favorite subjects in the College Course are Latin and English. Besides being an honor student, she is a member of the Glee Club, volley ball and soft ball teams. Sonia's favorite pastimes include reading and sewing. As for her ideal boy, she says he must be handsome, tall and have a pleasant disposition. Looking into the future, Sonia hopes to make her career in the world of Science.

L. B. L.

LAWRENCE JAQUITH

BIG, brown-eyed Lawrence Jaquith is a freshman who makes his home room 108. Popular Lawrence is an honor pupil and picks math as his favorite subject. Outside of school, baseball leads the list of activities, with basketball playing a close second. Need I say that Lawrence is a Boston Red Sox fan? A graduate of Christian Junior High School, he plans to enter M.I.T. after graduating from C.H.L.S. Lawrence leaves a word to the wise on the question of girls with "Uh."

J. C.

ALUMNI NOTES

JOYCE GRIGSBY '51 is working with her father and has been quite busy since graduation. Virginia Larsen '51 is working for the F.B.I. (leave any stray fingerprints around, hmm?) Alice Weber '51 has enjoyed her freshman year at Wheelock Teachers College, we hear; while Virginia Beckman, another member of the class of 1951 is studying at Oberlin College. June Peters '50 is working at Gilchrist Co. Lollita Purdyne '51 is majoring in physical education at The Bouve School. James McDonald is studying at B. C. Rabbi Samuel J. Abrams' award (made on the basis of character and social, cultural and spiritual interests) was presented to Charmaine Gardiner '48. Charmaine is now a senior at Boston University. Joan MacIntosh is in business with her father for Wise Potato Chips (a tasty job, n'est-ce pas?) Robert Wise '45 is chairman of the 1949 class reunion committee at Harvard. Joan Tolliver who was married in August is now working at the Mt. Auburn Hospital. Peter Gomatos '46 after graduating from M. I. T. is now at John Hopkins in Maryland. Diane Kanovas '45, another married alumna, is studying nursing at Simmons. Jewel Grigsby '47 is married, also, but she has forsaken Cambridge for Nebraska — alas!

I should like to express my sincere thanks to those of you who so willingly assisted me by bringing much of the information needed to complete this column. . . . I am sorry that space will not allow the printing of more news concerning your favorite alumni.

Beverly D. Bunnin '52

IT HAPPENS EVERY SPRING

IN the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of . . . love? No, not love, but the baseball diamond. The sharp crack of the bat and the cloud of dust as the runner slides safely into home plate shatter the rosy dreams of hopeful young ladies. However, the gals are not alone in their despair, for many a mother has waited supper for hours till her ambitious son arrives home from batting practice. Underneath it all, I believe that those patient young ladies and tired mothers aren't really angry, but sometimes take an active interest in the sport.

Nothing is more exciting than to sit on the edge of your seat with your eyes fixed intently on the pitcher. Your school team is leading in the ninth inning by just one run. The count on the opposing batter is three balls and two strikes, but there is a runner on second base, one on first and one out. Suddenly you hear a crack as bat and ball connect. You close your eyes and pray, because a hit at this crucial moment could cost your team the game. There's a yell as the infielder snatches the ball with one hand. It goes from short, to second, to first. DOUBLE PLAY!! You heave a sigh of relief as your team walks triumphantly off the field.

Yes, the action on the ball field is downright exciting, and as time wears on, you grow to love the big diamond. You feel that everything connected with baseball is yours, personally. The pitcher, the catcher, and even the rough, tough, umpire are all part of your team, your school, and your feelings. As far as you are concerned, no one can match them. Just let anyone remark otherwise and your blood pressure soars.

It's funny, but an understanding of the sport and a little hero worship, too, changed my attitude toward it. At first I regarded it as a dull, boring pastime with a bunch of dopes (pardon the slang) trying to break each other's necks. Now, you couldn't pay me to believe that anything could top baseball in action, thrills, and I may add some mighty heated "discussions" with a stubborn umpire.

Betty Candow '54

G.A.A. NOTES

THE G.A.A. closed its 1951-1952 year with a banquet which took place on May 26 in the Cambridge High and Latin School Gymnasium. After the dinner, letters and awards were given to the deserving girls who had earned them during the past year. The new G.A.A. officers were installed during a solemn portion of the banquet in formal dress. Present at the banquet were Miss Brown, and some other special guests. I'm sure that after this fine example, the G.A.A. banquet will become an annual activity.

We all wish the new officers the best of luck. I know these capable girls will do their best to make the coming year a most successful one.

Claire Farrell '53

CHESS CLUB

THE Chess Club finished this year in fourth place in the G.B.I. Chess League. The final record was 49½ wins — 50½ losses. On Friday, May 16 there will be a match on five boards against Perkins Institute. The annual Massachusetts State Championship Tournament was played Saturday, April 19 in the Phillips Brooks House. Richard Sanderson, Paul Lorris, and Jerome Halberstadt from this school participated.

The Chess Club has been comparatively successful this year. We are hoping to have many new members next year, and, since we are losing only one player, Walter Vartanian, we should have a good team.

Richard Sanderson '54

MUSIC DEPARTMENT NOTES

DUE to the co-operation of the students and the able direction of Mr. Amoruso, the two performances of the *Music Revue* were a tremendous success. The Revue consisted of four major scenes.

In the opening scene were such songs as *It's A Grand Night For Singing, Jalousie, Oh, What A Beautiful Morning, Lady's Day,* and *That Old Black Magic.*

Next followed the college scene in which the *College Medley, Stardust, The Halls Of Ivy, As Time Goes By,* and *Polonaise* were played and sung.

Part III was opened by the Girls' Glee Club singing *Wonderful Guy,* and *September Song,* and by solos sung by Richard Joaquim and Barbara Tasher. Immediately after these came the winter scene containing songs like *Snowflakes, Frosty The Snowman,* and *Winter Wonderland,* plus two more solos by Rose Marie Wray and Charlotte Flu.

The last part was the wedding scene in which *Ave Maria, Mother, At Your Feet Is Kneeling, Because, I Love You Truly,* and the *Lord's Prayer* were magnificently performed.

Colorful costumes and appropriate scenery added greatly to the effectiveness of the scenes.

We sincerely hope that Mr. Amoruso and the members of the Music Department will continue to bring to C.H.L.S. in the future more of the same enjoyable and entertaining programs as was the Music Revue.

Georgia Marathas '52

HERE it is nearly time for Graduation and the last day of school, and just about everything is "a la Senior," but the *Spotlight* is one thing that will keep on telling you about the whole student body, be it Senior or Freshman, so on with the news! First of all . . . Robert Butt wants his name in the *Spotlight,* and here it is! . . . Everybody happy, now? . . . Recently seen at Suntaug Inn were: Ruth Thorne and Teddy Anderson, Jane Walker and Al McLaughlin, also Nancy Bates and Jimmy Darcy. . . . Congratulations to Ruthie Johnson, who received an Honorable Mention for her exhibit at the Science Fair. . . . Congratulations also go to Paul Dolson who has been chosen to go to Washington as the traffic boy representing C.H.L.S. . . . Equal congratulations go to Karl Ledjte who did as well as Paul on a competitive exam, but who gave up his opportunity for a trip to Washington in order that Paul might go. . . . Another orchard goes to Sandy Letora, a lovely queen at the Junior Prom. . . . It seems that Mr. Sheehan's office holds a great deal of interest for a certain group of boys from room 129 . . . they're forever going there. . . . Gerry Keating has a very special friend who operates the 6:20 M.T.A. bus at Central Square. . . . It looks like the real thing with Mimi Lerman and Bobby "diddy" Shrago. . . . Steve Koplan and Paul Lorris (Jr.) were armed with very dangerous water pistols in the boys' lunchroom . . . It seems that a couple of dozen girls were their victims. . . . Say Bobbie Kaufman, what happened between you and that *wise* fellow? . . . Ha! Ha! (only a joke, Berta!) . . . Why is it that Joanne Love is so interested in music all of a sudden? . . . Could it be because her new heart-throb plays a saxophone? . . . From what we hear, Carol Ryan gets some pretty nice mail (or should we say "male"), lately. . . . To William A. White — there's a mystery involving your suitcase . . . Will you help us solve it? . . . What's in it? . . . Albert Kirklys certainly has a keen sense of humor . . . Why waste it, Al? . . . We hear that you sing *What's the Use?,* simply terrificly, too! . . . Joan Kramer, alias "Bugs Bunny," is trying to attain something by eating carrots daily. . . . Catie Gomatos' Oldsmobile is luscious. . . . As a matter of fact, it's almost as nice as Barbie Jenning's car(?)

That sign outside of 308 was really something! . . . Muriel Nissen's work of art, we believe. . . . Annie Krikorian is sure a "Casey at the bat" . . . She really can play softball! . . . Al Blevins has a real passion for fire engines . . . He's an auxiliary fireman, but we think he sets them just so he can put them out. . . . I guess Peter Cianci is teacher's pet. . . . All the girls looked beautiful at the Junior Prom . . . So sorry, boys, you looked "beautiful" too. . . . Gerry Lavoie and Teddy Hennesey, Shirley Fater and Gigi Boudreau, Joan Winzel and Joe McCarthy, Bev Pelrine and Jackie Montieth were at Rita Clancy's "sunrise breakfast" at four in the morning, but where was Rita? . . . She's off! . . . Pat Walsh is off, that is . . . She's the first one out of the room when the bell rings. . . . Oh! That music is luscious! . . . Don't mind us . . . We're really not altogether soft (Ahem). . . . Joanie Kramer caught the "bridal bouquet" at the second presentation of the Music Revue, and jeepers, you could hear her sigh, "here's hopin'," all over the place. . . . The K.B.-Dramatic Club Informal provided a wonderful evening for all who attended. . . . Is it true that Joan Monteiro does not like to write letters? . . . We doubt it. . . . Edna Hirshberg goes for the Brighton vicinity. . . . What blonde Sophomore goes with a Freshman from Mass. State? We think her initials are V. S., but that's not much help. . . . Among the very, very proud Seniors who recently passed the State Drivers Exam are: Frannie Louis, Carol Martin, Doris Sullivan and Anna Marconi. . . . Barbara Hoban is awfully interested in the "wide open spaces" . . . Those spaces are around some Air Force in Wyoming. . . . Have you ever seen Bobby Shrago samba? He puts his whole soul into it. . . . What are these long distant tick-tack-too games between Mary Lou Lind and Al Kirklys? . . . Shades! . . . I haven't got anybody in here yet. . . . Those are nice stocking hangers, Carol . . . Why don't you hang stockings on them, huh! . . . Carol wants me to take those last two sen-

tences out, but (ha!) I'm not going to, 'cuz I'm a mean "wittle Kid". . . . That's enough of that foolishness, Mary. . . . I wish that Lorraine Abitabile would stop telling Wally those stories . . . Please! . . . Oh, Carol! I like it! . . . Pretty "essy"! . . . Jean Goldsmith has consented to perform her song and dance routine for all the Seniors. . . . Lillian Balunis is bound to cause some distraction in these hallowed halls before the year is over. . . . Attention, Faculty members! . . . She may be caught in her cooking class. . . . A motion to the effect that June Ianelli have a party has been made; if that motion is passed, everyone (with June's consent, of course) is invited. . . . Mary Flannery's attentions have been turned towards Sacred Heart High School . . . She's seeing "Red." . . . Shirley Falter is a welcome member of the junior class . . . She's originally from Belmont. . . . Dick Igo had an unexpected visitor in his Spanish class. . . . Was he ever surprised! . . . Oh! *What's the Use?* . . . Would someone please tell us who Bill is? . . . Audrey Alphen went to Connecticut to see him recently, if that's any help. . . . Maybe someone can also tell us who the "Donald" is, 'cuz we'd like to know the boy who makes Marilyn Dimitro blush. . . . Passengers on the 8:29 express are Sally Kaufman, Jacqueline Berson, Joanne Love, Myra Robinson, Marion Badoian, and Betty Wrynn. . . . It seems as if some of the Kids at C.H.L.S. are surprised to hear that Buster Saunders is among the "grads" of the Class of '52. . . . M. S. and M. B. (we don't know who they are, either) went to a "Come As You Are Party" in their "pj's" . . . Did you have fun? . . . Alma Mudarri is becoming quite the seamstress . . . We love the plaid suit she made. . . . Have you made anything for "Mag", yet? . . . Among those seen recently at the K.B.-Dramatic Club's Informal were: Barbara MacDonald and David Theall, Jean Sullivan and David Noonan, Jean's little sister Nancy and Peter Higgins, and Dorrit Joseph and Buddy Nauffts. . . . Also seen there were: Barbara Beckman and Eddy "Bud" Collins, Lorraine Abitabile and Wally Donahue, Marie FitzGerald and John Scannell, Gerard Goodhue and Mary Hurley, a Matignon girl. . . . The kids on the Year Book Staff went to Canobie Lake on the eighteenth of May and had a simply terrific time. . . . Some of the kids there were: Catie Gomatos, John Petrulis, Frannie Boudreau, Joe Collins, Carol Ryan, Dottie McPhee, Marie FitzGerald, Barbara Jennings and Mary R. Sheehan.

Dorrit Joseph spends her time on the Fresh Pond Golf Course . . . "Pro" Bud Nauffts is her instructor. . . . Jean Sullivan's new haircut is really "colleeg" . . . She looks really athletic, and maybe it will improve her tennis. . . . Catie Gomatos, Carol Ryan, and I are going to have ours cut that way so we'll be able to play tennis like "pros", too. . . . Incidentally, this isn't about haircuts, but Quicksilver has a new apron . . . Figure that one out, kids. . . . Lil Michalchik and Joan Hudson were "belles of the ball" when they walked into an informal dance at Groton Town Hall in none other than dungarees and shirts. Quelle surprise! . . . Just like to be different, I guess! . . . Best wishes to the newly engaged Mary Sutherby. . . . It's rumored that David Fillion and Myra McArdle are planning a concert in Carnegie Hall. . . . Muriel Nissen, Becky Wise, Joy Santoro and Helen Spirakos recently attended the M.I.T. open house . . . Must have been quite interesting, eh wot? . . . Robert Santos has a new joke (?) every day . . . Those are Jokes? . . . Nancy Valerio kind of likes "crew cuts" . . . We wonder why, we wonder why. . . . Oops! Time out for Dawsons . . . er, I mean lunch. . . . There's the second recess bell. . . . By the way, the kids who go to the School Safety Patrol National Convention in Washington, D. C., will witness a parade reviewed by President Truman on Saturday, May 10. . . . Al "Buster" Bennett is trying to get his homeroom moved to the vicinity of Mr. Santoro's Art class . . . Attention, Mr. Santoro! . . . It isn't because he wants to see you, but rather one of your pupils, by name, Sally . . . All we have to say is Hm-m! . . . Well, I didn't get much done this recess, but I'll try again during the last period . . . Here's hopin'. . . . Time to go, time to go. . . . Its sixth period again and I'm banging away again. . . . Lorraine Simas and Jean Sullivan have of late become co-owners of one of the well known banks in Harvard Square, and its not a piggy bank. . . . Who's that boy that I see Alice Shea with every day after second period? . . . We think he's quite nice! . . . Carol Robertson seems to be making time with a well known Senior athlete . . . Can't imagine who he is. . . . I'm still wondering why Barbie Jennings got so flushed and embarassed in one of classes during the "Merry Month of May." . . . Gee! Margo Supple is very industrious; at this point she's running madly around the typing class, doing nothing. . . . Virginia Finstein is a happy girl who alwas has time for fun . . . No fooling, she really is a luscious kid. . . . The Frolics of '52 were a big success . . . Among the kids who worked very busily for it were: Thelma Zacharakis, Margo Supple, David Noonan, and of course, all the members of the cast.

There really isn't much more news, now . . . By the time this issue is out, the Seniors will have had their Class Day which will no doubt have been loads of fun; they will also have had their

Senior Reception which will of course have been a huge success at which everyone will have had a simply marvelous time during the Prom and after it . . . maybe even before it, for there will probably be many dinner parties as well as wee hour breakfasts. . . . Now, as the time for the end of the period draws nearer, we'll bring our last edition to a close with a sad goodbye to everyone — Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, and even Seniors. . . . We wish our successors to this *Spotlight* all the fun and happiness we have had while writing the column during the past year. . . . Last but not least, we want to thank you kids for all the wonderful notes you've contributed to make your *Spotlight* a success! . . . And now we'll say goodbye once more, and a Happy Graduation to all Seniors, and a wonderful summer vacation to all other Latinites, both teachers and pupils! . . . So long everyone!

Barbara Jennings '52
Mary Rose Sheehan '52

Cambridge 11 **Brookline 6**

Cambridge Latin opened up the Suburban League Baseball Season with a decisive win over Brookline High at Rindge Field. Junior Bill Griffin started for the Cantabs but was relieved by Bill White and Raoul Santos, the latter stamping out a late inning rally by Brookline. Strangely enough the visitors out-hit Cambridge eight to four, but cracked under pressure when runs were valuable.

Cambridge 9 **Rindge 0**

Raoul Santos, the Cantab's win ticket, threw a two-hit shutout at intra-city rival Rindge while striking out fourteen batters. Timely hitting combined with flawless support enabled Latin to win its second start

Cambridge 5 **Arlington 3**

Bill Griffin pitched a fine game for Cambridge until the fifth inning when he was lifted for a pinch-hitter with the score tied three to three. In the eighth inning two walks and a long double by first baseman, John Noble, drove what proved to be the two winning runs across the plate. Santos gained his third straight victory.

Cambridge 10 **Watertown 4**

Riding high, the Cantabs invaded Watertown and brought home number four behind the pitching of Santos and the strong hitting of Dick Igo, Gigi Boudreau, Mel Cabral, John Noble and Peter Romano. Raoul Santos had pitched a no-hit shutout game up to the seventh inning when two accidental hits later turned into a few runs for Watertown. Nevertheless, we won.

Cambridge 8 **Waltham 11**

On the following day, Waltham, sporting three straight losses crawled into Russell Field, but nevertheless this day turned out favorably for them. With Latin leading 8-7 going into the top of the ninth Waltham tied the ball game and went on to win, outscoring Latin 4-1 in the extra inning. Oddly enough 2 of the 4 runs scored in the top of the tenth were notched by two successive steals home. Oh, well!

Cambridge 3 **Newton 2**

Cambridge encountered their second loss at the hands of Newton High School. A freak ninth inning for Newton kept a fifth win just out of reach of pitcher Raoul Santos. With Latin leading 2-1, Newton loaded the bases on a walk, a man hit at bat, and an error. With one away and the infield playing in, the next batter put a ground ball through the box for two runs, to chalk up a second loss for Cambridge. Latin still has its hat in the ring for the Suburban League Baseball Championship, however, and with a pitcher like Raoul Santos, batters like Dick Igo and John Noble, and with a little luck, how can we miss!

Scannell '52
Collins '52

YOUR CLOTHES LINE

THE sun is bright; the trees are bedecked in their fullest glory; the grass is green — everywhere there is a new freshness! All these wonders are only indicative of the summer months ahead of us.

During the summer, many of you will be vacationing at resorts or in the cities. Whatever the case may be, you will want and need a wardrobe as cool and refreshing as those longed for sea breezes. Let us, then, take a look at the clothes which are being modelled at all fashion shows, in magazines, and in all stores.

For those rollicking and frollicking days by the seaside, there are just "oodles" of cute sports outfits that can be done up as easily as saying one, two, three. The newest rave about town are the matador pants; you know, pedal pushers that were put on diets in order to slim them down to hug your legs. They look tremendous if they are paired up with a loose and long middy blouse, and, for those who take great pleasure in new fashion fads, a large straw coolie hat. Now, for those who adore shorts — and who doesn't — the length is short. Rather confusing; nevertheless that is what they are — short shorts. By the way, something utterly atomic has been manufactured in the line of sportswear; it is called the "jump suit." This hit is adapted from the one-piece play suits of yesteryear; however, it has added a waist-hugging belt and subtracted fabric from the shorts and blouse. A scoop for all water nymphs: denim bathing suits. If you do not stay afloat in cottons,

there are numerous new-combinations containing nylon in the aquatic line. Be sure that your suit is a one-piece affair as this year does not include so many two-piece styles. Above all else, you will want to include some articles of apparel made of terry cloth, so soft and so easy to launder.

Previously, I mentioned denim, which has climbed the ladder to reach its peak in the fashion parade. Not only can you buy denim sportswear, but also denim evening clothes. One of the most stunning items is a strapless date dress of charcoal denim. The beauty of this outfit is in the beaded bodice and fractional spencer jacket. Then this is worn with bright red accessories — ooh la, la!

An absolute must on any summer shopping list is a nylon dress. They are being sold in all styles and color combinations. The most popular number is sleeveless and has a puffy bow at the neckline to balance a filmy bouffant skirt. As for the favorite summer shades, people will be wearing chiefly brown, pink, blue, and all ice cream pastels.

Undoubedtly, the summer months will find many of us traveling to new and thrilling places. If this is the case, then, a summer suit is an essential part of our wardrobe. Although linen and cotton cords are all-time favorites, perhaps you will discover a fabulous value in a silk and tweed combination that can be worn well into the late fall. Another important item for vacationers should be a billowy organdy dress that can be your ticket to his heart. How would he like one of pink embroidered organdy with a dash of pearl crystal beading scattered about the bodice? Sheer ecstacy!

Well, I have been rattling on without even a hint at accessories — these little articles that can make an inexpensive outfit look like a million. The summer season requires: a symmetry of straps, called shoes; nylon gloves; straw, linen, or pique hats; crystal jewelry in assorted shades; feather weight belts.

This should give you rough ideas to keep "Dad's" hands in his pockets. In closing, I want to say that this has been an enjoyable year as your fashion columnist. I sincerely wish each and every one of you a pleasant and profitable summer vacation.

Dorrit Joseph '52

WORDS AND MUSIC

"SO LONG, It's Been Good to Know You" seems to be our theme song for this issue of the REVIEW. I hope that whoever takes over this column next year will enjoy doing it as much as I have. But getting down to business and forgetting the sentimentality, my pal and I have just heard a new one which we both agree is different and catchy, "Delicana" is the name, I think, and its by Percy Faith. . . . The Ink Spots have just recorded a new one, "You May be the Sweetheart of Somebody Else," a nice, smooth melody written by a local fellow and voted as tops on the Songs for Sale program . . . Oops! Before I forget it, I am just listening to a dreamy and sentimental one, "Did Anyone Call," wistfully sung by Rosemary Clooney. . . . Perry Como is in the spotlight again with the Fontaine sisters for a light, bouncy tune with a ragtime beat, "Noodlin' Rag." . . . If you're debating which recording to get of "I'll Always be Following You," try Sonny Burke's waxing for Decca. His vocalist, Jo Ann Greer, sings "I Wanna Love You" for a pleasant coupling. . . . "For Dancers Only" and "I Hear a Rhapsody" both performed by the band of Ray Anthony, make a terrific dance number by Capital Records. Also, Frank Sinatra solos with a haunting, typical Sinatra version of "Rhapsody" and on the flip side, the lovely Rodgers-Hart classic "I Could Write a Book" from "Pal Joey."

Well, I guess that puts the "Finis" on this column for the year. I hope that I have been able to convey to you some information about the latest song hits on record and on the air, for I feel that music definitely has a certain something that seems to give you that extra lift to help you through the day. So as I am about to call a final halt, I could write along the lines of "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot," but I would just rather say "I'll See You in My Dreams."

Carol Ryan '52

FRENCH CLUB NOTES

AT the February meeting of the French Club, the game of "Twenty Questions" was conducted in French, and prizes were awarded. Interesting letters from the French correspondents of some of the members were also read.

In April, we were entertained by the presentation of a scene from "Les Miserables," by Victor Hugo, entitled "A L'Image de Christ." Those taking part were Peter Downs, Laura Shaw, Mary Jane McCauley, Harold Kanavos, and David McLaughlin. Barbara Cormier recited a poem, "Le Retour de Printemps." The meeting closed with the singing of "La Marseillaise."

The French Club would like to make a special note of thanks for Miss Parsons and Miss Acard, who have been so helpful, and for all those who contributed their time and effort to make this a successful year.

We hope to see you all at next year's meetings, so au revoir till then.

Barbara Boyajian '52

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DURING the spring, several special art students broadcast a program in the series offered by the Cambridge Schools. In their "Visit to a Classroom," they pictured for the radio audience several pupils in different studios, working upon different projects, and shared with the listeners these various experiences. The pupils who served as guides in this Museum of the Air were James Armstrong, G. Jane McKenzie, Joan Maguire, Maureen Baker and Janet Taylor.

Manuela Yona '55 and James Armstrong '52 received awards in the art competition conducted by *Scholastic* Magazine; their work was placed on exhibition in Boston.

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